Musings in Moorland and Marsh

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MUSINGS IN MOORLAND AND MARSH.

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Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL WILLS.

MUSINGS IN MOORLAND AND MARSH,

BY

SAMUEL WILLS

(*Member of the Dialect Society, Oxford*),

Founder of the Railway Servants' Orphanage, Derby; and Author of "Devonia" and other Poems—"The British Chief"—"The Lincolnshire Labourer"—"Life of Garibaldi"—"The School Board Copy Book, or Hull Prize-Writer"—"Building Society Tables"—"South Devon Songs and Sonnets"—&c., &c.

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TO

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT,

OF NORTON DISNEY, NEWARK,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS MANY NOBLE

QUALITIES WHICH COMMAND THE RESPECT AND ESTEEM

OF HIS FELLOW-MEN,

THIS VOLUME, WITH HIS PERMISSION

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

960547

ERRATA.

Page 24 line 23, for "stains" read "strains."
Page 54 line 14, for "thy" read "my."
Page 63 line 8, read "dismally."
Page 72 line 16, for "murky" read "mighty."
Page 78 line 4, read "ever."
Page 144, line 5, read "arms."
Page 197, headline, read "To a Snowdrop"
Page 281 line 5, read "That."
Page 304 line 11, omit "the."
Page 394 last line, read "his."

PREFACE.

The writer of the following pages feels bound to apologise to many of his subscribers for the great delay in bringing out this work, which has resulted from many causes, over some of which he has had no control; and while thanking those who have exercised patience and forbearance, he expresses an earnest hope that all his readers may find interest in the productions now placed before them.

Nor can the author, as was the case with his first effort, urge the excuse that the advice or solicitations of friends have driven him to publication against his own convictions, but encouraged by the favourable reception of his former compositions, alike from his admirers and the Press, he appears again to ask a humble place in public favour.

This volume of Poems, Songs (Sacred and Secular), Sonnets, Dialect Readings, &c., is presented to the notice of the Public, as a humble contribution to the accumulating store of Poetry, especially Religious Poetry, the publication of which, as well as its extensive circulation is a distinguishing and very pleasing feature of the present age.

As physical strength is increased by constant use of the various physical organs, so mental gifts demand for their expansion and growth the stimulus of judicious cultivation and exercise. Mind—untrained and undisciplined,—the sport of every vagrant thought and wild imagination, overrun by the rank weeds of sloth and indecision,—is a curse and not a blessing.

Many of the Poems have already appeared in various papers and current periodicals, and doubtless contain thoughts

and sentiments common to every studious lover of nature: some of them have local associations, and others are reprints from earlier productions, on which very favourable comment is made in the "Opinions of the Press;" while many are entirely new, and it may be said of all that they breathe nothing repugnant to virtue or morality. The longest poem is the result of solitary walks amongst the richness of Devonshire scenery, so abounding productive of Rural themes and topics for sketches on Country Life.

The following—"We may all Live for Ever," "Hymn for Good Friday," "No Night in Heaven," "Revive Thy Work," "The Dead," &c., appeared in 1862; "The Orphan Boy at the Grave," "A Child's Prayer," "The Words of a Dying Boy," "A Child at Prayer," "Trust," "There is much of Good to do," &c, were published in 1866; "A Few Years More," "Harvest Song," "When Forms are Bowed," &c., in 1882. It will therefore be seen that the subjects are not arranged in chronological order in the present volume.

The hymn 972. ("Abide with me") in the "Wesleyan Hymn Book," was written by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, who at one time resided at Burton House, Brixham, S. Devon, in which the Author for some years conducted a private Commercial and Mathematical School; and the hymn 522 ("That mystic Word of Thine") by Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe, in the "Primitive Methodist Hymnal," in which several stanzas commence with the words "Abide in me," were titles suggestive of the hymn "Abide by me" (page 421) in the present collection, which is a confession of the Author's forgetfulness of God, and a sincere determination to return to the Church of his choice, and to faithful service for his Master.

When a writer has achieved a literary performance he has no desire to see it lie like dusty deeds in a lawyer's office,

but rather that it should be circulated among his fellow-beings; therefore, with grateful acknowledgments to his numerous subscribers, whom he trusts will be entertained, instructed, and pleased, the Author dismisses this Work to the perusal of his kind readers and the destiny which awaits it. not, however, without being conscious that it still contains many imperfections. Nevertheless he hopes to have merited not the scorn but the best wishes of his crities.

S. W.

Kingsbridge House,
Bracebridge, Lincoln,
February 28th, 1895.

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A YEAR AGO.

—o—

(Written after an attack of total blindness of several months' duration).

—o—

How long and cheerless was the day,
  How lonely was the night,
When I could feel the sunny ray,
  But could not view the light.
Ah ! then each pleasing thought had gone,
  Each shining ray had fled,
Although the warm sun brightly shone
  Around my drooping head.
Ah ! then I missed my infant's smiles,
  His face I could not see,
I only heard the gleesome wiles
  Of my sweet boy of three.

All broken were my spirits then :
My day was turned to night ;
No smile stole o'er my features, when
I could not see the light.
And oft when on the wearied earth
Night's heavier shadows lay,
I sent such earnest pleadings forth,
And knelt me down to pray.
And when the twilight air was cold,
It gave great grief to me
To say "good-night," and not behold
My little boy of three.

Oft in the darkness of the night
Flowed sorrow's secret tears,
When I looked back upon my bright
And happy childhood's years.
What glad emotion swelled my breast
To hear his lightsome tread,
Who came each morn to break my rest,
And stood beside my bed ;
Who strove my wishes to obey,
Who was a friend to me,
Who served me with a constancy,—
My little boy of three.

He took me where the sweet wild-flowers
Would bend beneath my tread,

He led me in the noontide hours,
Where trees branched overhead.
And when beside me on the sward
My little Willy played,
He watched me as his sole regard,
Beneath a tall tree's shade.
The gentle words, the fond embrace,
Would give a joy to me,
When sitting in that shady place,
With my sweet boy of three.

I loved, when I saw not the shade,
Thrown by the orchard trees,
To listen to the music made
By birds and humming bees,
The trees were clad in brightest green
The waters danced along:
I could not gaze upon the scene—
So clear, and glad, and young;
Yet many a weary hour would glide
Along so cheerily,
When on my knee or by my side,
Played my sweet boy of three.

He led me where the evening breeze
Came with its balmy spell,
When sunset streamed upon the trees
The light I loved so well;

And when the sun, in pomp and pride,
Sank down into the west,
And little birds, at eventide,
Were going into rest,
And when the dew fell on the land,
Homeward our course would be ;
Again I took the little hand
Of that sweet boy of three.

When I beheld the first fair scene,
How lovely was the spot,
I thought the like could ne'er be seen,
Or ever be forgot.
When the first ray of light did throw
A radiance o'er my heart,
I thought it but a transient glow
That came but to depart.
Yet when the darkful days had fled,
'Twas happiness to me
To find that I could roam unled,
Or lead my boy of three.

O Lord ! I thank Thee, Thou didst hear
My spirit's deepest plaint,
Nor when the days were dark and drear,
Didst suffer me to faint.
When sore afflictions vex my soul,
And doubts o'ercloud my way,

When fears perplex, and shadows roll
  Upon my path, I pray—
"In all I suffer here below,
  I may my all resign,
Trust in Thy faithful love and know
  No other will but Thine."

HOPE AND SORROW.

Lo, in the clear river,
  The shy dappled trout,
As sportive as ever
  Are darting about;
But an angler stands watching,
  O'er a wall that is nigh,
And one he is catching
  With his treacherous fly.
    To the fishes a sorrow,
    To the angler a prey;
    And the hope of to-morrow
    Is banished to-day.

There are birds on the dove-cote,
  So pretty and rare;

But a dark line is marked out
Above in the air :
Lo, down it comes swooping,
Straight arrow of fate,
And a pigeon is drooping
In grief for her mate.
To the dove-cote a sorrow,
To the falcon a prey ;
And the hope of to-morrow
Has vanished to-day.

There are plovers swift flying,
Low over the plain,
The sportsman defying—
He has tried long in vain :
At last he has shifted,
They come near the spot ;
See his gun is uplifted—
A dozen are shot.
To the covey a sorrow,
To the fowler a prey ;
And the hopes of to-morrow
Are scattered to-day.

There's a lamb in the meadow,
A breeze on the stream,
Where the gnarlèd oaks shadow
The shepherd's day dream :

But a rush and a whirring
Sweep o'er and are gone,
And the faint wind is stirring
The sleeper alone.
The fold hath a sorrow,
The eyrie a prey,
And the hope of to-morrow
Is shattered to-day.

High up in the willow,
That looks on the stream,
That stoops to the billow
Where the sunny rays gleam,
Two linnets are singing,
Ere going to rest ;
But a truant is bringing
Their fledglings and nest.
The birds have a sorrow,
The nester a prey ;
And the hopes of to-morrow,
Are taken to-day.

A mouse is appearing
Among the stored wheat,
And, not a sound hearing,
Commences to eat ;
But an owl, above perching,
Leaves off pluming his wing

And takes, after searching,
The timid, wee thing.
The mice have a sorrow,
The owl hath a prey ;
And the hope of to-morrow
Is shaken to day.

See the flowers are awaking :
For the soft buds peep,
With a gentle smile breaking
From each pretty lip ;
But a girl, fond of posies,
All lovely and gay,
Plucks off the young roses,
And bears them away.
To the garden a sorrow,
To the maiden a prey ;
And the hopes of to-morrow
Are parted to-day.

There are many boys sliding
Across the broad mere,
Woe their path is betiding,
Though they have no fear ;
They continue their greeting,
Prolonging their joy,
Till, his sad fate is meeting,
A poor drowning boy.

The playmates have sorrow,
The water a prey ;
And the hope of to-morrow
Departed to-day.

The forest leaves glisten
In the fresh sun of morn,
As the hart stops to listen
The sound of the horn.
Come surely, come slowly—
A whistle, a start !
And the proud deer lies lowly,
The lead in his heart.
The herd hath a sorrow
The hunter a prey ;
And the hope of to-morrow
Lies fallen to-day.

The bees have ceased humming
Their anthems of bliss,
Which told of their coming
Bright flowers to kiss,
For the cotter is taking
Their honey away ;
Sad work he is making
At the close of the day.
The bees have a sorrow
The spoiler a prey ;

And the store of to-morrow
Is stolen to-day.

A plough-boy is singing,
Upturning the earth,
And the upland is ringing
With sounds of his mirth.
When the soil is rolled over
The worms are in sight ;
But around the rooks over
And shortly alight.
To the reptiles a sorrow
While the crows have a prey ;
And the hopes of to-morrow
Are blighted to-day.

The poet thinks proudly
His visions are fair ;
And the winds that blow loudly
Speak words in his ear :
With a deep love he gives—
He gives, and 'tis gone !
Cold scorn he receives
As the world hurries on.
His heart hath a sorrow,
The ingrate a prey ;
And the hope of to-morrow
Is slighted to-day.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE LABOURER.

My Teddy stays up late a' neets, an ligs i' bed i' the morn,
But a moänt hev that, a'm sewer, 'e mun be sawin' the corn ;
Fir if 'e 'addles nowt, sivver, 'e weänt hev no money t' ware ;
An' a oftens hev telled 'im so, but 'e 'allust says "a doänt care."

One mornin' a fetch'd my kindlin' in, an' a got my break'ast mysen ;
A gev 'im an hour to dress in, an' a left 'im to 'issen ;
Quite long enif an' all ; sin' 'e war not clear ready then,
A tied my herse t' the steel, an' ran hoäm thruff the closins ageän.

A wembled a sheep trough o' my way, beside the hoäm cloäs pad,
An' hugged a noggin to put i' the grate, an' kep yaupin' to my lad.
But a met 'is mother i' the door-darns an' shea look'd rayther clung,
An' said—"Thou'rt tew'd sewer-ly, remember the bai'n is nobbut young ;

"'E's never been owt but wankle, an' 'e is our recklin' lad.
So let 'im lig a bit longer, fir the mäister weänt be mad ;
Nah doänt be sich a nazzle, yow mud see 'tis a houry day,
An' 'e 'adn't foäst to get up while afe-past seven o'clock a say."

So a went to my wurk once more, but a thowt my patience tried,
To hev sich an a serry, unheppen lad, an' 'is mother o' 'is side.
But soon a 'eerd the ga'thman a-rippin' to meck our Ted cum out,
Yit my wife war slape—sheä knew how to megger't—an' tell'd him to look about.

At last 'e fun 'im ditherin', cloäse agin the stable door,
When 'e called out, " 'Tis a solid shame you hevent been down afoor,
Maybe if your butty 'ad said that the slurr o' the dayke war glib,
A uphold it, yow'd soon a been slitherin' steäd o' fillin' the crib.

" Yow mun teck this furk fra me, an' remble the kids by the trays,
An' fettle the yard an' look heppen, fir these are very shirt days.
Go up the lether to the loft, an' finnd me the fower stun weight,
Underneän the skep, or among the wots a skell'd last neet at eight."

If a 'ad foäst to wait o' my lad a-cummin' to the cloäs while now,
'Twould be a very great chanch if we 'ad ivver got off to plow.
But sin' my herse would crounch an' crear, a stopped my wurk that day,
Fir a 'eerd the owd church clock strike two, thof the thick end o' a mile away.

A stubb'd the five aäcre, wheer a kill'd a foumard an' moudy-warp ;
An sin' it war near the darklins, a unpied some tätes an' sharp.
A went to see if the lad ad wheeled the mannur fra out o' the crew,
But 'e dacker'd, an a thowt it a very nïste gam, so gev 'im more to do.

A towd 'im to chop the billetin, an' to put the bronkus up,
To fasten the stable sneck an' hesp, or a was sewer 'e wouldn't stop ;
To see if 'is rabbit 'ad werried, to count up the chickens o' the latest cletch,
An' to go t' the gainest shop, a panchan an' blether o' same to fetch.

A scraped up the squad an' the sluther mysen, an' med the yard look feät ;
Then a called to my wife i' the ramper to git me summut to yeät.
" Nah doänt be in a stütle," shea said, " yower quite collywessen to-day,
When a've milked the cows, an' fed the cauves, we'll hev a cup o' tay.

" I' swaulin' the house a' tumpoked o'er the tub, an' wetted both my feet,
So bring in a yule-clog an' kid, fir we'll hev a good fire ta-neet."
A took off my sliver all clatty an' clagg'd, an' put o' my toggery soon,
Expectin' the butcher woe promised to call a' three i' the afternoon.

A've nobbut kep two pigs ta-year, a oftens hev fed fower,
One a kill'd but yesterday, an' its mattler the day afoor;
An' toner a mun sell, but which on 'em a hardlins knaw,
Th' one that's hangin' o' the stee, or that o' the cratch belaw.

We soon got agait a' talking o' the pläces an' towns we 'ad seen,
Ayther o' woalds, i' fens, or marshes, wheerivver we 'ad been.
A hev flitted fra Conam to Sollaby, but at Randle a war born,
An' it was at Wattam, wheer my lass fost seed the light o' morn.

A once went fra Freshney Fen, wi' my fayther, to Louath fair,
To see an owd uncle. woe lived up a smootin' at the back o' Eastgate theer.
Woe 'ad sich a curious hype, an' took great strinds as 'e mov'd along,
That a tried to git shut on 'im, when a wur tired, fir a warn't tiff when young.

My wife took Patty to sarvice, to a lady at Cawtrup Manor last week,
An' said "No gress, mum, grows under 'er foot, sheä moves about so quick;
That house is a cosher wheer 'er sister lives, by the brig i' Gantrup town,
An 'er brother is a confined labourer at Earby wi' a farmer Brown."

One wottle-day a took our Bill fra Nor Cotes to Lurbur
an' back,
But a pagged 'im a deal, so a'm sartin-sewer, the next
time a'll teck Jack.
Owr Joe 'as been playin' at pick an' hotch, or 'awmin'
about o' apiece ;
An' 'steäd o' usin' the gablic is ridin' that frangy funnel
o' 'is.

By the spurrin's i' the gatrum, a guess 'e's off to Hogs-
trup fur the maister's spur,
Yet if it warn't fir fear o' a mäleck a'd give 'im a nap
o' the knurr.
A gev o'er talkin', an' chuck'd a bone o' the cobbles fir
the dog to nag,
When a seed the bai'ns 'ad broken the band or brusted
the miller's bag.

Those bai'ns, i' their clammux an' play, 'ad slapped a
pitcher o' creäm,
As Tommy war raävin' Jaäne's tidy about an' meckin'
on 'er screäm.
My wife clammed Tom an' spanked 'im, then lugged 'is
tab an' 'ad 'im undress'd,
When a said—that's rayt, nah wire in a boster, an put
'em all to rest.

But Liz 'ad to kill all the clocks, an' to syle the lop-
pered milk out o' the soh ;
Then a said to my wife, when a suppered up, an' 'ad
no more to do,—
'Tis roaky ta-neet, an' cazzlety weather, but to-morrow
'ad foäst to boon,
So let us be off to bed, my lass, fir a mun git up soon.

GLOSSARY.

A, a, I; *when used for I, sounds as in father.*
'Addles, *earns.*
'Ad foäst, *was forced.*
Afe, *half.*
Afoor, *before.*
Agait, *started.*
Ageän, *again.*
Agin, *against.*
Allust, *always.*
An' all, *also, too.*
'Awmin', *lounging.*
Ayther, *either.*

Bai'n, *(bairn), child.*
Band, *string.*
Belaw, *below.*
Billetin, *firewood.*
Blether, *bladder.*
Boon, *road materials, to lead road materials.*
Brig, *bridge.*
Bronkus, *donkey.*
Brusted, *burst.*
Butty, *a mate.*
Cauves, *calves.*
Cawtrup, *Cawthorpe.*
Cazzlety, *(casualty), changeable.*
Chanch, *chance.*
Chucked, *threw.*
Clagged, *matted* with dirt.
Clammed, *seized.*
Clammux, *clamour.*
Clatty, *sticky, dirty.*
Clear, *quite.*
Cletch, *brood.*
Cloäs, *close, field.*
Clocks, *black-beetles.*
Closins, *fields.*
Clung, *surly: heavy when applied to soil.*
Cobbles, *round paving stones.*
Collywessen, *contrary.*
Conam, *Covenham.*
Confined labourer, *labourer hired by the year.*
Cosher, *an immense one; other intensives are used such as* Cawker, Thusker, Wopper, &c.
Cratch, *a butcher's barrow.*

Crear, *to rear.*
Crew, *sheltered place for cattle in winter; yard.*
Crounce, *to prance.*

Dacker, *to lessen speed.*
Darklins, *twilight.*
Dayke, *dike.*
Ditherin', *shaking with cold.*
Doänt, *dont.*
Door-darns, *door-post, doorway.*

'E, *he.*
Eärby, *Irby.*
'Eerd, *heard.*
Enif, *enough.*
'Er, *her.*

Fayther, *father.*
Feät, *neat.*
Fettle, *make right.*
Finnd, *find.*
Fir, *for.*
Flitted, *changed abodes.*
Foäst, *forced.*
Foote, *foot.*
Fost, *first.*
Foumard, *(fommard) foulmarten, pole-cat.*
Fower, *four.*
Fra, *from.*
Frangy, *lively, spirited.*
Freshney, *Friskney.*
Fun, *found.*
Funnel, *mule from male Ass.*
Furk, *fork.*

Gablic, *crow-bar, (gavelock)*
Gainest, *nearest.*
Gam, *game.*
Gantrup, *Grainthorpe.*
Ga'thman, *herdman who looks after cattle in the crew.*
Gatrum, *marsh road to a farm; probably gate-room.*
Gev, *gave.*
Git, *get.*
Giv, *give.*
Glib, *slippery.*
Gress, *grass.*

Hardlins, *hardly, scarcely.*
Heppen, *handy.*
Herse, *horse.*
Hesp, *hasp.*
Hev, *have.*

Hevent, *have not.*
Hoäm, *home.*
Hogstrup, *Hogsthorpe.*
Houry, *dirty, foul, thick.*
Hype. *gait.*
I', *in.*
'Im, *him.*
'Is, *his.*
'Issen, *himself,*
I uphold it, *I warrant.*
Ivver, *ever.*

Kep, *kept.*
Kids, *fagots.*
Kindlin', *firewood.*
Knaw, *know.*
Knurr, *the head.*

Lether, *ladder.*
Ligs, *lies.*
Loppered, *thick, curdled.*
Louath, *Louth.*
Lurbur, *Ludborough.*
Lugged, *pulled.*

Ma, *me.*
Mad, *angry displeased.*
Maister, *master.*
Maleck, *squabble, regular row.*
Mannur, *manure.*
Mattler, *match, fellow.*
Meck, *make.*
Med, *made.*
Megger, *to get over a difficulty, to get better of an illness.*
Moänt, *must not.*
Moudy-warp, *mole.*
Mud, *might.*
Mun, *must.*
Mysen, *myself.*

Nag, *gnaw.*
Nah, *now.*
Nap, *knock, sometimes, sowl.*
Nazzle, *a peevish, disagreeable person.*
Neets, *nights.*
Ner Cotes, *North Cotes.*
Niste, *nice.*
Nivver, *never.*
Nobbut, *nought but, only.*
Noggin, *lump of wood.*
Nowt, *nothing.*

O', *of, on.*
O' a piece, *awhile, for a time.*
Owd, *old.*
Ower, *over.*

Owr, *our.*
Owt, *ought, anything.*
Pad, *path.*
Pag, *to carry on the back.*
Panshan, *earthenware pan.*
Pick an' 'otch, *pitch and toss.*
Raävin', *turning up, moiling.*
Ramper, *road, (rampire).*
Randle, *Ravendale.*
Rayt, *right.*
Raythe r, *rather.*
Recklin', *smallest of a family, brood or litter.*
Remble, *move, remove.*
Rippin', *shouting.*
Roak, *thick mist, like smoke.*
Roaky, *very misty.*
Sallaby, *Saltfleetby.*
Same, *lard.*
Sartin-sewer, *certain, sure.*
Sarvice, *service.*
Sawin', *sowing.*
Seed, *saw.*
Serry, *slight, insignificant.*
Sewer, *sure.*
Sewerly, *surely.*
Sheä, *she.*
Shirt, *short.*
Shut, *rid.*
Sich, *such.*
Sin, *since.*
Sivver, *howsoever;* wivver, *however.*
Skelled, *tilted over.*
Skep, *a wooden measure.*
Slape, *sharp, tricky; slippery when applied to ice, &c.*
Slapped, *slopped, spilled.*
Slitherin', *sliding.*
Sliver, *short slop.*
Sluther, *thin mud.*
Slurr, *a slide.*
Smootin', *a passage.*
Soh, *a shallow tub.*
Solid, *very* (as solid wet;) *very great* (as solid shame.)
Spank, *to slap, to beat.*
Spurrin's, *footmarks, tracks.*
Squad, *muck, dirt.*
Steäd, *instead.*
Stee, *ladder.*
Steel, *style.*
Strinds, *strides.*
Stun, *stone.*
Stutle, *hurry.*

Summut, *something, somewhat.*
Swauled, *drenched with water.*
Syled, *filtered.*

Tab, *ear.*
Ta-neet, *to-night.*
Tätes, *potatoes.*
Tay, *tea.*
Ta-year, *this year.*
Teck, *take.*
Tell'd, *told.*
Tew'd, *teased, moiled.*
Theer, *there.*
Thick end of, *greater part.*
Thof, *though.*
Thowt, *thought.*
Thruff, *through.*
Tidy, *pinafore.*
Tiff, *tough.*
Toggery, *clothes.*
Toner, *one or the other.*
Towd, *told.*
Trays, *hurdles.*
Tumpoked, *stumbled head first.*

Underneän, *underneath.*
Unheppen, *clumsy.*
Unpied, *unearthed.*

Wankle, *weakly.*
War, *was.*
Ware, *to spend.*
Wattam, *Waltham.*
Weänt, *will not.*
Wembled, *turned over.*
Werried, *littered.*
While, *till.*
Wheer, *where.*
Wi', *with.*
Wire, *to work.*
Wire in a boster, *to do a thing earnestly.*
Woalds, *wolds.*
Woe, *who.*
Wots, *oats.*
Wottle-day, *working-day;* as Sunday an' wottle-days.

Yaupin', *shouting.*
Yeät, *eat.*
Yit, *yet.*
Yow, *you.*
Yower, *you are.*
Yule-clog, *yule-log.*

TO DEVONIA.

AN ADDRESS TO MY NATIVE COUNTY.

I.

DARTMOOR.

Never a lovelier scene my eye has viewed
Than Dartmoor—that romantic solitude :
There mountain torrents rush through rock-strew'd glens,
A hundred springs gush up from secret dens ;
There rock-piled slopes with rugged chasms yawn,
As if by thunderbolts asunder sawn ;
There, busy bees their soothing lullaby
Hum in the spiral foxglove's speckled eye ;
The breeze the purple heath-bell moves in turn,
With nodding cotton-rush and waving fern—
Fit place for those who find in botany
Somewhat to change their life's monotony.
There mountain spires uplift their stony crests,
And pierce the clouds recumbent on their breasts ;
There silvery aspens bend in light arcades,
And sycamores wave cool and darksome shades ;
And there the ashen trees with beeches blend,
And clustering oaks a greener roof extend
Above the forest flowers so thick and gay.
There watery Nymphs have sung the spousal lay,

And ancient Pan hath tuned his reed, and all,
The jocund Fairies danced around each fall,
While bounding Fauns and mirthsome Dryads wove
Some sportive measure in a neighbouring grove.
And there, dark rites in bygone days were done
On wilds o'er which uncounted storms have blown :
There I have clambered up the dangerous steep
Or pathless glen and watched the cataract's leap,
Or loitered by the mere, the crag, the stream,
When billows flashed beneath the sunset's beam,
When shone the stars with their perennial ray,
Which brought the joy as of serener day,
And from the vault of heaven those first-born lights
Bestowed a loveliness to darksome nights.
I've seen the meteor's glance with treacherous ray—
A moment seen, but fled the next away.
'Tis there the poet finds fit theme for song,
Though by the noble bard too long unsung !
And there the falcon builds its lonely nest
In crannies where no truant hands molest ;
And there the cascades flashing, foaming free,
Boil wildly up in their tremendous glee ;
And shivered giant trunks to man declare,
In rocky crevices firm rooted there,
What whirlwind rage, what blasts and tempests rude,
And scath of storm for ages they have stood.
Round peaks, at times, dark clouds and whirlwinds throng,
And to the strife loud tempests sweep along ;

While man recoils before the dreadful rage
Of wind, and earth, and sky, which Titan battles wage,
Then foamy masses from their ridges leap,
And speed their billows through the valleys deep,
And terror walks beneath and rules on high,
Storms roll their raging pennons through the sky ;
And from their secret magazines a store
Of fury send at jagged peaks and hoar ;
And wildly sweeps their breath from hill to hill
More loud than thunder's roar, yet hang there still
Amid the peal of each portentous rush,
When roll the warring winds in elemental gush,
Uninjured mountain brows. Along the vale
The night-bird's cries are heard ; upon the gale
Are borne the bittern's scream and curlew's note,
And whirring wings o'er waste and waters float.
And there the cliffs form a dark interlune
To hide the pale and broad and placid moon ;
There streams give life and greenness to the soft
And lovely landscapes north and south. Aloft
The screaming hawk his eyrie sails around.
What subject can more meet for song be found
Than Dartmoor, hallowed by a thousand views
And interesting beauty as the muse
Would fire ? How grand when visited by gales—
When mighty tors the tempest fierce assails !
The whisper of the brook swells to a voice
Of power ; the thunder's loud terrific noise

Salutes the ear, and next the vivid fork
Of arrowy lightning, when the storm's at work,
Unfailing, greets the eye of him who dares
To front the fiend as he his standard rears.
There I have loved the spells of summer hours,
The joy of sunlight, and the smile of flowers;
To hear glad murmurs from the birds and rills,
When with delight were clothed the dales and hills.
On uplands near I've seen, along the sky,
An eagle, seeking prey, sail heavily;
The eagle sailed into the distant grey;
Down plumped the hawk and cushioned on his prey;
And, with a furtive look, the silent fox
Slunk down the covert, as a noise of cocks
Fell startling on the ear, with cluck and crow.
I've heard the dogs to bay, the kine to low,
And sheep to bleat, while up the forest glade
A figure came in shepherd's guise arrayed,
Before he took his rest, to count the fold;
Returning when he had the number told,
Along the sward, while the whole forest rang
With clamour strange—the boy so cheerily sang
In clear loud stains; a staff his right hand bore,
And blue the colour of the frock he wore.
The weary hunter, hunting in a wood,
To close the lengthened chase the horn blew loud,
Whilst through a berried, prickly hawthorn bush
I heard the chirping flutter of a thrush,

And in the lofty branches o'er the brook
I saw the chattering pie, or thievish rook.
O Dartmoor! thou that art so richly dight
In Nature's flowing robe of life and light,
I've wandered midst thy bogs and silver streams
From early dawn to evening's dewy beams!
At dusk, when smiles of light in rich vermeil
The dark-brown surface of the moorland veil,
I've heard the wood-dove's shrill and plaintive call,
And roaring sounds of Lidford's waterfall.
Though other scenes invite me far to roam,
Devonia! thou shalt prove my spirit's home.

I stood upon a hilly brow,
It was a lovely spot,
Where herb and floweret never blow,
And trees befriend thee not;
A rude defile beneath me lay,
With rocky fragments strewed;
And strange the scenes I saw that day
As I my path pursued.

So barren, bleak, and shapeless rose
The craggy hills around,
Unbroken was their dread repose
By living form or sound,
Save, where along the height o'ercast
With blue of lively shade,

In eager search of his repast
The soaring goshawk strayed.

And now a glen was in my way,
Clasped by the rock's embrace,
Where stinted shrubs their tangled spray
Swept o'er the lonely place.
And now were sights to see most rare,
From off each rocky heap,
Where, now and then, the wild birds are,
And lonesome vigils keep.

II.

THY RIVERS.

The Dart rolls on his glorious course,
And rushes with gigantean force
One moment down a hilly side,
But in the next is calm and wide.
That full-summed river, proud and free,
Flows on in solemn majesty;
May he no more the truth impart—
That in the year he has a heart.
The Exe, that loiters in his banks,
The first and foremost in thee ranks;
Unmindful of his onward way
Among thy scenes he seems to stay,
Or sounds of city, field, or hill,
Of forest, which thy landscapes fill

And on his borders osiers lave
Their stalks beneath his silent wave.
Lo ! Tamar's giddy eddies whirl
With sound suppressed and rapid curl,
Throughout his rough and rubied bed,
Between the source and famed Weir Head ;
From thence the current smoothly glides,
And soon is lost in ocean tides.
The Taw and Torridge pour with might
Untiring, in their hasty flight
O'er pointed rocks, their copious tides,
And sheep play on their flowery sides :
May ne'er those rivers full of life
With ocean find surcease of strife !
Is now complete thy noble train
With stately Plym and lovely Teign ?
Nay, Sid so short, and Yealm so clear,
The shallow Erme, with Avon near,
The Otter dark, and limy Axe,
Where barges navigate and smacks—
Are each important, though but small,
And worthy song both one and all.
Thy wandering, wide, meandering streams,
Whose praises well become my themes,
Whose waters carelessly flow on
Debouching in a larger one,
Adown thy rocky ledges leap
And on to either channel sweep.

They go with plenty's horn in hand,
And load with fruitfulness the land;
Their waters clear the children drink,
Reclining on the cressy brink:
Their waterfalls of thundering voice
Would be the subject of my choice,
Were I inclined to lengthen song,
Or make this idyll far too long.
Enough, the harvest never fails,
The rivers fertilize thy vales
Which flush with corn and flame with flowers,
They green the meads and neighbouring bowers.
Where fields of golden promise spread,
Upon their ferny sides have fed
The fearful rabbit, spotted deer,
The cattle and the timid hare.
The cottage and the gilded hall,
The temple and the tower may fall,
And ruin ruthlessly may ride
O'er greater works of human pride,—
The ancient forests pass away;
Thy rivers in their channels play—
They never vanish from the scene,
Eternal as the hills between.
And they have kept thee sternly free
In days of troubled history;
They have resisted warrior bands
That oft assailed thy hilly lands.

Where mountains fix their lasting root,
And rivers through the valleys shoot,
There men revere, nay, country love
All other spots and lands above.

III.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to thread my winding way
Through lowlands green and uplands grey,
And strolling, pass through hazels dense,
Or nut along the roadside fence ;
To ramble 'midst the beauteous scenes
  Of pastoral and rural life,
Through winding glades, o'er village greens,
  When nature's incense pure and rife
Is wafted in the soothing air ;
Enchanted by the music clear
Of joyous birds, with open book,
To stand beside the limpid brook.
I love to hear the hunter's cry,
Awaking wildly echoes nigh,
To see, aroused by dogs and men,
The fox flee from his darkened den.
When morn, as dusky clouds unfold,
Thy every hill hath tipped with gold,
In thy dear haunts I love to rove,
Where countless graceful creatures move ;

To watch the merry squirrels sweep
Through lofty trees, with heedless leap,—
From spray to spray they coolly fly,
And look on man with anxious eye.
I love thy captivating sights,
Thy mountain cliffs, thy rocky heights,
Thy towering trees, thy sparkling streams,
That revel in Sol's glorious beams ;
To see thy reapers at their ease
Beneath thy sober ashen trees,
At luncheon fast the hedges by,
They quaff their cider merrily.
I love to see the swallows fair,
Speed swiftly through the balmy air,
Around thy homes, 'neath bridges glide,
As down thy coombs they seem to slide.
I love to hear the song of birds,
That all thy woodlands throng,
The bleat of sheep, the low of herds
Thy verdant pasture fields among.
I love the Spring for life and bloom,
The Winter for its dreary gloom,
The Summer for its bright warm glow,
And Autumn for its bounteous show.
I love to look on meads and towns
From off thy tufted heights and downs ;
To see thy wilds of gorse and wood,
With farms or halls beside them stood ;

To view thy fields when spring at morn
Walks forth to green them with young corn ;
Or when in summer's mid-day bright
They're charming to the raptured sight,
Or when adorned by autumn's skies
The harvest ripe before me lies,
Or winter weaves a frosty vest
Or by her hand with snow they're drest.
I love to see when summer comes,
Surrounding all thy cottage homes,
The gardens of the industrious poor
Well filled with recompensive store.
I love to see sport on the green
Thy children round the housewife clean,
While aged fathers at their doors
Are reading news from distant shores.
And when the pearly clouds do lie
Far scattered o'er an evening sky,
I love to see moved by the breeze
Thy weeping willows and tall trees,
Thy shadowy box or hawthorn bowers.
Thy shrubs, thy rushes, and thy flowers—
Thy flowers spread wide o'er plain and dell,
As stars to sparkle and dispel,
With all their countless little blooms,
Life sad and drear and chilling glooms.
I love the laugh of crested waves,
The rushing of a swollen brook ;

Its bursting forth from sunless caves
Beneath the network of a nook ;
To follow on its starry sheen
When it had left its shadowy rest,
As from its bank in richest green
The fern leaves ride upon its breast.
I love to rove where wildlings grow,
When scented violets cheer the earth,
When 'neath the hawthorn and the sloe
The primroses are peeping forth :
The velvet sides of hills to climb
When countless flowers adorn the way,
When foxglove, furze, and broom, and thyme,
And daisies make the surface gay ;
To see the busy harvester
His scythe throw in the grass or corn,
When high the sun is burning, or
When kiss the earth and blushing morn.
I love to think when dull the scene,
Though all the sky be overcast,
That soon will shed the sun serene
His glory when the storms are past,
I love those spots which legends tell
Of years gone by the Christian throng
Came to the still but brook-cleft dell
And woke its echo with a song ;—
To roam when tremble sunset's rays
'Mid the verandah's trellis bars,

And when they paint on Nature's face
A glory like unto the stars ;
And when the dove's last notes which beat
Upon the evening air depart,
And when the breath of gardens sweet
Is slowly creeping to the heart ;
When o'er thy fields the shadows creep,
And follow up the misty hill,
And when the owl his vigils keep
In twilight, on the old barn sill ;
Or, when at dawn, Sol from above,
So faintly shines with beams of love,
To hear the wild bird's early lay
Which wakes the landscape cold and grey,
Which fills the soul's long voided cells
With music sweet as distant bells.
I love thy springs—their varied charms
With glowing beauty fill thy arms ;
Then fields are green, and skies are blue,
And countless birds of varied hue
Exultant sing, in pleasant strains,
Through all thy woods and shaded lanes.

IV.

CHILDHOOD AND HOME.

My childhood I spent and I sportively played
Among thy glad scenes, in the sunshine and shade ;
I loved thy bright flowers—all their odours were sweet,
They gladdened my way to a favoured retreat ;
To open my heart more of pleasure to see,
Each token of summer was welcome to me.
I heard in the morn the birds cheerfully sing,
As heralds foretelling the coming of spring.
I've trodden thy hills, I have roamed in thy vales,
My boat on thy waters was wafted by gales.
How joyous my prospects for many a year,
My summers were happy, my winters not drear ;
As old Father Time sped so quickly away,
My hopes were all bright for a far distant day.
How well I remember those beautiful days
In spring, when the birds warbled out their sweet lays;
The songsters remind me of childhood again,
And then what a madness will burn on my brain—
A something will whisper of that which hath been—
A something I feel, yet that cannot be seen ;
I con o'er the past, when each impulse was glad,
And look to the future, all silent and sad.
Then, sister and brothers, far down a green lane,
We rambled together to find out again
Such treasures as "last year" we knew had grown there;
We all felt assured by the sweet-scented air,

That violets there must be concealed in the shade ;
We knew, like the snow-drops, they hung down the head,
So pried around closely and found with delight
Those flowerets arrayed in their mantle of white.
Then swelled our young bosoms to seize each new bliss,
Determined no joy and no pleasure to miss,
'Midst spring's budding graces and summer's full bloom,—
Their numberless flowers and their honeyed perfume.
Whene'er to my bosom the wild flowers bring
The glory of summer, the freshness of spring,
I think of the hope that my spirit did wear
When brightness and beauty empurpled the air.
We watched the birds toiling to make a soft nest
For innocent broods there to shelter and rest.
Should mother be with us she bade us be good,
And think of our God who provides us with food—
Who bade the bright flowers to rise from the ground—
Who spread the green mantle of grass all around—
Who made the streams flow and meander through plains—
Who taught the grey throstle to hymn such sweet strains—
Who bade the bright sun sink at night in the west,
And rise in the morn to obey His behest.
She led us from smoke and the drouth of the town,
To breathe the pure air of the far-stretching Down ;

To sport with delight on the mountains and hills,
When murmur the birds, and the bees, and the rills ;
To stand on the cliffs near our house and gaze o'er
The wide waste of waters and flower-strewn shore ;
To stroll down the glen when the warm sunny ray
Illumed and enlivened the short winter day,
When brooks bubbled lowly and streams with dull flow—
Those fleetest of days which few graces bestow—
And rivers, and becks, and the runnels deplore
The blossoms that gladden their borders no more.
She taught us that they through the valley's broad waste
Impatient to mingle with ocean would haste ;
Exhaling unseen thence beneath the sun's ray,
In vapors elastic through ether to stray,
In mist next alighting, or falling in rain,
To traverse on earth the same journey again.
Of days long past by, whensoever I tell,
With grateful emotion my bosom shall swell ;
For then a dear parent whose love was a flame,
Deep, tender, and sacred—I honor her name—
Was true to her charge, and she changed not with time,
She constantly laboured—a pattern sublime ;
So pious, so generous, though dignified, free,
The fruits of her love are spread wide as a sea ;
She wept and she prayed, and, in answer to prayer,
May mother and children in heaven appear !
From scenes of my boyhood 'twas hard to remove,
But fond recollections I cherish and love ;

Though far from my country, my kindred, my friends,
Where all that is strange my careering attends,
My heart beats with gladness wherever I roam,
Whene'er I reflect on the joys of that home.
How quiet my dwelling, how humble my cot,
The storm or the tempest I heeded it not,
For charming and sweet and rejoicing the sound
While nothing but peace in the cottage was found.
Those days of my youth I can never forget,
When pleasures and friendships I ceaselessly met;
When wayward or sad, a kind hand or a heart
Was present to guide, that my fears might depart;
But now—may I look for protection above,
God's truth be my guide, my portion His love!
Though now in my bosom the hopes of my youth
Are withered and dead, yet like emblems of truth
From shades of the past, in each wreck I can find
Some strength for the bosom, some peace for the mind.
Let storms gather round me and threaten my bark,
Let billows encompass and clouds become dark,
My life's wintry journey will soon pass away,
And then I'll rejoice through eternity's day!

V.

SCHOOL DAYS.

How happy were the days that I
A school-boy spent in thee,
Their pleasant hours, though long gone by,
Are dear to memory.

It was within a British school
I learnt to read and write,
And there I tugged at many a rule
Till it was mastered quite.

I cheerly did the satchel don
When time for school drew near,
As gaily rolled each morning on
Throughout instruction's year.

Where'er I caught the sound of bell,
To avoid the master's cane,
I scampered off, and tried right well
The foremost place to gain.

And soon was read the Holy Book,
And next a prayer was heard,—
That God might on the scholars look
And bless each deed and word.

Of late ones gathered round the door
Who first would enter in,
And face the man who, all were sure,
Would ask, "Where have you been?"

Those who received the well-earned scold,
Or cut across the hand,
Were, in another moment, told
At all their work to stand.

As sure as clock struck four or twelve
The wished-for silence reigned;
Each pupil now had ceased to delve,
And soon had freedom gained.

We in the dinner-hour would play
At marbles in a ring,
And evenings in a field would stay
While kites were on the wing.

Or eke we clomb the rocks and cliffs
In search of shells and eggs,
Or rowed or sailed in favourite skiffs
Beneath thy beetling crags.

We often loitered at the well,
Or 'neath the blacksmith's shed,
Or far into the grassy dell
We helter-skelter sped.

The grass recovered from our tread—
The pressure was so small ;
The motion of our bodies made
A gentle breeze to fall.

We switches cut from willow-trees
Which by the brooklets stand,
And potent instruments were these
Of mischievous command.

And oft our fingers itched to lay
The supple wand across
Whatever beast came in our way,
To make it writhe and toss.

What sweet delights my boyhood knew !
Where'er my will would lead
I roamed the fields where daisies grew,
Or king-cups filled the mead.

How mean the bliss of manhood seems,
With days nor golden still,
Compared with youth's delightful dreams
Which paint no coming ill.

The Gaffer stood to mark our glee,
And heard our notes of joy,
When loud the burst of ecstasy
Came from each reckless boy.

When school was done we steered our course
Beneath a sloping hill,
To where its ceaseless tribute pours
Each clear and murmuring rill.

We, full of vagrant school-boy schemes,
To brooklets would repair,
To snatch the minnows from the streams,
And bottle them with care.

Awhile we gazed, then eagerly
We seized with dexterous hand,
And dashed so suddenly the prey
Upon the whitened sand.

At home we placed the tiny fish
In glass or basin rare,
In canakin or larger dish,
To breathe the vital air.

Our books forgotton as our dreams,
We roamed the meads about,
And loved to paddle in the streams,
Our task to tickle trout.

Or from "The Bolt," whose crested brow
Devonia proudly boasts,
We watched the vessels far below
Approach the rocky coasts.

The windings of the coves we traced,
We watched the flowing tide,
As soon we through the waters paced,
Or swam from side to side.

In spring we sought the trees among,
And bushes in thy woods,
For greybirds' or for blackbirds' young,
And bore away the broods.

And when we found a coney's nest
How fixed the anxious stare!
What glad surprises swelled the breast
If one for each was there!

When summer's sun had scarcely set,
Or moon shone bright and fair,
To game at "hide and seek" we met,
Or else at "hound and hare."

Then often we from each abode
O'er many a rood have strayed,
Till high the full moon gaily rode,
Or stars their pomp displayed.

In autumn time on nuts we fed,
On blackberry, or grain;
Meanwhile we caused to ring o'er head
Some loud concinnous strain.

We winnowed with our breath the corn,
Which fell from hand to hand,
Which to the mouth was quickly borne—
We ate what we had fanned.

The winter never came too late,
Nor brought too strong a cold;
On ponds, when in a frozen state,
Were made some exploits bold.

And when the snow was on the ground,
Our hearts were filled with glee;
For then we pelted snowballs round—
My chosen chums and me.

In books I found my chief delight,
When free from care-clouds dense;
For this, I wish my school-days bright
Would now again commence.

Not many years have rolled between,
But care has racked my breast;
So far through life those days have been
My brightest and my best.

VI.

MORNING.

The fair clear morn was waking
In beauty from on high,
And the moorlands were partaking
In the radiance of the sky ;
Her smile, caught by the ocean,
Glowed on its breast of blue,
And from the trees in motion
Fell tears of pearly dew,
Whose life depends, as many deem,
On moisture and on sunny beam.
I love at early morn, to tread
Some solitary way,
Or sylvan haunt, or dewy mead,
Or climb the mountain grey.
I love to see day's earliest beam
Light up the woody shade,
And kiss the clear and gentle stream,
That ripples in the glade.
To see the flowerets in the mead,
When moist with morning rain ;
Their early fragrance then is shed
Over the fertile plain.
I love a merry morn in spring,
When all around is gay,
And when the birds their chorus bring
To hail the coming day.

When trees and shrubs are fair to view,
And music fills the grove ;
When skies are decked with richest hue,
And skylarks soar above.
When first the sun shines through the cloud,
Upon the earth below,
To hear the woodlands ring aloud
With mirth and music's flow.
I love the glowing morn, when the sun flings
Its radiant light upon all living things ;
When grass and leaves and flowers begem'd with dew,
Shine soft and fair through each bright rosy hue ;
When air and sky, and earth and ocean, seem
All glorious and bright—as life's young dream :
When Sol's bright rays, so newly born,
Cause the deep blushes of the early morn.
Unto the formless void, the word
Went forth upon Creation's morn :
High o'er disordered chaos heard—
" Let there be light ! " and light was born.
The shadows rolling from its path,
An angel song rose sweet and clear—
" Oh, joy ! oh, hope ! for darkness hath
Lost half its reign and all its fear ! "
The floods are clapping hands ; the rills
Go rippling through bird-haunted vales ;
The cattle on a thousand hills
Come frisking to the milking pails ;

The shy colt gambols through the croft ;
The sheep bleat to the keeper's cry ;
And waving branches bear aloft,
In nests, their nursling melody.
Sing ! as the sun's awakening beams ;
On fabled Memnon all around,
The keynote strike—in gushing streams
Do the full harmonies resound !
Sing though faint hearts and voices weak,
Despairing fail God's throne to reach,
It is a blessed thing to speak—
To join—the universal speech.

VII.

SPRING.

S WEET meads and fields, in lively green arrayed
P ut forth the promise of the sunny Spring ;
R ich hedgerows rise and shoot a deeper shade ;
I n every tree the joyous songsters sing ;
N ow the exulting universe is glad,
G od smiles above. Man should not now be sad.
With beauteous lovely form
Appears the youthful queen ;
Come to defeat the storm,
To clothe earth's naked scene.
Old Winter takes his flight,
His voice is heard no more ;

For Spring has come in sight
To still the tempest's roar.
The long-pent waters flow
From Winter's dismal cell;
Spring lets the captives go,
And on they joyous swell.
As o'er rough beds they ring,
Or sluggish drag their way,
To Spring they seem to sing
And grateful homage pay.
The frog no longer sleeps,
In stagnant pool 'tis heard;
O'er nest its vigils keep
Each joyous twittering bird.
The twittering birds remind
Us all 'tis time to rise;
They're not to interest blind,
As time so quickly flies.
Homes for a future race
To build they quickly haste;
Behold their rapid pace—
For they no moments waste.
They stay not: instinct says,
"The seasons will not last,
Soon end the longest days,
The Spring will soon flit past."
Spring bids us all be gay,
And bids us courage take;

She drives the frost away,
And cries to all "Awake!
Awake, your work begin,
To work, ye sluggards, go;
Who fight not cannot win,
Nor reap who do not sow."
With life thy meadows thrill,
Thy brooklets gleam and sing;
And calls each purling rill
To wake the woods in spring.
The bud bursts from the thorn,
The thrush begins to tell
His news at early morn.
The blackbird of the dell,
Beneath the woody hill,
Recalls in music clear—
Though he has long been still—
The warblings of last year.
Amid thy vales of green,
The cuckoo now repeats
His notes from boughs unseen.
And matin freshness greets.
And now within the sky,
The lark so cheery sings,
With music timèd by
The beating of its wings.
The sun upon the sea
Glitters like stars of gold,

And now on every tree
The blossoms grow untold ;
And in the flowery eyes
The pearly dew-drops play,
Ere morn's bright beams arise
To melt them all away.
And up ambrosial bells
Of flowers bright and fair,
The bee, from inmost cells,
Her honey gathers there.
And now with murmuring fall,
Thy purling streams among
The reeds so musical
Sing out a bubbling song ;
Through rugged wilds they leap,
And broken billows cast
O'er the embattled steep
Into abysses vast.
Then on with footsteps fleet,
Or roll of blithesome flow,
Some sister streams they meet
In beauteous plains below.
Silent through meads and vales
Thy lovely rivers wind,
And far beyond thy dales
Their rest in ocean find.
They grow more calm and deep,
They cease their rush and roar,

And rest in lucid sleep
When near the ocean shore.
When spring hath clothed each croft
And all thy meads are gay,
A thousand birds aloft
So sweetly charm the day.
And when the star of eve
Illumes its torch on high,
And boughs the zephyrs heave
With a soft hushing sigh ;
And when at midnight hour
The moonbeams slowly creep
O'er town and ruined tower,
And brighten up the deep,
I love the heath-grown slope,
The dark and leafy bowers,
As shine the stars which ope
To me in those sweet hours,
When nought of care intrudes,
And all around I see
In midnight solitudes
Is hanging silently.
Thy landscapes teem with joy,
And calm the sky above,
Thy rivulets gurgle by
With sound like murmuring dove.
By turns the ear and eye
With admiration dwell

On all, as rooks wheel by
On heavy wing, and well
The trout their gambols keep
And round the shallows veer,
Or pike 'mid rushes sleep,
As later in the year.
The shallops peaceful sail,
The stream's soft dimpling swell,
The flirting of the rail,
The sheepfold's distant bell,
The moorhen's dashing plume,
The splendid kingfisher—
Whose nest on fishy loom
Inweaved and curious are,
Charm as Sol's glories shine—
He sheds a general charm,
For he with beams divine
Illumes the town and farm;
He brightens up the hill,
Silvers the mountain's brow,
And hies, with light, to fill
The darksome caves below.
Thy leaves, in sunny showers
Glisten with blades of grass,
And glitter all thy bowers,
Thy forests seem to blaze.
The pearl of hawthorn falls,
With daisies fields are white,

Thy woodbines 'gainst the walls
Enchant the cotter's sight.
Thy willows by the brook
Are clothed in silvery light,
The dingle, hedge, and nook,
Deck the primroses bright.
The bright anemone—
Of gory grief the sign,
Whose leaflets cluster free,
And in the sunbeams shine—
Reminds of classic deeds.
The daffodil displays,
Above the woodland weeds,
Her pale diverging rays.
The peony's vale is rent—
She throws her ruby dyes
Around, and seems intent
To court congenial skies.
The tulip's tints adorn
A woof resplendent, new,
Supreme, she feigns to scorn
All flowers of milder hue;
And in the crumbling wall,
Grown green and grey with time,
Blooms the wall-flower small,
Firm rooted in the lime.
And now the currant tree
Its palest leaves outspread.

And hang the blossoms free
Of apples overhead.
Thy meadows, lanes, and woods,
With chervils are arrayed ;
The nettle sharp bestuds
The hedge-row's ample shade ;
And where the briars droop,
Or matted sedges lie,
Are seen the leveret group,
And partridge brood hard by ;
And o'er thy slow canals
Swarm gnats in the sun's ray,
And from the cracks in walls
The lizards seek the day.
Among the osier beds,
Springs now the pilewort's leaf,
Its yellow blossoms spread,
The meadow's floweret chief.
The hazel bush has hung
Its plenteous tresses there,
And purple buds have sprung,
Which bearded nuts will bear.
Beneath the pimple breasts
Of bush and hedge of thorn,
In numerous hidden nests,
The callow broods are born.
Intoxicating gales
Of the aromatic East,

The swallow quaffed, but hails
Thee as its home, its rest;
For it hath come once more
From Afric's sunny shore.
Thou art a favoured spot,
So pleasant and so fair,
Thou ne'er canst be forgot,
So pure and mild thy air.
When Spring hath clothed each croft,
And all thy meads are gay,
A thousand birds aloft
So sweetly charm the day.
I, fond aspirings brook
Within thy gentle breast,
Whene'er I chance to look
Upon thy scenes so blest.

Thy rustic swains across the plains
O'er moving ploughs are bending;
The lively noise of whistling boys
With other sounds are blending.

Beside the dams the joyful lambs
Upon the ground are kneeling;
And in the sky the rooks go by
That lazily are wheeling.

The morn is bright, to shade the light :
No clouds are seen appearing ;
And all around are warblers found
Sweet nature to be cheering.

Its morning song, the copse among,
On some tall tree alighted ;
The cuckoo sings—and sweetly sings,
By which I am delighted.

I love the eve, its moments give
A solemn tone to feeling ;
Its deepening hues the soul diffuse,
So gently o'er it stealing.

The streamlet flows, its murmur goes
To swell the woodland's moaning ;
Earth, to the skies bids incense rise,
'Neath loads of fragrance groaning.

Come let us sing of verdant Spring,
The pride of all the year ;
When by the side where streamlets glide
The countless flowers appear.
A southern breeze blows through the trees,
And sweet profusion charms ;
And from the clouds, the sun unshrouds,
And kindling transport warms.

His fleecy care, to pastures rare,
The shepherd now directs:
Secure from cold, lambs in the fold,
He all the night protects.
Arrayed in green the fields are seen,
And every valley sings;
The farmer's hopes are in his crops—
What joys this season brings.
We gladly tread the dewy mead,
When freshness breathes around;
And in bright hours, the loveliest flowers
Enamel all the ground.
For daisies grow, and violets blow,
And all their pride assume;
The trees look gay, and every spray
Sends forth a rich perfume.

Adown the sky the day-beams lie,
And linger faintly glowing,
While from afar each quivering star
Is bright and brighter growing.
And while I mark, as night grows dark,
Those worlds their course pursuing,
I think, as they I ever may
My Master's will be doing.

How lovely, in Spring, do thy children appear,
How gaily they ramble at eventides clear,

And pluck the wild flowers on the water-brook's edge,
In meadows, or fields, on the road's pented ridge,
On hills, on the mountains, in woods or in dells,
Their store to make up of sweet daisies and bells—
Of crocuses, primroses, and violets blue,
Of daffodils yellow, and buttercups too.
As slowly increases, each nosegay they prize,
To darken the heavens, dull clouds may arise,
With each having round it a fringe as of fire,
The children look up and the grandeur admire;
Unconscious, perhaps, that behind such a screen
May thunderstorms fatal be lurking unseen.
Soon tempests, which many a region have stirred,
Grow louder, and longer the bolts may be heard;
They start at the conflict so loud and so wild,
And turn they so pale now each timorous child.
Although through torn skies swift the thunders have rolled,
Their grandeur, the far clouds are seen to unfold.
The evening star, as they watch it arise,
Its threads of pale light stretches out on the skies;
While leans it there still, on the brow of the earth,
A host are emerging from south and from north,
And on the lone summits are resting above,
And bidding their thoughts heavenly power to prove.
Tis thus the gay pleasures of life may be stayed,
Some sorrow afresh on our path being laid:

We trust and we hope that the storm will depart,
Or that a sweet voice will refreshen the heart.
How ceaseless the worm feeds on each living flower,
They droop and they die—or in some destined hour
They're thoughtlessly gathered, or broken their stems ;
So death, in like manner, on earth's precious gems,
While jocundly sporting in life's early day,
May work unsuspected and make them a prey.
Again, now the sunlight is brooding around,
And breathing a promise on the fructuous ground ;
Then let us be thankful, unbounded is love,
Uncounted wealth lies in the regions above.
A few fleeting hours will be past at the most,
When buds shall be left to the mercy of frost,
And shrouded in darkness throughout the long night ;
But hope points to morning, when scenes shall be bright ;
The sun in his strength shall be walking abroad,
And birds on the wing singing praises to God.
Yea ! death is approaching, yea ! death it may come,
Though silent and cold we may lie in the tomb,
And firm all the fetters that bind us may be,
The hour will arrive when our bodies are free,
And time-captived spirits shall hasten away,
To live and to love, and be happy for aye.

VIII.

SUMMER DAYS.

When warble birds, at dawn of summer days,
Among the trees,
Amid the thickened foliage gently plays
The early breeze.

The joys, that various landscapes give, I feel;
I love to feed
On Nature's beauties, as sweet noises steal
From every mead.

The sun his golden tints benignly shed
On all around,
And morning's incense fragrant odours spread
Throughout thy round.

Armed with their ready scythes, how cheerly hie
Thy hardy swains,
That soon the grassy crops may prostrate lie
On all thy plains.

When sultry heats oppress the mid of day,
And shroud thy fields,
To wanderers the sun's most fervent ray
No pleasure yields.

Thy restless cattle seek the cooling shade,
Or river banks,
And sheep late sheared, go skipping through the glade
With wonted pranks.

A thousand busy tribes of insects fly,
And chase the steed,
Nor give, in sporting through the sunny sky.
Him time to feed.

The blooming heather-bell thy commons crown ;
And lucent streams
So slowly move, whose water all thy valleys down
Ebullient seems.

And many frolic passes o'er thy ground
From man and maid,
When spread the hay, or thrown in heaps around,
And work is stayed.

From Afric's skies, and from her blossomed bowers
That shine so bright,
Now the swift harbinger of sunny hours,
In ether's height—

Roves free, or swooping skims the watery glass
Of lake, or sea,
Much swifter than the moving zephyrs pass,
Though rapidly.

The swallows weave in thee their downy nests,
When o'er the land,
Blow balmier gales, and summer for her guests
Her wreaths expand.

When mingle colours deep and bright on high,
And rich and rare,
The loveliest things before our vision lie,
And all is fair.

Thy dells of vernal freshness and delight
Amid the steeps
Are clasped, and sheltered by each rugged height,
That vigil keeps.

The sod's wild flowers are sweetest, and the breeze
So joyously
Breathes, like a whispered music, through the trees,
Its melody.

And now unveils the garden's peerless queen
Her ruddy cheek ;
While lilies bend beneath their awn of green,
So pale and meek.

There is a charm in summer's mossy rose,
And in the rill
That through its reeds with lowly whisper flows
A music still.

At eve, the milkmaid blythe returning home,
So gaily sings
A merry song of happier days to come,
Or brighter things.

Beside the murmuring fall of some cascade
'Twas my delight
To sit till slumbering plains in gloom were laid,
By misty night.

And when the setting sun pours forth his blaze
On hills afar,
And brightly shines amid his lingering rays
The vesper star,

When not a voice is on the earth or air
Nor boughs are stirred;
I love to wander through thy scenes so fair
Alone, unheard.

I've often stood beside some lofty rock,
While down below
The stream its crystal spread o'er jutting block
With hurried flow.

I there have studied all the forms around
And pages bright
Have read, and joy in contemplation found,
Till fled the light.

When fills enchanting music, evening air,
Of joys on high
The sign, I think of sweeter raptures there
That never die.

IX.

AUTUMNAL EVENINGS.

I see, in the changeable hue of thy sky—
Like creation's first light now it beams,
A cloudless expanse of the bright and the gay,
Or diamally dark, or all sombre and gray—
Life's fancy touched picture and dreams.

E'en so with this world, often bright it may be,
As a region of glory and bliss ;
Oft cheerless and sad, as the darkness of night,
No comfort or peace, without hope's joyous light,
So gloomy as chaos is this.

When the vigour of life in my bosom was young,
In the stillness of eve have I strayed,
When nature was calm, and the moon in her pride,
The rock crags bathed in her silvery tide
Of beams, on dim landscapes that played.

At even I love to retire from the town,
And to leave its tumultuous din,
And far, far away from the busiest crowd,
I love to recline where the evergreens shroud,
As sunset departing peeps in.

Then, then it is sweet from the city to roam,
And to sit near a murmuring rill,
Or slowly alone through the meadows to stray
And gaze in the brook where the finny tribes play,
When leaflets hang pendant and still.

And then is the time to reflect on our deeds—
Those that brought with them sorrow and shame,
And wisdom to gain from the thoughts on the past,
And learn to aid more, when our lot be so cast,
The indigent, blind, and the lame.

When bright are the stars in the sky's arching blue,
And the waves beat so softly the shore,
When autumn so sadly enshrouds 'neath her wings
The pleasure and calm that the eventide brings,
I fain would be near the sea's roar.

Thy ancient grim forest with rude scattered caves,
And the skies which the evening chill,
Thy wide woodland ways, and thy dark lofty rocks
The deep lonely dells, and thy still browsing flocks,
The spirit with sympathy fill.

The white shining stubble, beneath the moon's rays,
Caught my wandering, wondrous ken,
And sweet to my ear was the nightingale's song
My soul was enraptured while passing along
The forest, the eddish, and glen.

In autumn thy mountains are pensive and sad,
And how bare all thy scenes are again ;
The mist slumbers nightly upon the drear hills—
The summer is gone—we face winter's rude ills—
Dull hours will encirle us then.

The thoughtful reflect on the even of life,
For we surely " must fade as a leaf ; "
They liken to winter the cold stream of death,
But look to that spring where life is no breath,
For moments on earth are so brief.

X

WINTER.

When fruitful autumn dies away,
And changing nature has a brighter glow,
Thy wide-spread pastures are engarbed in snow,
Though verdant yesterday.

The woodbines round thy cots which twined,
No longer joyfuly hold up the head ;
The flower, the leaf, and fragrance all are fled—
Blasted by time and wind.

Thy rippling rills, though once so clear,
Are frozen now, and with thick ice o'erspread ;
Thy meadows, buried 'neath a snowy bed,
No longer green appear.

As he uplifts his hoary head
Stern winter bellows from his ice-built throne ;
He speaks—and trees, and hills, and mountains
'Mid storms and howlings dread.

The schoolboy fleetly on his skate
Glides o'er thy frozen ponds—his chief delight ;
For him shall come too soon the winter's night
With such fond sport elate.

Thy scenes are desolate and bare,
But as protection throws its mantle o'er
Thy bosom, vegetation thrives the more
Beneath that fostering care.

O think on this, ye nobles, think !
Whilst ye your nights to balls and banquets give—
How many in the bursting tempest strife,
And in the snowdrift sink.

In gazing on the garb of white,
As I from out the lattice casement look,
What musings and more pleasant thoughts I brook,
Than pleasing dreams of night.

Semblance of Eden's pristine rest,
To find more meet wherever shall we go ?
Similitude of innocence—the snow—
Unmarred and unimprest.

Stern winter now,
With fleecy brow,
And dight with mantle folded,
Stalks forth on high,
And from the sky,
Lets fall what he hath moulded.

When hushed each note,
Day's last beams float
O'er dingle, copse, and mountain ;
And shades of eve
Their colours give
Back to the sunny fountain.

How sweet to rest,
To calm the breast,
When labour's day is closing ;
When stars are bright,
And purple night
Is on the earth reposing.

XI.

NIGHT.

At night's approach the zephyrs play,
And hush to sleep declining day ;
They spread Elysian pleasures round,
With many a mellifluent sound.

Perchance the rippling stream may stroll,
Perchance the village bell may toll,
The meadow-drake may chance to creak,
And nightfall's sullen quiet break.

Untrodden are thy hill and dale,
But still the auburn nightingale
May haply sing in music clear,
And soothe the wanderer's listening ear.

The gentle stars o'er midnight glow
And shine with a perennial ray,
And to our earth-worn eyes bestow
The joys of a serener day.

Amid the mountains all is still,
Save that the streams, which seek the shore,
With ceaseless travel down each hill.
Gush wildly with their billowy roar ;

Or voices of the midnight breeze,
Which, like some murmured music, rise
Amid the trembling forest trees,
Are dying off in leafy sighs.

The moon is roaming through the air,
Much like a silver tranquil star—
Much like to sails upon the seas,
Swift through the firmanent she flees.

When her pale beams shine on thy floods,
No darkness o'er thy surface broods,
Though Nature lies in silence dead,
Nor fades from sight each mountain head.

Night is a sad bewitching time,
A season awful, yet sublime ;
Majestic, yet serene and still,
When minds with meditation fill.

A season by the studious sought,
The hours of night are meet for thought ;
They are for contemplation fit,
The time when fancy's flame is lit.

Then conscience speaks to all the good,
And whispers 'mid the solitude,—
" Peace for the wicked takes its flight,
And rests on those who act aright."

Thy brooks their waves in green nooks cast,
And often the awakening blast
Mutters in distant fury too,
As we behold the torchlight view.

Thy children close the eye in sleep,
And moments by them swiftly sweep ;
How soon calls morn to work away,
And night is lost in early day.

In a sweet sleep how oft we gain
Forgetfulness of daily pain ;
We then uncounted blessings reap,
And hope and joy in freshness keep.

A blessed part of life is sleep,
If an unbroken, dreamless, deep ;
The bliss of life then knows no pain,
Its purity receives no stain.

Dreams are but mirrors of our life,
And faithful whilst they share in strife ;
Whilst looking at the darkened glass,
Before the mind strange spectres pass.

We, mortals, close the eye in sleep,
And swiftly o'er us moments sweep ;
For soon the morning calls—"Away !
The night is lost in early day ! "

Could sleep a man of sin relieve,
Or hypocrites ne'er undeceive,
They gladly would sleep life away,
Nor think to wake in endless day.

Our souls shall live through Time's dark night,
When stars have ceased to give their light ;
And when the earth no more shall be,
The morn of Heaven, oh may we see !

XII.

STORMS.

When signs appear
Of tempest near,
Though Nature's tribes are straying,
Some refuge by
To gain they try—
Their caveat obeying :

While to the ear,
In whispers clear,
The zephyrs mild are telling
Of happy times
In other climes,—
For sounds are slowly swelling.

Thy waters deep
In silence sleep
While winds are gently blowing ;
But see them wake,
They slightly shake—
The gale o'er them is going,

The channel's breast,
By sun caress'd,
Had not commenced its tossing
Till hurricanes,
As trill thy plains,
In wrath o'er it were crossing.

On earth is seen
A dismal scene—
The firmament is frowning ;
Like some dull shroud,
The thunder-cloud
The concave vast is crowning.

The skies now reel
With peal on peal
Of roaring living thunder ;
And soon the rash
Mad lightning's flash
The lurid clouds will sunder.

The heavens scowl,
The tempests howl,
The stony towers are shaking ;
The murky breeze,
Thy monstrous trees
Is wafting, bending, breaking,

The reckless blast
Is driving fast
O'er plains, and woods, and valleys
It tries in vain
A breach to gain
As with our roof it dallies.

A charm the bar
Hath in its jar,
To us, within the dwelling ;
We join the rout
While yet without
The stormy sound is swelling.

Though we and ours
Spend careless hours
In mirth, and song, and thrumming,
Oft prayers between
The laughters keen
Will secretly be coming.

A prayer for those
Nor find repose
Upon the ocean raging,
Who are beneath
A polar breath
In cheerless watch engaging.

That on the strand,
With ready hand,
Their friends may wait to greet them ;
And that each crew,
In season due,
May have the joy to meet them.

That year by year,
A calm career—
A peaceful one, and lengthened, —
All, all may run,
And then be won,
By those whom hope hath strengthened,

A glorious meed,
A prize indeed,
For labour spent in gaining
The harbour where
Reigns toil nor care,
Where bliss shall aye be reigning.

XIII.

QUIET NOOKS.

In England's landscapes far and near,
What quiet nooks with thine compare ?
From Clifton Grove to Lincoln's towers,
From Bristol dark to Hampton's bowers,
From Nottingham to London's throng,
From Manchester to Portsmouth strong,
From Bath to Stafford's busy towns,
From Winchester to Kentish downs,
From Leeds to Belvoir's noble pile,
No spots have such a pleasant smile.
There may be scenes more solemn, vast,
More famed for glories of the past,

But these can never win my heart
From Devon—of old England part!
To me so sacred and so dear,
For I was born and nurtured there.
The sweetest, noblest, spot on earth,
To me is that which gave me birth.
Thy nooks with matchless beauty teem,
And they the home of fairies seem;
Of this how well assured I feel,
They all stand forth as nonpariel.
Spots of verdant freshness, where
Combine the tender and severe,
Where stern and simple majesty
In free and friendly company,
Are fondled by all loveliness,
And delicate attraction grace.
When winds through ruins softly sigh,
And sun, or moon, or stars on high,
Lend to thy still, secluded nooks
Their gay, their calm, their modest looks;
'Tis when the clouds are bright and red,
And when the sun retires to bed,
Where nature's voice is calm and still,
Save piping breeze or fall of rill;
When night falls on thy cloudless air,
And shine those lofty worlds so fair;
Or, when the moon is rising slow
Through a long nighly march to go;

When glitters bright the drowsy stream
Beneath the light of surcharged beam ;
When o'er thy hills the bold wind sweeps,
And wails like to a voice which weeps—
I fain would roam through ivied nooks,
On grassy beds by lonely brooks.
How often I, in youthful days,
On thy sequestered charms would gaze ;
Or, in a sylvan cool recess,
Would outlines of the picture trace,
Observing all its harmonies,
Charmed by an earthly fragrant breeze,
Before the sun had drunk the dew,
Or clouds were tinged with heavenly hue ;
Or by the border of a wood,
By rushing rill in thoughtful mood,
At noon to drink as one would stand
The spirit of the fatherland ;
Or in a shady calm retreat
Would hide from turmoil and from heat.
I, evenings, would upon me feel
An inward satisfaction steal,
For other youths the gaudy town
Would enter, but I wandered down
Beside the ocean, to be grave
At sight and sound of whispering wave.
These hallowed spots wherein I thought,
And wrote, when solitude I sought,

A language breathe—those quiet nooks—
More eloquent than that of books.
Such scenes they charm the stranger's eye,
They fill the wanderer's soul with joy,
They bid the sorrowing heart rejoice,
And sweeten every songster's voice.

XIV.

CONCLUDING SONG.

I sing thy temples, marts, and towns,
  Thy city ever true;
Thy farms, and cots, and villages,
  Thy halls, and castles, too.

I sing thy lofty giant cliffs,
  Whose summits, bare and brown,
Upon the deep, blue, lonely sea
  So scornfully look down
To where the water laves their feet—
  Where waves in fury foam,
Or tremble in sweet harmony
  In caves, their native home.

I sing thy sons of industry,
  Who arm the spade or plough,
Who ne'er to wrong nor meanness bend,
  Who wear an honest brow.

I sing thy noble lifeboat crews,
Who venture far from land
To save the shipwrecked mariner,
And every ready stand.

I sing thy men whose hearts are touched
With Heaven's purest flame,
Who visit the abodes of woe,
To aid mankind their aim;
Who, with a generous impulse move
To do a God-like deed;
Who, for religion's sake and love.
To misery's rescue speed.

Let others sing of warriors,
Who daring deeds have wrought
With gun, and bayonet, and sword,
Full many battles fought;
But I will sing thy sturdy men,
Who are to fame unknown,
Nor work for glory nor for wealth
And avarice disown.

Thy men of unremitting toil,
I title these the brave,
Though most of them may occupy
An undistinguished grave;

Those who plough thy barren ground,
Who fell thy giant trees,
Who delve in quarries and in mines.
I call true heroes, these!

And they who for the public good
In other countries roam,
Whose loyal hearts beat high with love
Of people, country, home.
Those who have of ocean made
A road from shore to shore,
Who thus have brought from distant lands
Rich argosies of store.

I sing thy humble artisans
Whose skill should find reward;
I sing thy stalwart cottage swains,
Thy shepherds on the sward.
I sing thy beaten fishermen,
When riding on the sea,
And each industrious son of thine,
Whate'er his calling be.

IDYL.

In former times, in this our peaceful land,
As chieftains led their tribes to battle, came
The wives and children of each warring clan
In wagons at the rear, to urge the men
To deeds of hardihood and bravery,
By their gesticulations and applause.
That those so near and dear should still be safe
And free, the ancient Britons fiercely fought.
Onsets and struggles with such terrible
Ferocity were charged, whilst mercy was
From their opponents held, that they appeared—
Those mighty spirits of the bygone days—
More like to fiends or savage beasts in their
Most mad encounters ; and when victory
Their arms attended, children, wives, and men,
Sent up their cheers in thunder-tones of joy.
In a dread conflict, the incursions of
The tribe Dobani checking, fell a chief,
The father of Avagus. Though repelled,
Those rash invaders seized his eldest son,
A noble youth, and hurried him away
A prisoner to their own wild fastnesses,
Where, slave like, he was subjected to toil,
Such toil as mightier spirits though inured
To pain and labour scarcely could have borne.
Avagus, a companion had in one

Canobus, a stout-hearted savage, one
Of giant form and brawny limb, at that
Same battle captured, whose heart beat high
With kindly feeling to the son of his
Slain chief. He loved with firm and ardent zeal—
As custom taught those rude barbarians
With stern enthusiasm to adhere
To leaders brave—the youth who shared his fate.
He, when the hours of summer days with heat
Intense had rolled away, with languid limbs
O'er laboured, wandered forth at moonlight, oft
Exploring all around, unravelling
The secret windings, and determining
If possible, the size of numerous
Morasses which obstructed his long path
Through an interminable wood, as lapse
The ages thicker grown. The placid orb
Of night looked on his aberrations, and
The erst aureate streak of dawn beheld
His antelucan and certain returns
To his hard ferny bed and lonely cave.
Within this antre slept his youthful charge,
On whom had rested his desponding eye,
And over whom had often bent his gaunt
And tattooed figure, with a shaggy skin
Of deer wrapped loosely round his waist, and thought
Of happy moments fled, when freely ranged
Both through their native woods; he dwelt upon

The joy of once more mingling with his tribe,
And the unseeming chances of escape.

The boy for such emprise was much too young.
Canobus watched him therefore throughout three
Long weary years, and spoke at times of home,
Reminding him of her who never could
Her first-born favourite's doom forget, and who,
Perchance, mourned him as long a prey to that
Cruel spoiler—Death.

Oft contemplation sad
Each brow would overhang, and then as oft
Would gentle cautious whispers fall within
The scope of the lad's listful ear, of home ;
But only whene'er solitude was gained,
And solitude complete ; he never, but
In seasons fit, of that beloved spot
Made mention, who, before him, ever one
Sole aim of freedom had. Through weary days
And meditative nights, loved strongly those
Accoupled spirits in captivity.
In mutual love the stronger grown as time
Advanced, all patient and enduring, well
They waited that blest time, the hour for flight
Most meet.

At last, upon a certain day,
In a far distant clearing, tending sheep,

The savage thus addressed Avagus :—" Boy,
We long in this wild dreary place have dwelt,
And hard our hapless fate hath been ; and this,
My would-be joyous heart, by sorrows sore
Is well-nigh crushed. As champs the horse the bit,
So am I sick of this restraint, and this
Continuous drudgery ; far liever would
I fill my grave at once than spend my days
In solitary woe. Not seldom starts
In front of memory's yearning eye, our land
So distant, with its broad delightful plains,
Where we the sun's invigorating rays
Have felt, which in this sad secluded spot
We seldom see, and seldom ever feel.
The music of its streams delights our ears
No longer, nor its woods and fields bedecked
In freshest beauty and the gayest green
Can we behold. Besides, thou now art strong,
Thy steps are firm, thy muscles set, and long
Ago the rapid stream thou well could'st brave,
And swim the river flowing fast beside
Thy father's hut. What heavy burdens thou
Hast borne, what summer heat withstood, and what
Keen winter cold endured. Though tangled woods,
Though marshes wide, and torrents broad and deep
Obstruct our path, shall we forgotten of
Our tribe remain, or forest dare and flood ? "

Raised fancy fired his eyes and glowed his cheek,
And caused his heart convulsively to beat,
But soon Avagus made reply, "I long
To join my brothers and to see again
My mother's face; methinks she listens for
My step, and on her heart perchance my form
Is mirrored. How I yearn that blessèd part
To see, where sheltered nooks by countless flowers
Are graced, where the funereal firs aspire
To touch the cloudless sky, where hums the bee
Throughout the long, long summer days, where kiss
The dew-fed grass and graceful fern, where flow
Unsullied brooks from crystal fountains, where
I oft have clomb the ponderous oak, and swung
On branches of the whitened birch, or plucked
The burnished buttercups and the flowerets bright,
Sunned by the pencil rays of brighter sun;
Where the audacious sparrows gaily dance
The roof of every hut, where I shall dream
No more, through the deep depths of silent night,
Of liberty and plenty; where I can
Commingle with my family, and where
I shall be free, indeed. Since thou hast such
A winsome way, and art so brave and wise,
Where'er thou goest I will follow thee,
Whene'er thou shalt appoint a time to flee,
Thy mandate I'll obey."

As knows the tree
Its leafing time, the bird the fittest month
To build, the bee to gather honeyed store,
The babe when to be born, so when the tide
Of chance was high, Canobus knew full well,
And then the best of opportunities
Embraced. When all around, that very night,
Was still and dark, and in their wattled huts
Their conquerors had laid them down to rest.
Then left the fugitives their crypt. They slank
With a light timorous tread, all unobserved,
The grassy area beside the camp
To cross, which lay between them and the deep
Ravine, embanked and hollow, and which led
Into the forest. "Here," Canobus said,
"Are we though darkness sits in majesty
Enthroned. ere long will rise the moon; but let
Us all the interim well occupy,
And speed our journey on. Pray hold me fast,
For should we part, we shall each other lose,
And our designs be frustrated."

The youth
The whispered caution heard, and then in words
As low, made answer to his trusted guide,
Canobus—"Though my heart is stout, I feel
My situation's perils, so to thee
I'll cling, and for the honor of our tribe,

A flight attempt. I would with liberty
Be blest. Sons of the hilly south will not
To bondage long submit; for none are slaves
But fools. My great delight would be to stray
Beside translucent rills, which purling sweep
O'er pebbly beds, and keep their borders green;
Where waft untainted gales; where skim the birds
The liquid air, or warble from the brake;
Where I the butterfly have chased, and caught
The jerking grasshopper; there to inhale
The vital air, and cast at night my looks
Delighted on the cheerful blaze that glows
Upon the hearth at home."

As through the air
At even swift and silent glides the bat
So they went on that night. The younger heart
Misgave itself, and inward mutterings
Were frequent—"Can be this our safest way?"
To him no cause for fear; as observant
Canobus knew each turn which lay in their
Aufructuous path, as well that spot where next
The forest lay a vast and open tract
Of land. He, a close student of those paths
Had been, which like a tangled skein, to an
Unpractised eye were quite bewildering;
And when from 'neath his pensile brow, his sight
Went forth in peering search, no object passed

Unnoticed his keen eye. At dawn of day
When out their nightly coverts darted birds,
They a wild brooklet crossed, a rocky bank
Ascended, and a gulley gained, where grew
Majestic trees, up one of which they climbed.
Avagus quickly hid himself between
Two larger branches, and as quickly fell
Asleep. Canobus up those living rungs
The higher went, and like his mate, lay crouched
In reticence. But gathered suddenly
The storm-clouds, whilst arose a wind so strong
As felled a many stately tree ; and rain
In torrents fell. Though terrific was
The storm, great good it wrought for those who braved
Its fury high in that close sheltering tree :
The heavy rains had swollen the stream they crossed
And made it utterly impassable.
At noon the pealing thunder distanced, birds
Their songs renewed, the sun the dripping trees
Lit up with splendour inconceivable,
And all the woods seemed closely wrapt in steam.

The youth beheld the rage and whirl and strife
Of waters down so far beneath him as
He conned the chance of gaining either bank,
Then asked his comrade who made apt reply :
For, warily by slipping down the tree,
Without a word, he motioned to his charge

To lie both silently and snug ; and then
He darted back with great celerity
To his own resting-place, and from beneath
His pendant brow his quick and roving eye
Swift glances threw. But all at once both strange
And fearful voices fell upon his ear.
Pursuit was being made by men and dogs
Which tracked them to a torrent's edge. "What need
Have we of further search ? By this, those whom
The darkness and the rain betrayed," the chief
Exclaimed, "must have been headlong hurled herein,
For human power this force could not withstand."
He mourned the loss of those who served him well,
Then called his dogs, and with his company
His steps retraced.

The sun in splendour shone !
And very far from sight and sound had their
Pursuers gone, yet still they lay till eve ;
And when the moon had risen they resumed
Their perilous career. Each footstep told
Of danger and of triumph. Rapid streams,
The lurking adder, prowling wolf, the dread
Lone forests, and the quaking bogs could not
Their progress retard. Each art was tried
And every effort strained. Night after night
They journeyed on, and from the limpid brook
Sated their thirst. Dried flesh their sole support.

No dainty cates for food had they, nor cared
They for a stimulating condiment.
As kingly lions urge with rapid step
On through the dark dull desert, eager for
Their prey, as pigeons to the dovecote fly,
And thoughts straight for their destination go ;
So these stern pioneers for Dartmoor's south
And sunny slopes were bound. Less dense the woods
Had grown, and wide extensive open tracks
Of land were traversed, when he who from firm
Attachment served the inauspicious youth,
And in whose breast simplicity of soul,
Affection, and intrepid constancy
Lay undisturbed, knew by the polar star
Their home was nigh, for he with joy exclaimed,
" Another night and we, Avagus, shall
Amongst our friends be found. There we can draw
A renovating principle from realms
Of ambient air. There ever-living streams
From bubbling springs 'neath grots or hanging shades
Wind through the pastured coomb, whose waters with
An emerald herbage clothe exulting meads,
Or sudden dash their foam from rock to rock.
There exercise will string the slackened nerves,
There sooth shall steal a more refreshing sleep
Upon our bodies, and our vigorous limbs
No galling shackles shall control." " I long
To be within my mother's home and mine,"

The youth who changed full oft his little load
From right to left, altern, made quick reply.

They dreaded now no foe in ambuscade,
For lustily and loud they sang this song—

"From cruel bondage, and from that cold bed
Whereon our weary limbs have often lain,
From dire oppression and restraint, we fled,
And scanty food to seek our fertile plain—
Our ever fertile plain.

"We fled the wood and left our foes behind,
Nor paused, nor fainted, though we journeyed long;
We swiftly fled from misery to find
The land so famed for bravery and song,
For beauty famed and song.

"That land of flowers, of freedom, and of love,
A better land we eagerly have sought;
And still triumphantly we onward move
To where are fields on which our fathers fought,—
Where they so nobly fought.

"Our foes have tried to crush us, all in vain;
And heavy clouds have stood around our way;
But now we see our native vale again,
And those loved haunts where we were wont to stray,
Where we again may stray."

Now at their journey's end, a bard, of their
Approach, his queen apprized. A home-felt joy,
Thrilling, sincere, rushed to her tender heart.
A parent's love she felt, and viands she
Outspread, to greet her safe-returnèd son.
It was across the hallowed threshold each
To each oped arms and heart. In rapture thus
They met. So ends my lengthened Idyl.

THE SKYLARK.

Merrily the skylark soars,
Tuneful notes around it pours,
Notes which thrill the silent air,
Sounds which vibrate everywhere;
Tuneful notes around it pours,
Merrily the skylark soars.

Hovering round its humble nest,
Rapidly it leaves its rest,
Now with intermittent flight,
Swift it soars beyond our sight;
Rapidly it leaves its rest,
After hovering round its nest.

Lucifer proclaims the day,
On his dew-bespangled way;
Skylarks bear their meed of praise,
Dip their plumage in his blaze;
When approaching on his way,
Lucifer proclaims the day.

See it rise with swifter flight
From the shroud of circling night,
See it pauses there on high,
Nobler, loftier heights to try;
From the shroud of circling night
See it rise with swifter flight

Dripping dew-drops from its wings,
Ever rising as it sings,
Far above it wings its flight
Bathed in beauty and in light;
Ever rising as it sings,
Dripping dew-drops from its wings.

Higher, higher, higher still,
Singing at its own free will,
Resting on the cloudless blue,
Singing melodies so true;
Singing at its own sweet will
Higher, higher, higher still.

I'd adore high o'er the earth,
That same power which gave us birth,
Could I reach on beams of light
Worlds untenanted by night;
That great Power which gave us birth,
I'd adore high o'er the earth.

I would not to earth return,
Where hearts chill and passions burn,
To heaven's gate I would away
And enjoy eternal day;
Here hearts chill and passions burn
I would not to earth return.

THE HAWTHORN.

(A MAY SONG).

Oh! how sweet the hawthorn smells.
In the fields and in the dells;
With its sumptuous array,
In the merry month of May,
In the fields and in the dells,
Oh! how sweet the hawthorn smells!

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the hedges and the dells,
When the spring brings on the breeze
Garniture for all the trees ;
In the hedges and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the meadows and the dells ;
Sweeter than the ash and lime,
Than the lilac in its prime ;
In the meadows and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the crofts and in the dells ;
All the hedgerows it illumes
With innumerable blooms ;
In the crofts and in the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the woodlands and the dells ;
When the clouds, in passing, spill
Rich bequest o'er vale and hill ;
In the woodlands and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
On the moors and on the fells ;
Though around all else be bare,
See it smile with chalice rare ;
On the moors and on the fells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
By the brooks within the dells,
When it doth from anthers red
And white petals perfume shed ;
By the brooks within the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells ;

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the gardens and the dells ;
When the bee forsakes each flower
Pillaging the hawthorn bower ;
In the gardens and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the forest and the dells ;
Linnets warble mellowly
'Neath its flowery canopy ;
In the forest and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
By the roads and in the dells ;
Butterflies with painted wing
O'er its face go fluttering ;
By the roads and in the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
On the hills or in the dells ;
When the lark with joy elate,
Enters day-dawn's purple gate ;
On the hills or in the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the coppice or the dells ;
Now within its bounteous breast,
Hidden is the linnet's nest ;
In the coppice and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
On the uplands and the fells,
When are standing in its cups,
Countless, pure and gleaming sups ;
On the uplands and the fells
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells ;

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
By the brake and in the dells,
When the pearly dew-drops shine,
While the bud and flower combine ;
By the brake and in the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells,
In the dingles and the dells ;
Fragrant flowers however fair
Cannot with my choice compare—
In the dingles and the dells,
Oh ! how sweet the hawthorn smells !

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

" Come, come to me, my Betty dear !
Come sit upon my knee ;
Hark ! Autumn's leaves all fading sere,
Are rustling drearily,
As in the happy days I went
A-courting my true love ! "

" Although our locks have long been grey
We yet both faithful prove ;
And though it is no longer May,
Our hearts as fondly move
As in the happy days I went,
A-courting my true love ! "

"The skylark in his gladness sang
Upstarting from the corn;
Also the night-crow's sad notes rang,
All soothèd by the morn;
Those very happy days I went
A-courting my true love!"

"The buttercup and daisy sweet
Grew where our feet would move,
They made a carpet for those feet,
And green leaves waved above;
Those very happy days I went
A-courting my true love!"

"And waning time cannot efface
One memory of thine,
The love that waits on time and place
Was never love of mine;
So I'll remember when I went
A-courting my true love!"

"The flowers shall cease to peep in spring,
The seasons cease to move,
The little birds to sport and sing;
The hawk shall mate with dove,
Ere I forget the days I went
A-courting my true love!"

TO A FAVOURITE PARROT,

Belonging to Mr. A. Macrae, Brixham.

In Indian groves from spray to spray,
No more throughout the livelong day
Thou'lt hop and flutter, chirp and play,
Poor Polly.

No more with countless little things,
Which in the forest spread their wings,
Thou'lt feel the pleasure freedom brings,
Poor Polly.

And never more wilt thou be proud
To soar above and scream aloud
Where parrots form a moving cloud,
Poor Polly.

And never from ten thousand throats
Thou'lt hear, as o'er those forests floats
The sound of intermingling notes,
Poor Polly.

Though here in mellow depth of tone,
We have such birds surpassed by none,
'Tis thy delight to be alone,
Poor Polly.

And when the flush of opening day
Paints the far east superbly gay,
They whistle from the highest spray,
Poor Polly.

Thou too, sweet bird, would'st have us hear
Thy laugh which often greets the ear,
And thy sweet notes, distinct and clear,
Poor Polly.

We hear thy calls exceeding droll,
"Come up," "Good Morning," Pretty Poll,
Or mocking school-girl nursing doll,
Poor Polly.

Thy shouting tricks so oft annoy,
As "Here!" "Halloo!" or else so coy—
"Come, Johnny Bovey, pretty boy!"
Poor Polly.

To mason's paddy shouting "Mort!"
Whistling to dog or making sport
Of passers-by appears thy fort,
Poor Polly.

Farewell, sweet bird of feather gay,
Long may it be thy lot to stay
And fascinate us day by day,
Poor Polly.

INDIGESTION,

OR, WHAT MY FRIEND AT KINGSWEAR SAYS.

"What care I for trees and flowers,
Birds and beasts, and butterflies,
While I've no digestive powers?
Fact I care not to disguise.

"See the forest trees are shaking
In the gentle summer breeze;
But the man whose health is breaking
Does not care about the trees.

"What to me are springing herbs,
Singing birds on every side?
Nature's harmony disturbs
One who thinks of his inside.

"Listen to the swallows, token
Of the zone that summer girds;
But the man whose health is broken
Does not care about the birds.

"It is selfishness, I know,
On one's own inside to ponder,
Searching whence the symptoms grow,
When I might be looking yonder.

"See the shining, shaded river,
Sparkling in the sun's gay beam;
But the man with hopeless liver
Does not care about the stream.

"It is by advice I walk;
Doctors say 'twill do me good:
That's the way the doctors talk;
But I *can't* digest my food."

ON EATING A TOUGH BEEFSTEAK AT DARTMOUTH.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
Of all my woes it is the chief;
My jaws are aching as I sit,
With trying to demolish it.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
If shipwrecked on a coral reef,
I found to eat no substance tougher,
From hunger I should never suffer.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
"Procrastination is the thief
Of time"; alas! procrastination
Can bring to me no consolation.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
Detested cause of groans and grief;
The flesh of such an aged beast
Affords a most lugubrious feast.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
I hope no longer for relief;
Will no one tell me how to treat it?
I'm certain I can never eat it.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
I asked the waiter his belief—
If true or false to tell me whether
There can be anything like leather?

"That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
I brought it on a cabbage leaf,
And asked the cook right well to stew it,
There's nought like leather, sir, I knew it."

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
Is vastly like it, man, and if
She told you it was nice and tender,
In this she—well, I won't offend her.

That steak of beef! that steak of beef!
For lack of rhymes I must be brief,
And end the verses which I make
On that abominable steak.

A FOP'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS HAT.

"It surely was a sad disaster;
I wish my tears could run the faster
To ease my heart of trouble;
It threw me quite into a fever—
The loss of my expensive beaver—
Which vanished like a bubble.

"Though it was light as any feather,
It served me well in roughest weather,
Nor soiled if rain should strike it
And then it fitted me precisely;
Besides, 'twas lined so very nicely,
There's not another like it.

"And should the man who has detained it—
That is, if he unfairly gained it—
This hat of newest pattern—
Possess the impudence to wear it,
O may a mighty whirlwind bear it
That minute off to Saturn."

A WIDOW.

A WIDOW wept, a widow cried,
A year ago her husband died,
Who lived to be above fourscore.
She vowed that she would wed no more.

This widow was both young and fair,
And mourning wore with touching air;
Oh! what a pity, many swore,
That she had vowed to wed no more.

This widow houses had and lands,
While servants answered her commands;
A coach and pair, and gold in store,
But still she vowed to wed no more.

One evening as this widow cried,
A gallant sat him by her side—
He must have known her will before—
And said, "Say, not you'll wed no more."

The widow blushed, the widow smiled
Of grief and tears a space beguiled;
"This once," she whispered, though before
She vowed that she would wed no more.

And sure enough this widow wed ;
And many like her thus have said :
" Although my years may reach fourscore,
I vow that I will wed no more."

But let blind Cupid come between,
Or a true lover once be seen,
The tale is turned, it is, I'm sure,
They wish them married as before.

CROSSING A RIVER.

(NEAR ERMINGTON.)

THE sun had gone, and the storm came on,
And the brooks ran down with rain,
When a fair traveller said, " My good sir,
How shall I win home again ? "
And the man replied—" Though swollen the tide,
I'd have you fear no harm ;
Be merry, be merry, there's not a ferry,
But I'll take thee dry and warm :
And sayest thou, ' Where ? ' I add—Why here ;
Thy boat my arms shall be ;
Those hands are sure to carry thee o'er,
With a kiss for my penny-fee ! "

"Let thy arms around my neck be bound.
Or on my shoulder firm,
While the moonbeams gay, so tireless play
With the ripples on the Erme.*
Cold o'er my feet, the stream, my sweet,
May run, I heed it not;
For the heart so warm, in a wintry storm,
Shall joyously beat at my lot;
Till I have found, once more, dry ground,
How firm my steps shall be;
As I carry thee o'er to the further shore
With a kiss for my penny-fee!"

TOMMY AND GEORGE.

Tommy and George are two Brixham boys,
Who always are ready to fight,
For Tommy will boast
That he knows the most,
And that Georgy can never be right.

*This small river and many smaller streams cross the roads at places where there are no bridges, and, it not unfrequently happens, when the stepping-stones are covered, that the traveller has either to wade the stream, or go a great distance out of his way.

Tommy and George went into a wood :
" Let us keep in the path to the right ! "
Called Tommy, " You're wrong ! "
Shouted George, " Come along ! "
But there they were lost till midnight.

Tommy and George went out to Press Copse,
Ripe blackberries there to pick
Their new trousers were torn,
And as sure as you're born,
They had a warm time with the stick.

Tommy and George went to Mudstone to bathe ;
Said Tommy, " 'Tis warm, I am told."
He went up to the knees ;
But George gave a sneeze
And ran out, for the water was cold.

Tommy and George went down to the Dart,
And both played truant from school ;
Tom was sent off to bed,
And of George it was said—
" He was caned for breaking the rule."

Tommy and George sailed out on Torbay,
And there they got awfully wet,
Tommy said, " I can steer ! "
George said, " Never fear ! "
But between them the boat was upset.

Though each is entitled to think as he likes,
He need not be foolishly strong ;
For to quarrel and fight,
Over what we think right,
Forsooth, is exceedingly wrong.

THE MOORLAND GAMEKEEPER.

(Lines addressed, March 9th, 1886, to Mr. W. French, junr.. Gamekeeper, Gardener, and Caretaker, Spitchwick Hall, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, Devonshire, for Dr. Blackall, of Exeter.)

In moorland mansion, 'mid the bowers,
Where sweetest songsters thrill
The evening's soft and tranquil hours,
Resides bold " Keeper Bill."

His better-half, in this demesne
The passing moments fill,
By keeping all things neat and clean,
And feasting " Keeper Bill."

A fitting post for such a pair,
Yet home must feel so chill—
There are no little children there
To comfort " Keeper Bill "

Bright beds through spring and summer hours.
Of crocus, daffodil,
Geranium, lily, and choice flowers,
Are ranged by "Keeper Bill,"

The fire that lights his eye bespeaks
His energy of will;
A sturdy man with ruddy cheeks,
Is jolly "Keeper Bill."

What if the air blows cold and keen,
And blasts wail loud and shrill?
He arms his gun, and dogs are seen
To follow "Keeper Bill."

His gun with an unerring aim
He plies with deadly skill;
And to his master often game
By rail sends "Keeper Bill."

Through mingled scenes of rock and wood,
He gives himself a drill,
He covers daily many a rood—
This active "Keeper Bill."

Returning home each moonlit night,
He sits him by the sill,
And soon appeases appetite;
Then off goes "Keeper Bill."

In breeding time he walks the woods
When early dews distil,—
A watchful eye on pheasant broods
Is turned by "Keeper Bill."

Somehow if a few poaching men
Should roam o'er field or hill,
Across the moor or down the glen,
'Tis known to "Keeper Bill."

They plan their enterprise in vain;
His efforts to fulfil
His duties thwarts them, that is plain,—
For cute is "Keeper Bill."

He warns them on the first offence,
And if they heed him still,
They hear no more; good sense
Is shown by "Keeper Bill."

But if they fail to keep the laws
And treat his warning ill,
Before the magistrates he draws
Them,—faithful "Keeper Bill,"

This man is not without his faults;
No fault of health—no pill
He takes, no dose of Epsom salts,
For strong is "Keeper Bill."

His politics are his mistake,
He should some notions spill ;
For good sound principles would make
A man of " Keeper Bill."

His virtues all his faults redeem,
The folk speak well of " Will,"
And he is held in high esteem,
For straight is " Keeper Bill."

Of toothache sufferers, not a few
While passing through that mill,
Search out our local dentist, who
Is skilful " Keeper Bill."

The Manor's lord—though not unkind—
Of all he has to kill,
The pedagogue should bear in mind,
And so should " Keeper Bill."

But let me to my verses give
A sort of codicil,—
For many bright years may they live,
His wife and " Keeper Bill."

JIM'S STEP-MOTHER.

A PARODY.

Who as the rumour widely spread—
Though mother had not long been dead—
Was to my sorrow once more wed?
My step-mother.

Who might as well have come alone,
Yet brought two children of her own,
As company for father's one?
My step-mother.

Who sharing sweets would inward laugh,
Pretending I had more than half,
Gave hers the wheat but me the chaff?
My step-mother.

Who never beat her little boys—
For me were thumps, for them were toys—
And punished me for all the noise?
My step-mother.

To father's face, who loved me best,
But, let him go, how good the rest,
And said I was her only pest?
My step-mother.

Who little cared when I was ill,
And never bade her boys be still,
Gave them the jelly, me the pill ?
My step-mother.

My portion bread, but on the sly
Whose brats received some jam or pie,
That made me wish she soon would die ?
My step-mother.

When friends did call, who on pretence
My father's lad would hurry hence,
That her "dear boys" might have the pence ?
My step-mother.

When my half-brothers went to learn,
Who seldom let me have my turn,
For sake of coppers I might earn ?
My step-mother.

Who nicely clothed both George and Jack ?
On Sundays, who dressed them in black,
While fustain coarse must suit my back ?
My step-mother.

Who on her sons conferred a trade,
While Jim must arm the plough or spade,
And showed who were the favourites made ?
My step-mother.

Who undertook to save my tin,
And had a box to put it in,
But spent it all in buying gin ?
My step-mother.

What woman sooth had ceased to speak,
When father, who was ever meek,
Told John and George a home to seek ?
My step-mother.

When both did weep, 'twas but a whim,
The house is left to me and him,
How happy father, happier Jim.

MY STEP-MOTHER.

A TRUE PICTURE.

Who was it after mother died,
Was standing by my father's side—
A blooming and a faithful bride ?
My step mother.

When I a helpless infant lay,
Who—for his only child—would say
" I will parental care display ? "
My step-mother.

Who, when I cried, would drop a tear,
And when in pain to me was near
To call me her own child and dear?
My step-mother.

Who led me with a gentle hand,
From harm to shelter me would stand,
And o'er my fears had firm command?
My step-mother.

Who taught my infant tongue to raise
A simple note to Jesu's praise,
And loved to hear my artless lays?
My step-mother.

Who hushed her darling boy to rest,
And, when brought to a painful test,
Compassion swayed her gentle breast?
My step-mother.

Who would my faults with pardon bless;
And who, in hours of weariness,
Her pitying hand would on me press?
My step-mother.

Who, when I was a prattling boy,
Would on me look with eye so coy,
And say I was her hope and joy?
My step-mother.

Who taught me to shun sin and shame ?
And who would oft examples name
Of those through sin to sorrow came ?
My step-mother.

Who often took me through the rain
To school, that I might knowledge gain ?
Who would not have me mean nor vain ?
My step-mother.

Though children of her own she had,
Who never cast me in the shade ?
And not the least distinction made ?
My step-mother.

Who strictly watched me day by day ?
Who would not let me go astray,
Nor yet corrupt life's early way ?
My step-mother.

Who would that I should active be ?
Who, by example, willingly
Taught me the ways of industry ?
My step-mother.

Who, full of kindness and of love,
For my best interest would move ?
Who did to me a *mother* prove ?
My step-mother.

Who, though I am to manhood grown,
Will not one moment me disown ?
Who writes, and calls me still her own ?
My step-mother.

May all her life be free from woes,
No care disturb a night's repose ;
For whom my tenderest feeling flows—
My step-mother.

I honour, yea, I love her name ;
To be a Christian is her aim ;
Who prays that I may be the same ?
My step-mother.

I pray that God may guard our feet,
That we in endless love may meet,
That there 'twill be my lot to greet
My step-mother.

HEALTH TO AN INFANT.

Hush ! yes, the babe is born : if leaps
The father's heart to hear it cry,
Oh ! list awhile to me, till creeps
The tear from either eye.
I ask thee not to love it less ;
Far from thy thoughts that thought remove,
And wrong me not ; its helplessness
Doth plead for all thy love.

But gracious tears thou well may'st shed
Of thankfulness, of hope, of joy,—
Of fear, while yet her mystic thread
Fate weaveth for thy boy.
A pleasure shoots up in thy heart
To hear that cry, a cry of pain ;
Oh never shall his cries impart
Peace to thy soul again.

But tears as from the cloven rock,
Life to the parchèd lips shall bring ;
As, by the rod of Moses struck,
Well'd forth the desert spring ;
So they, as flow'd that spring, shall flow
In high resolve, and duty chaste ;
And all along the banks, shall grow
The flowers of truth and grace !

And, even while the warp, all fraught
With good and ill to him, is made,
In thee, one well-directed thought,
May give the woof its shade :
Then think—what thou didst hope to be,
What thou hast been, and what thou art,
The schoolèd father ; manfully,
Play thou the tutor's part.

Oft hast thou said,—and, to that say,
All human hearts are echoes true,—
'Oh! would I could, this very day,
My wasted life renew:'
What then? Experience shall give
Thee privilege from ev'ry pain;
Lo! now thy wish is granted; live
Thy life in him again.

And think what store of mental wealth
Thou here may'st heap; all else resign;
I pledge thee to the infant's health,
I pledge thee—not in wine:
No! not in wine; I've said it; why
Exotic warmth wouldst thou impart?
Rather let nature's breath supply
The glow within the heart.

Fill me the draught which nothing knows
Of deeds that sadden or appal;
Man's heartlessness, young children's woes,
And woman's deepest fall.
Thus speaking, thinking, feeling, I—
Accept the father's pledge with joy;
All blessed spirits hover nigh—
A health—unto the boy!

THE CRADLE.

Upon a pillow, red and warm,
An infant's face my vision met,
While carelessly its tiny arm
Hung o'er the coverlet.
The steady breathing low and clear,
That indicated sleep profound,
Was music in the mother's ear,
That stooped to catch the sound.
She said,—"sweet sleep hath baby now,
'Tis time to wake, and yet it seems
A pity, by his peaceful brow,
Disturbing pleasant dreams."
The noiseless mother stepped aside,
And speedily beneath the eaves,
The kitchen window opened wide,
Above the flowers and leaves.
Returning, she, and holding high
A scented posy slowly crept
Up to the child, and laid it by
Her offspring as he slept.
With fingers on her lips imprest,
Gave ear, as she subdued her breath;
And, folding arms upon her breast,
Looked on the babe beneath.

But all at once a murmur fled,
The trembling, parting lips amid,
That flushed her cheek with warmer red,
While peeping 'neath the lid.
The anxious mother waited by,
As into consciousness he broke,
As with a laugh, and with a sigh,
My little boy awoke.

OUR FIRST-BORN.

Ah, we have missed a little face.
And we are sad and lone—
For from the old familar place
Our little boy is gone.
Our home is cold—once bright and fair—
Where fall the shadows deep,
Our thoughts are in the churchyard, where
We have a babe asleep.

Of our sweet darling everywhere
Such touching trace we find,
Of pencil marks one here and there,
Recalling him to mind.
His broken tops, his well-used slate
All undisturbed remain ;
For little busy hands they wait,
Which will not come again.

And he is dead, our boy so fair,
His violet eyes grown dim,
But we have kept a lock of hair,
All we could keep of him.
We love to think of our sweet boy,
Who like an early star,
Now shines in that bright land of joy,
Where infant angels are.

He 'mid a little group was found
On every Sabbath day,
The teacher gathered them around
And taught them each to pray.
He never tired nor lagged behind—
Learnt all we tried to teach,
For nought could weary his young mind.
Or seemed beyond its reach.

His little arms as white as snow
Held me in soft embrace ;
His little cheeks not long ago
He placed against my face.
His lovely eyes, so clear, so bright,
Looked up in mine one even ;
His lips kissed me a sweet good-night,
Next day he was in heaven.

Calm was the morn, the day serene,
No sign of storm was there ;
The sun shone bright upon the scene
Down through the hallowed air.
Upon his mother's knees he lay,
His lips were moving still,
His little hands forgot their play,
All motionless and chill.

And as he spoke each broken word
We waited breathless by,
His lips oft parted and we heard
As oft his restless cry.
Then crowded all our hopes and fears
Around our precious child ;
Our hearts were full, as fell our tears—
Those hearts distracted, wild.

Then all was done that love and care,
And kindness could suggest,
We offered up an anxious prayer
That God would give him rest.
Death came to lead the happy child
Away up through the skies,
Death's shadow, as he stood and smiled,
Was resting on his eyes.

It was a dark and bitter hour,
When death's relentless hand
Destroyed this young and cherished flower—
The choicest of our band.
I could have said, "stay here with me,"
But my wild grief is o'er;
He is from pain and troubles free,
I wish him back no more.

He nestles now where children meet
As lambs in Jesu's arm;
His bosom is their safe retreat
Far from all strife and harm.
Christ blest dear children when below,
And held them to His breast;
And when they die 'tis sweet to know
They go to Him to rest.

Why should I doubt, and why despair?
Though skies be overcast;
Where angel voices stir the air
Our first-born's lot is cast.
In silent sorrow's struggle led,
My heart can break the chain,
And hope, from what the Saviour said,
To see my boy again!

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

Within the bell of a lotus flower,
A fairy sang to the passing hour—
"Come away!"
It appeared to all the trifling throng,
A wind that answered the throstle's song;
But a listening poet heard the fay,
As she murmured—"Sister, come away!"

That poet was stretched beneath a tree
Lulled as a babe to the melody,
"Come away!"
While the fairy sang—"Pray, sister, come;
The bee hath long left my elfin home,
And the day-flies now are scared from play,
By the beetle's horn; come, come away,

"The stag is bellowing on the hill;
And sparrows at roost are chirping still;
Come away!
And the placid moon is riding high,
A cloudspot there in a cloudless sky;
The west is reddened with the last ray
Of the loitering sun; come, come away.

Arouse the bat, that his haggard flight
May speed the pace of the tardy night;
Come away!
Fold thy dark mantle close to thy breast,
And chase the fleet swallow to his nest;
My heart is sick of the weary day;
To our midnight revel come away.

"Far, far in the forest dark and deep,
Where fairies ever their revels keep;
Come away!
There shall the soft and the rapid beat
Of our tivy, tripping, tiny feet
Fall like music soft snd silvery,
On forest columned walls! come away!

"And we our fairy-boat will guide,
Ere mid of night on the silvery tide;
Come away!
Our crew will then woo the nightly gale,
And glide along with a rose-leaf sail,
Or row till the morning's first faint ray,
Is seen in the sky; come, come away!

"Or we'll the festival prolong
With laughter and mirth, with dance and song,
Come away!

We then shall dance at the dead of night,
By the pale, the clear and steady light
Of the waxing moon's bright gentle ray,
To a streamlet's murmur ; come away !

" Beside a clear and starlit stream,
Upon whose surface the lilies dream,
Come away !
We'll fill the lily's capacious cup,
And then with the sparkling dew brimmed up,
We all, with a rose-leaf soft and green,
Will pledge afresh to our Elfin Queen.

" Our Queen will hold in her snow-white hand,
A charming, powerful, magic wand,
Come away !
Thus armed she'll play an enchantress s part ;
Unkindness shall from our minds depart,
And friendship hold irresistible sway,
And we'll praise the potent spell, come away !

" Where nought but the glancing shadows pass,
We'll make a ring on the tufted grass ;
Come away !
And the owl shall be our sentinel
To the little troop he loves so well,
And the revel last till the morning gray,
Commands each spirit to haste away !

" As soon as peeps the bright morning star,
Through vistas from the horizon far,
We'll away !
To a sheltered cove our course we'll steer,
Nor shall we aught of intrusion fear,
There will we rest throughout the long day.
Till eve again bids us haste away ! "

SUMMER FOLLOWS SPRING.

As the summer follows spring,
And the night the day,
So when the light hath had its fling
Darkness holds its sway.

Friends each other fondly greet,
Happy now are they,
In the future they will meet
In the grave's cold clay.

Joy and grief keep company ;
Smiles recede from tears,
Soon will tender infancy
Sink in age and years.

Man may live in peace and woe,
Fleeting is his breath ;
Death and life together go,
Life preceding death.

WHEN THE LONGING EARTH IS THIRSTING.

When the longing earth is thirsting
For the sunshine and the rain,
Then the swelling seed is bursting
All the links of its cold chain.

And the infant bud upturneth
Its meek eye unto the sun,
At the morning when he burneth
His exalted course to run.

And the infant bud while growing,
Drinks the dew and gentle shower,
Sweetly blushing, brightly blowing,
And expanding to the flower.

Now the blossom leaf is fading,
Now the blossom leaflets fall,
And decay is deeply shading
O'er their bier with his dark pall.

But the warmth of nature's bosom
Doth all nature's form transmute,
And though death may seize the blossom,
'Twill be life unto the fruit.

Though the leaves be widely scattered,
And the sea-spray rudely tost,
And earth's atoms be all shattered,
Nothing is there that is lost.

Change with change is always blending,
And unending is the chain ;
For decay is ever tending
To give beauty place again.

We, as through this life we travel,
Find that mysteries are rife ;
But who of us can unravel
The deep mystery of life ?

Yea, though death is ever sleeping,
Who is there, that having breath,
Can pluck from his sacred keeping
Secrets of the sleep of death.

Although death may, like a vampire.
Ever drink life's fleeting breath,
Life will claim once more her empire,
And upspring again from death,

A DAY-DREAM.

THERE are bright and happy hours
In this dwelling place of tears,
Summer gleams between the showers,
Merry birds and smiling flowers,
Hopes that conquer fears.
There are many sweets that mingle
In the cup of mortal sadness,
Fairy bells that softly tingle
By woodland way and forest dingle,
Moving hearts to gladness.
There are fairer, brighter things,
Starlike gem the path of life,
Sympathy that ever brings
Friendship on its dove-like wings,
Faithful love till death which clings,
A peace the sleep of strife.
I have many a loving friend,
With their pleasant voices near me,
And their sympathy to cheer me ;
I will wear life to its end,
And when Death hath had his will,
Sparkling eyes for me will weep,
Loyal hearts a corner keep,
For my friendship's memory still.

THE THORN.

In woods around Old Warden Hall,*
Though giant trees grow broad and tall,
And by the garden's sunny bowers,
Though proudly stand the brightest flowers,
Though lofty tree-tops peer on high,
Though silver streamlets ripple by,
Though laurels wave so green and free,
The humble thorn has charms for me.

It charms me when in early spring
So joyously the wild birds sing,
The lowly bush with bloomy sheet
Thrown as a mantle over it;
For then I think of youthful days
When I my tiny arms would raise
To pluck the blossoms, white and red,
And twist a wreath for sister's head.

When I at night, would bunches steep
In water, and at morning creep
Towards the jug, with anxious eye
To see if they were like to die.
In summer through its leafy breast
I keenly sought each little nest,
Within the closest fragrant shade,
The birds a happy home had made.

*Old Warden Hall, Beds., the seat of Major Shuttleworth, J.P., D.L.

When earth fruit in abundance yields,
And ripened corn bestud the fields ;
The thorn trees in the autumn spread
Beneath their branches berries red,
By which, when winter reigns in pride,
The thrush and " blackey " are supplied.
Though berry, leaf, nor blossom we
Upon the nude brown bushes see.

Though storms the forest oak may rend,
They only cause the thorn to bend ;
It bows, it seldom—never breaks.
If time, the trees gigantic shakes,
And stern decay should lay them low,
Still sturdy limbs are left to show,
While with them ruin harshly dealt,
His hand on it was scarcely felt.

THE CREATION.

Since in God's bosom, ere affection felt
Or mind reflected, infinitely dwelt
A boundless everlasting love, I string
My willing lyre, of boundless love to sing.
Spirit of Love ! with burning thoughts inspire
My soul, and breathe in me Thy living fire ;
And then with blazing words shall I unfold
To man, that—long ere Time a moment told

Or ere had sound to silence given place,
Or darkness wrapt illimitable space,
Or motion had its restlessness obtained,
Thy bounteous mind the universe ordained.
As all of being and of bliss Thou wast,
Thy glories filling Thy desires vast,
Thy grand designs and works could not increase,
But only tend to spread Thy happiness.
But who the origin of mind can sing?
Or tell when first to life did spirits spring?
Or when at first angelic beauty shone?
Or the first anthem rolled before Thy throne?
Or when thrones and dominions first were raised?
Or principalities and powers were placed?
Or when archangels first before Thee knelt?
Or myriad heavenly hosts first grateful felt?
The formless void with darkness was o'erlaid,
But by Thy word the heavens and earth were made,
As the Great Spirit moved on the abyss,
Uniting, parting that, or quickening this.
He said, "Let light, order and grace be there,"
And day and night and morn and eve were.
He gave the waters their respective bounds;
He spread the firmament this world surrounds.
The new earth rose adorned with fruitful trees,
By His command out of the new-formed seas,

With grass and countless flowers that decked the land :
That word fixed stars on high on every hand,
Then Sol as king of day and heaven shone,
As queen of night, and clouds and stars—the Moon.
Our world was thus a beauteous palace made ;
Adoring wonder filled the hosts o'erhead ;
And while earth rose in majesty and light,
How sweetly sang the morning stars so bright
Unto the music of the spheres, and sang
The sons of God, while heaven's arches rang—
" By all that being has be praised, Great Sire ;
Ye stars, sing on, hills tune His praises higher !
And rivers as ye silent flow, adore !
And billowy oceans hymn from shore to shore ! "
As yet the land and sea had not brought forth
Creatures that swim, fly, creep or walk the earth,
Nor had appeared the first of human kind,
Or they had all with heaven in concert joined.
Man was the last, most perfect work of God ;
Most wonderful in workmanship he stood.
Union of body, spirit, matter, mind ;
In Him were heaven and earth together joined ;
A link between finite and infinite.
The Godhead paused to find a model fit
To fashion after this most complex form :
Oh ! wondrous love ! man takes the Godlike form.

He had designed man like Himself should be—
In mind, in feeling and in equity.
The body was the temple of the soul.
Wrought from the dust of earth ; erect, in all
Its aspects beauteous, stately in mien.
When from Himself the spirit breathed within,
Man gazed upon the light with open eye,
And through the ear sounds to the soul did fly ;
Through every portion life was felt to roam.
Thought darted to its source as to its home,
And the affections kindled to a flame,
And pure delight rolled briskly through the frame.
Devotion then woke up full hallowèd ;
His every look and thought, and feeling said,—
In posture bent, and with uplifted eyes,—
" Creator, Father, Benefactor wise,
I am indebted to thy love for all
I see and feel, and now obey the call :
This boon of being calls for constant praise :
All things declare Thy love in earliest lays ;
The sunbeams write it on whate'er they shine,
The birds sing sweetly of this love divine.
The breezes chant it rustling through the trees,
Yea, every creature, high and low, agrees,
And in full chorus joins to praise Thy love,
And laud the Friend of all who reigns above."
Man of this lower world was sovereign made,
To tame, and reign o'er all of every grade,

However fierce, or strong, or swift, or slow,
By special grant from God ; whence powers flow,
Dominions come : and not by grant alone,
But attributes, man's kingly power was shown.
Of lofty stature, strong, and without fear ;
Though bold yet mild ; his mind, strong, vast, and clear,
And grasping God ; to Him in heart and mind,
And will, and wish, and thought, and act resigned.
But though thus perfect, man was yet alone ;
And though to him all herbs and trees were known,
And he the natures of all creatures kenned
Yet he had powers that had not reached their end,
Capacities untried, that in employ
Would more exalt, enhance and perfect joy :
For the pure fountain of eternal bliss
Created man with social sympathies,
With love like that with which God moved
Imparting gifts to finite man bêloved.
Adam an outlet wanted for his joy,
And God, whose " wisdom's vast," infinite, high,
Saw " 'twas not good for man to be alone,"
Then His creative power once more was shown.
Yet no new model out of dust was made :
For as before his Maker he was laid
In sleep, his nature was divided found,
That they together might again be bound ;
Numerically two, in nature one,

Being of his being, bone of his bone,
And given as his partner and his wife.
Hail! lovely woman! source of earthly life
And bliss; creation's latest gift, of thee
Bereft, a dreary blank this world would be.

A BLIND LADY.

How thoughtful and forlorn she sits
Throughout the weary day;
With wondrous skill she sews and knits,
To wile the time away.

Not marks of age, but those of grief,
Are seated on her brow;
The time for sight to her was brief,
For blinded she is now.

There was a day when other eyes
And faces she could see,
But as the child beside her cries,
Oh! how bereft is she!

It troubles her—the piteous sound,
Resulting from its pain;
And instantly the babe is found
Safe in her arms again.

Though now her heart some sorrow knows,
Yet all her love is shown ;
That mother's love the stronger grows,
To soothe her infant s moan.

Though once young, willing feet and hands
Were wholly in her power,
She *yet* a firm commandress stands,
As in the happier hour.

May God preserve her from despair,
And give such strength of soul,
As will enable her to bear
The griefs which o'er her roll.

On Christ may stronger be her hold,
While that of earth grow less,
That after death she may *behold*
Him in eternal bliss.

SOME YEARS AGO.

My sweetheart bent the thorny spray,
She shook its drops of rain away,
And reached it smilingly to me.
We walked at eve, we kissed and sighed,
Our hearts were filled with foolish pride,
So glad, so bold, so fond were we,

Her hand I took to help her down
The broken wall, or bank, or stone
And led her on the rocky way.
Our eyes oft met, and as we turned,
While both our cheeks with passion burned,
We looked into the future's day.
We, far away from the busy throng,
In solitude, with laugh and song,
Broke silence in a brook-cleft dell;
Beside a rushing swollen brook,
Beneath the network of a nook,
Would we our love-tales tell.

THE BRITISH CHIEF.

"Yes, though Time has laid her finger
On them, still with searching eye,
There are spots where I can linger,
Sacred to the days gone by."—TUPPER.

UPON the site where modern Grimsby stands,
Where many charms of earth and ocean meet,
Where the waves whisper and the coast line curves,
Was once a British settlement; and there,
Surrounded by a wild and sterile waste,
A boundless forest, and the broad expanse
Of ocean,—chief of a rude tribe, Galgacus dwelt.
And then the tall and stately trees, around

With mantling creepers clasped and clothed in green,
So closely grown that light but stole through boughs
Entwined so deeply with unnumbered leaves—
Luxuriated in a fertile soil,
In all the prime and vigour of their days,
And soared beyond a hundred feet in height;
But long since by the hand of man laid low,
What honoured names have trod where now we tread,
Whose ships have anchored in the Humber's mouth,
Who oft beheld the scenes we here behold—
The waters glancing inward from the main,
The level shore, the ocean's heaving swell,
The greensward and the varied mass of flowers!
But Time has changed this lovely spot; for where
Stood dark green forests spreading far and wide
Upon the slope, and raved to every storm—
So dark that when by chance some single beam
Shot through the verdant mass its slumbering ray,
The flash just trembled on the dreary brooks
Like an uncertain fragment of a dream;
Where marsh and moor so desolate appeared,
Where desperate mankind oft plunged into
The mud to hide in safety when hard pressed,
And plunged as oft into the troublous tide;
Where sedges grew out of the oozy marsh,
And where the giant plants nodded aloft,
Cluster the houses of the modern town—
Beside the Humber—with its coasting ships,

Extensive docks, and rails, and busy mart.

Galgacus won a fair unblemished fame
By conscious rectitude of heart and life;
His frame was finely strung and his career
Was like the genial influence of the sun
The boldest he among the bold, and brave
Among the bravest. Valour had nursed him
As her own. Thus in manly grace he stood,
Such as fair woman loves to look upon;
His eye was keen, his motive pure, and his
Determination high. He ne'er forgot
His native dignity and worth, and aye
As public benefactor laboured well.
He cleared the ground, and ploughed, and sowed, and reaped,
And fed his flocks and herds, and eager hoped
For brighter prospects and for happier days.
Though bold, and by his powers known, he choose
To be a shepherd or a husbandman.
He diligently tilled an ample farm,
Inviting oft his brother chiefs to gaze
Upon his fields and to partake his fruits.
Beside a fertile plain his hut was built:
Logs roughly squared, wattled all through with twigs.
And daubed with clay: the roof with shingles spread,

And these kept down with stones,—a home most
rude.
A streamlet went its way of peace along,
Beside his hut, to find the humblest path,
Brawling like infancy, and seeking rest
In ocean's arms. 'Twas here Galgacus made
His small domain a pattern unto all;
His farm was fair, and the surrounding scenes
Magnificently grand to look upon.
He wed the daughter of a German chief—
An only daughter, wealthy, young, and fair—
So fair her frame, that it was wondrous to
Behold. Nature had thrown her golden curls
In clusters o'er her ivory temples, where
They hung rich in their tangled loveliness—
A pearl of virtue in a golden frame;
Her bright eyes, glowing large beneath a fair,
Calm brow, bespoke a generous flow of soul;
Her youth was bright and promised much of bliss;
So beautiful, and good as beautiful:
Affectionate, in loving modest worth,
And dutiful; and when she sweetly smiled,
Her very smile seemed to diffuse new joys.
How strange the wedding gifts!—a horse, a shield,
A spear, a sword, a yoke of oxen, and
A well-accoutred horse, which told of war
And husbandry, was proffered by the youth
In presence of Valeda's friends; and her

Acceptance was the simple marriage bond.
He did not sue in vain : she gave him her
True heart, and was prepared to live or die—
Willing to share with him the danger of
The battle-field, or labour on in peace.

Swiftly the bark glid on, outstripping far
The rippling waves that off her prow she threw.
Well formed for speed, fleet as a spirit of
The waves, she bounded light and free ; and seemed
To revel in delight. Now in her rear,
The distant shore to sight was sinking fast ;
The bright sun gilded o'er the tranquil waves.
How lovely ! scarce a breath disturbed the calm
Of ocean's breast. The vessel glided on
With sunlit sails, and all creation beamed
One glorious scene of happiness and love.
Her fleecy bosom swelled 'neath breezes from
The rear. Aloft the canvass soared ; swanlike,
Her wings outspread, an aerial spirit form
Majestic o'er the ambient deep she moved
Thus noiselessly, till roused by troubled winds,
Her plumage waved responsive to the gale.

But homeward bound a furious storm arose :
The merry morn, which rose unclouded in
The orient spheres to bear the records of

Another day, and had not far upon
Its journey sped, had on a sudden changed ;—
A sultry vapour floated overhead ;
And throbbings mystical rose in the air,
A gloom so sullen flooded all the air,
And lo ! a pit-a-pat of rain was heard,
Followed by a fast-descending shower ;
And fast a dark cloud gathered and more fast,
And floated overhead, discharging such
A deluge of bright drops on sea and ship.
The wind blew loud, and lashed the foaming main
In billows mountains high ; the clouds grew dark ;
And loud and louder roared the gusty gale,
And rolling thunder pealed athwart the heavens.
His hardy bark, in ocean tempest driven,
Braved the wild elements, held on her course,
And at each bound leapt into some abyss,—
Now on the giddy height of crested wave,
Now deep in watery valley boldly rode
Triumphant o'er the agitated sea—
The boiling surface of the stormy deep ;
Bright sparkles from its prow dashed round and round,
Crossed her fair path of radiance in the brine,
And died in stars away. The heavens grew black ;
Deep thunders echoed o'er the raging main ;
Forked lightnings flashed throughout the darkest shade ;

The welkin shook as at the voice of war.

What tides of feeling through his bosom swept,
To fill, expand, and awe-inspire his soul,
When pealed the thunder to the ocean's swell,
All heaving—boiling—bursting—foaming with
An earthquake strength, with rude, devouring jaws,
While all around the tempest wildly poured
Through troubled darkness, as the lightning flashed
And burst the thunder's wild terrific clap!
Then from each corner of the lurid sky,
Destruction's messengers careering sped,
While hoarsely yawning subterraneous caves
Terrifically mountain billows heaved.
The demon of destruction seemed to smile,
And mix the elements in tumult wild;
While huge, unweildly monsters plunged and shook,
As parting billows laid their bodies bare.
Above the deck, above the quivering mast,
The roaring waters and the howling wind,
Commingling, met with such a shivering shock,
As if in it they did at once combine
The sweeping, crushing, all-devouring rage
Of mightiest storms which earth hath ever known.
He knelt upon the deck, his mantle girt
About his form, and fervently he prayed.
Say, doubting heart, would Heaven hear his cries,

Poured through the fitful pauses of the gale,
And answer all his groanings, uttered deep
Amid the waves, in the stern travail of
His soul? and would not such a prayer be borne
Up through the starry infinite to God?
It is a truth—that Heaven will not desert
The trusting heart in time of utmost need.
Methinks he now would cry, "Oh! for a glance—
One glance, if nothing else, of those sand hills
Which bound my native shore; where blaze the hearths,
The happy hearths of home; where dwell the friends
I have so lately left—my parents fond,
My brother group, whose hearts would leap to spy
The distant signal of this well-known sail.
How would they look, could they our forms behold!
Their eyes would brighten, and their cheeks would glow.
In vain for us the hearth may brightly blaze,
And loving friends look out for our return.
The tempest riots in the noon of strife;
Hope's very fragments seem strewn o'er the ship;
The mast, the canvas—nearly all a wreck,
Oh, Heaven, forgive my doubting, daring thoughts,
To will be thine, but to submit be ours!"
Behind them receded the black expanse,
Fringed with the lovely hued and glorious bow—

God's token of abiding love to man,
But Heaven heard and answered; from His
throne,
Celestial mercy spread her silver wings,
And took her willing flight down to this globe.

Far as the eye stretched its visual ray
The mighty billows slept; the sun's bright beams
Had touched and silvered o'er the watery waste—
The bosom of the ambient mirror'd deep.
Then the illimitable sea had hushed
Each troubled wave, and then in silent awe
Receded from the land. There was a calm.
The shore was seen. Thither the bark had turned
Her shining prow, for well Galgacus knew
The seven round hills that stood above the strand,
Where the low beach re-murmured to the waves.
All things looked lovely as they neared the shore,—
Lashed by the beating of the heavy seas;—
The level shore, the sandy beach, the sward
Of rank natural grass, and thorny shrub,
Where glanced the waters by the dusky woods,
Taking their semicircular round or
Arrowy flight along the opening land,
As ocean's tides poured inward, filling up
Each sparkling basin to the very brim,
Or, passing outward, left each margin dry.
The breath of beauty floated in the air,

And with enchanting fragrance nature woke
Enriched with melody and new-born life,
And gems of loveliness were lovely there
As ever from Creation's womb yet broke,
Or gave new birth to holy, high-born thought—
Aye! thought that sees in all created things
The hand divine—the impress of a God!—
The wondrous and all-comprehensive power
That gives to nature silent, unseen growth,
And renders it so lovely in its sphere
That e'en the meanest mind, endowed with thought,
Feels by that thought raised to transfiguring
Heights of admiration and exalted love.
The glorious sun had flung its golden rays
And cast its radiant wings across the world,
When o'er the mountain tops those streams of light,
In fierce array, dispel the misty dews.
The morning dawned upon the lovely scene,
While, lo! the sun's refulgent orb proclaimed
The coming day; the brighter hues dipt down,
And on the ocean's rippling waters danced;
Around were slung the oars to urge the bark
In swiftness o'er the calm and mirrored tide,
Each shining paddle like a silvery fin
The glittering spray dashed high; and fleeter than
The ocean's sprites they o'er the waters sped,
They touch the shore, when lo! along the bank
At intervals the watchers stood, as in

The case of outbreaks to convey the news,
And as the thunders sweeps in furious haste
Along, a shout like thunder-clap was heard
Hard by ; and ere the echo died away
Another and another burst upon
The ear, more distant, and with fainter sound,
Until the farthest seemed much like some far-
Off murmurings among remotest hills.
A flaunting swell of music echoed quick
And light, a measure wooing the response
Of willing feet. Then came the damsels of
His native place to cast defiant looks
On him, and then to scrutinize his wife ;
And after them tumuluously ran
The population of the neighbouring hills—
A band of natives, naked, gaunt and bold ;
They hardly seemed like mortals of the earth,
So mad their gesture, as one smote his breast
And clenched his fingers, and another plucked
His neighbour's beard and rolled his own eyes back.

On, on they came ; advancing crowds revealed
The state of things ; the tribes were all astir ;
Their cry so deep rent the cerulean,
And startled all the echoing woods around.
Onward with cares tumultuous, they moved
To stimulate the loud acclaim, paced to
And fro, and thus gave utterance to their thoughts.

Like swarming bees in summer noon, that mass
Of dusky forms displayed their savage mood ;
Each gleaming eye shot glances of hot haste,
Sparks of the living fire that raged within.

A being of a gentler sort approached,
Who spake in low melodious accents :—
Valeda came—a slender figure, with
Long-flowing vestments on her graceful limbs,
With belt around her slender waist, and with
A beauteous form, and panting breast, as if
She feared the thousand eyes that hung upon
Her loveliness. Her coral lips alive
With mind ; queenly, and fair, and daring-browed,
That noble woman moved, who quailed not in
The storm, Strange how she stood before them in
The power of inaccessible beauty,
With raven hair in silken folds, and bright
Fair ringlets like a torrent flowing down
Over a rich complexion ; while her mein
Was graceful ! and she met them with a smile.
Her words were few and wisely chosen, and
Harmoniously blended in soft tones,
Like the low moan of a far distant shore,
Where quickly follow wave on wave upon
Some rocky reef that chafes their billowy pride.
A strange revulsion all experienced in
Contrasting her long flowing vestment

With glittering clasp, and the rich mantle that
The bridegroom wore, with their own shaggy dress.
She hushed their roar and stayed their mad career :
For soon they blithely sung such simple strains
As maidens chant at marriage festivals.
And then the bards, who from their three-peaked
hill
Hearing the mirthful strains, came trooping forth
With oaken branches and white robes, burst out
In an inspiring chorus, which echoed
From the great waters of the peopled shore,
Back to the silent grandeur of the woods.
Some range the beach and others crowd the cliff ;
Soft music swelled the air and reached the shore.
And swept throughout the sombre range of wood ;
The echoes rang and shook the vaulted shade,
Or swept in dulcet notes along the plains ;
The ocean's bosom swelled expressive in
The gale. The fair advanced ; on her all eyes
Were bent ; her grace and perfect beauty from
Each breast called forth some sentiments of praise.

In graceful attitude she came. Her robes
Descended now in snowy, ample folds,
And its fine texture, soft and light adorned,
As fleecy mantles thrown around, her fair
And sylph-like form ; now on the breeze, aside
Her vestments flowed, disclosing from beneath

Their folds a bosom delicately fair.
Thus welcomed and attended went the bride
And bridegroom to the chieftain's mount,
And occupied their spacious stone abode.

Forsooth Valeda was the loveliest flower
That ever bloomed in Coritanian vales ;
She had as loving, kind, and true a heart
As ever beat within a woman's breast.
Her words seemed cast in love and music's mould,
And every sentence weighed in golden scales
To match the sweetness of her rosy mouth.
The art of spinning she so cheerfully
Imparted to her neighbours, who, in turn,
Discarding garbs of hair, prided themselves
In flowing vestments which equalled her own.
Galgacus, in like manner, won many
A stern and listless fellow chief to spend
His time in husbandry ; not by precept,
But good example ; training oxen for
The plough, and introducing implements
Unknown to them before. Clearings in woods
Were made, and speedily, where densely grew
Thick intermingling boughs, which, heretofore
Impeded the sun's rays, extended fields
Of corn, and meadows where the cattle grazed.
The pastures were all populous with kine,
And tinted apple blooms spread far around ;

And where the woods had been destroyed by fire
Arose upon their sites new wattled homes.

To benefit mankind their aim, and to
Their purpose here as needle to the pole.
Henceforth Galgacus and Valeda sought
To humanize old Grimsby's rugged tribes,—
Those shaggy people of the forest glade,
Who heeded not the floods of heaven, the strife
Of elements, slimy morass, steep hill,
Or rapid streams ; free as their native air,
No despot's power they owned ; they felt no wrong ;
They saw no danger nigh ; nor would they yield
Their native soil, and scorned from death to fly.
Their minds were like the summer climate—warm,
But like their country's aspect, rather wild.
Those woad-dyed men would rather wage a war
With neighbouring tribes for plunder's sake, than
plough.

Galgacus laboured hard, as time rolled on,
In hewing wood and culture of the soil ;
He lived in virtue and in singleness
Of heart ; his children sang a merry song ;
His paths were full of flowers, and sunshine basked
Upon his pleasures. Oft he stood in some
Far distant clearing, there to guard his sheep,
And taught his youths and maidens all to tent.

Old men would bid their children emulate,
And young men strove to imitate their chief,
Who often was observed, with stately mien,
Moving as tutor to his happy tribe.
And when spring tripped o'er the distant hills,
And came with rosy cheek and laughing step
Amid the shout of joyous waterfalls
And streams, mingling with orisons of birds,
And low, lute-like murmurings of soft winds,
His meads looked verdant, where the banks
smoothed down
Toward the flood; and when his orchards and
Gardens burst into bloom—a lovely scene,
Expanded smilingly in hues of light.

He went by day among the farms; at eve
He was at home and happy in the light
Of the familiar faces of all those
Who nightly joined him at the homely meal.
When ceased from toil, sweet recreation was
His great delight, and social merriment.

In Autumn he went forth upon the fields,
And in his apple orchards gathered fruit,
For the store chambers of his humble home.
In Autumn when men's wants are all supplied,
And when the year is crowned munificent
With holy gladness, he would oft be seen

Upon his knees, the blest recipient,
Giving the fulness of his heart to God.

When fading glories crowned the death of day,
As evening settled on the silent tops
Of the far distant wolds, from hill and plain
Gathering the light, and when the silent moon
Walked in a modest glory through the sky,
The heavens above shone in their brightness, hung
With wandering stars in mazy millions—a
Long, irriguous labyrinth of light—
O'er the blue vault, now here, now there revealed,
At times unclouded, and at others hid;
Or, when the night was dark, and weariness
Oppressed his frame, would he retire to rest.
Thus years passed on in harmony and peace;
His youths and maidens were all glad at heart.
But one event filled every soul with gloom—
It happened one autumnal day of shade,
Ere winter with its finger chained the year,
This was the memorable day,* when by
Druidic law, each household was forced
To extinguish his fire and rekindle it
At the Arch-Druid's blazing altar on
Toot's Hill. That day Galgacus had performed
His wonted task, nor had he once before
Forgotten to observe the custom; well

*The last day of October.

He knew the penalty awaiting its
Neglect. But, this evening, surrounded by
His household, and instructing them
In the Druidic triads, time passed on
Unwittingly till each one had retired;
The radiant queen of night—the crescent moon—
Closely companioned by a host of stars,
That stood around her like a body guard,
Had reached her climax in the firmament;
She lit up drops of heavy dew that dripped
From the close petals of each sleepy flower.
And made each bough a mimic chandelier
Festooned with diamonds, and through trees shot forth
Upon the rippling tide a piercing ray,
That now fell soft and delicately bright.
But soon there intervened a heavy cloud,
Which seemed its mighty orb to shade, and then
A sighing wind swept past, and moaned forth
Its chilling breath, and all grew pitchy dark.
And when the moon had set, the ebon night
Spread its broad mantle o'er the solemn scene.
The hour was calm, and silent solitude
Profound pervaded then the ocean world.
No living stir or breathing sound disturbed
The slumbering main or balmy air that night;
Sublime and chaste seemed all around, save a
Dim watch-fire's blaze upon the distant strand,

Which stretched beside a forest dim, and marked
A spot within its deep and dusky shade.
Along that shore the watch-fire blazed, and shed
A lurid glare. It cast upon the deep
A grim unearthly blaze, and glittered through
That region, lonely, drear, and dank, and dark.
That eve the fire should meet with fire ere the
Consuming light died out in broken sparks.
The very rills in silence seemed to roll
With ripples unsaluted by the sun.
The waving shadows went and came—for hours—
And came and went in many a maze away.
Then he, who often stirred the hissing brands,
And closely watched, with shrewdest vigilance,
From eve till morn throughout the livelong night,
Noting the absentees, would fain have called
His chief. The lowering sky with midnight clouds
Was dark, and all was dull above, below—
Save where the watch-fire's fitful blaze revealed
The darkness of the sombre scene. He was
About to go when suddenly he heard
A sound ; he held his breath to listen, and
His eye penetrated the dark ; the low
Thick foliage moved ; he sprang upon his feet ;
A low, soft, rustling noise, like ebbing tide,
Through quivering reeds, then fell upon his ear.
The gurgling streamlet moaned as it murmurs by,
In doleful cadence, and the beacon shone

Amid the general gloom. Another sound—
A heavy tread ; and soon the stern blue eye
Of the Arch-Druid rested upon him.
With courteous bend and lofty mein, he met
The smile or haughty glance. A proud reserve—
A pompous air did mark the greeting, chill
And brief. Again he moved and then approached :
" Have all been here, my son ? " No answer came.
" Who then is absent ? Give me thy reply.
You will not slight my word ; or now that word
Disgrace ? To each according to his worth
I will a blessing or a curse assign."
With eagle eye, he the attendant scanned,
Who shook before him like an aspen leaf,
And tremblingly gave in Galgacus' name.
" To-morrow," said the fierce Arch-Druid, as
He turned away.
The dull grey streaks of dawn,
Above the dim horizon faintly seen,
Heralded with incontestable omen
The day of fearful reckoning. The sun
Gleamed through the forest, and its first young beams
Shone on the summits of the western hills.
Whose brows were with the cloud-drops wet—that day
With wife and children was the chief led out
His sentence to receive. Deep sadness reigned

Within his heart, nor did he ask—"But why,
Alas! am I to be condemned?" He held
His over-fevered brow within his hand;
He faintly sighed; athwart his harrowed brow
He drew his fevered hand; the moisture cold,
Clammed to the palm, beneath his drooping head,
But truly anguish such as his, no man,
Methinks, could paint with pencil or with pen.

The people mustered and surrounded that
Arch-Druid who, with solemn voice pronounced
The dreaded sentence, from his judgment seat,
When all was silent, yea, as still as death:—
"On you and on your children be the doom
Of cold, and darkness. You have failed to light
Your fire by consecrated branches from
The altar. Not a gleam of fire shall cheer
Or warm your dwelling; all your flocks and herds
Are yours no longer; and the same sad doom
Awaits whoe'er may seek to aid you. Though
The earth be frozen deep, and storms of rain
May rage o'er your cold home—on you is passed
The awful sentence that can never change!"

That multitude who on Galgacus looked
With pity and surprise, could scarcely bear
The thought, to mourn so good a chieftain lost:
For there were generous springs within their hearts,

As they bemoaned with tears his bitter fate.
The sympathizing crowd, in one loud voice,
Uniting all in one strong bond, cried out—
"They shall not die—the father of our tribes
Shall not thus perish; for his noble limbs
Have moved for the well-being of mankind!"
When, with one rush, upsprang the faithful tribes
To throw themselves on the presiding judge;
Then his foul spirit struggled for command;
But seeing they preserved their 'vantage ground,
His giant oak-branch lifted high—which was
The symbol of protection and of peace—
"Rash men," he said, "why dare you thus forestall
The sentence. It was needful these should know
The fate to which they have exposed themselves;
But faithful service to our father-land
Has pleaded for them in our hearts; and now
The sentence shall not be enforced. Go, then,
Galgacus and Valeda, expiate
Whatever you have done amiss, by lives
Devoted to the Druid, and bethink
You of the certain doom awaiting all
The future violations of our laws."

Galgacus then arose: his attitude
And mien expressed a soul supremely bold.
Though he had passed the zenith of his life,
His gait was firm, his frame was strongly knit;

And like the oak, that lifts its lofty boughs
In forest pride amid the canopy
Of the broad firmament, arrived at full
Maturity of growth, stately and grand,
Unhurt by wintry snows; unbent, unharmed
By hundred summer storms and lightning-flash,
He stood, in ripe old age, and thus he spoke:
"My countrymen, the long unslumbering nights
And toilsome days I've passed are not ill spent,
If this be the result of serving you"
But then his heart came leaping to his mouth
And choked his speech, when he would tell his thanks;
Yet in his short address was shadowed forth
His innate greatness in declining age.

The day receding from the heaven's vault
Had nearly closed in evening's sombre shades;
The setting sun declining fast, whose rays
Obliquely tinged the clouds, the western woods
Emblazed; and on the surface of the calm
And silent ocean, long, dark shadows threw.
The sun descended, and the day's last streak
Serenely softened into sober grey.
The wind, which all day long had scarcely breathed,
From zephyrs to a gentle breeze increased,
And mournfully whispering through the trees
Just broke the silence, as the tribes dispersed,
And all returned rejoicing to their homes.

ON VISITING HOME.

O may it be my lot once more
In thee, sweet Devonshire to roam,
My parents and my friends to see,
My county and my home.

Full many lingering months have gone
Since last I trod thy hallowed ground,
And still it seems but yesterday
When I was in thee found.

Now, as in youthful days, I hear
Thy beechy, piny groves among,
Proceeding from the feathery tribes
A sweet concentful song.

I walk beneath umbrageous boughs,
So slowly through the merry wood
And listen to the songsters near
Proclaiming "God is good."

The giant trees, outspreading wide
Their branches, form a cooling shade,
Unnumbered birds are singing in
The deep embowered glade.

Thy oaks stand well the test of time,
And still they nod to every breeze ;
Still wave throughout the rookeries
The " tall ancestral trees."*

I see the aged churchyard yew,
The urns of those departed long,
The ruined tower† where jackdaws whirl
Their drowsy flight along.

I see, in mingling with thy swains,
How marked the progress of decay ;
Its blighting touch hath made of some
An easy, certain prey,

Some, when I left, were in their prime—
Were gaily walking Life's rough way ;
But looking round I see the hair
Of those besprent with grey.

Some have untimely bowed beneath
The iron hand of ruthless care ;
While some have reached their sepulchres
By pathways of despair,

But still the toiling of thy swains
Has long been crowned with sweet increase,
And Heaven hath richly blest their homes
With plenty, love, and peace.

*Mrs. Hemans. †At Slapton.

O may it be my lot once more
In thee, sweet Devonshire, to roam,
My parents and my friends to see,
My native town, and home.

While thought remains can I forget
The blessed spot that gave me birth ?
To me it ever must remain
The fairest spot on earth.

Whate'er " thy faults I love thee still,"
Devonia !—my native spot ;
Though other counties I have seen,
Their scenes I envy not.

Thy lofty cliffs, thy verdant meads,
Thy gentle slopes and lovely dells,
Thy rural scenes and vane-tipped spires,
The music of thy bells ;

The thousand warblers of thy glades,
Thy golden harvests ripe with grain,
My happy childhood's home ;—when shall
I greet ye all again ?

My bosom yearns with fond desire
To fill once more the old arm chair,
In chimney corner high ensconced,
To hear the loved ones there.

O may it be my lot once more
In thee, Devonia, to roam!
My parents and my friends to see,
My county and my home.

ADDRESS TO MY NATIVE TOWN

(Kingsbridge, Devon).

Dear spot of my birth!—I behold thee again—
I wander once more on my loved native plain;
I view thee with feelings of joy as of yore,
While marking the beauty that graced thee before.
The stern hand of Time no sad changes has wrought,
Destroying each vestige of beauty and note,
That in the glad hours of my childhood were known,
Thy pride and thy glory, thy grace and renown.
Ah! no: Time has left thee such beauties till now
As few places like thee can boast of I trow.
Here, here on this spot, when a child I would play,
For hours in the sunshine of summer's bright day;
Or clamber the hill on which I now stand,
To trace from its summit's extensive command
The scenery round; but not now as of yore
I view thee, blest town,—thy defects are no more.
Thou Kingsbridge, hast woven a chain round my heart,
That never through life will be known to depart;

Dear place of my childhood, my earliest home,
A change over thee and my spirit hath come—
For Time has bestowed a new tower upon thee,
And all the stern duties of manhood on me,
Since last on this spot I stood, changed though I be,
Unaltered is yet my affection for thee.
Whenever I wander, wherever I roam,
My heart fondly clings to my childhood's bright home,
And tears of deep sorrow my eyes oft suffuse,
When the future appears in the dullest of hues.
How blest were the hours when light-hearted and gay,
By the clear-rolling streams I could carelessly stray!
They are past—they are gone—like a dream that is fled!
Misfortune will chequer the path I must tread.
To sing of my childhood I cannot refuse,
Now the visions of boyhood no longer amuse.
Increased in thy beauty, thou art the more dear
To one who was wont to find happiness here.
I love now to wander once more on thy plain,
And gaze on thy beautiful steeple again;
Near which I have looked on the mouldering stones,
And pressed the thick turf over crumbling bones.
As the hare, when close hunted, returns to its form,
And birds seek their nests from the wild-rushing storm,

So I would return if e'er old I should be,
And spend my last days and be buried in thee.
Old Kingsbridge, I love thee !—the sound of thy
name
Wakes a transport of rapture that thrills through
my frame.
Since dearer than ever thou art unto me,
Then let me present one more tribute to thee
Of clinging remembrance,—long may it be thine,
'Mid glory, and pride, and calm beauty to shine !

A BOY'S RAMBLE.

Walking down a Devonshire lane,
On a summer's day,
In the shade and out again,
Speeding on my way,
All at once I met an ass,
Feeding on the roadside grass ;
When I tried the beast to pass,
He began to bray.

Being but a little lad,
I felt much afrald ;
With the hazel-rod I had,
On the "mulley "* laid ;

*Devonshire name for Donkey.

Donkey kicked and ran away,
And to get out of my way
Turned into a field of hay,
Where awhile he stayed.

Then I journeyed bravely on,
Thinking me quite bold,
But before that day was gone
"Ned" was in the fold:
Then I said, "There let him be!
Had he not thus frightened me
He would not this moment be
Prisoner in the fold."

ODE:

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Toll! toll the bell! let Sorrow reign! a dirge
Funereal be sung to celebrate
The obsequies of one
Lost lately from our midst.

The greatest benefactor of his race,
Who never lived for self, whose generous heart
Has ceased to beat with kind
Emotion, now lies dead!

Then let us mourn the absence of that arm
Which served the multitude—the arm of him,
Who strove to mitigate
Unnumbered human ills.

He ever had a ready hand to aid,
A heart to sympathize, whene'er he heard
Affliction's plaintive wail,
Or poverty's sad cry.

He won a general love, who was so true
A friend to science, art and industry ;
And where will learning find
A patron great as he ?

Long may his name be reverenced for his
Urbanity, his matchless gentleness,
And his unparalleled
Self-sacrificing love.

'Twas in the midst of years he passed away :
His days were few ; yet lived he long, I trow,
For, measuring time by deeds,
His life was truly long.

His name shall be revered in every clime,
Hereafter it shall be Albert the Great,
The Gallant and the Brave,
Magnanimous and Good.

O let us weep with holy hallowed tears,
And to his memory due deference pay,
Who loved our gracious Queen;
And for her sake loved us.

May not her grief be inconsolable,
Though from her now her bosom friend is gone,
And deeply tolls the bell,
The summons of the dead.

His spirit is enrolled with angels bright,
Whose hallowed hymns Jehovah's glories raise,
Where parted ones may meet;
Yea, meet to part no more.

May God sustain our sorrowing, widowed Queen;
Her precious life to govern us prolong;
Her soul with grace endue;
God bless our widowed Queen.

ONE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT.

I sat me down one Christmas eve
Within my easy chair,
And gazed above the mantel-piece—
A print was hanging there.

And as I watched the lovely forms,
Which large and larger grew,
At once, before my mind, arose
A picture I well knew.

Two figures at an altar knelt—
For by Victoria's side,
There bowed a Prince who far had come
To wed a Royal bride.

I saw again those figures fair;
They sat upon a throne,
And ruled a mighty empire,
On which ne'er sets the sun.

Again the scene is changed, for lo!
One sits alone in gloom—
The royal matron on a couch
Within a lonely room.

Our gracious Queen—a widow now—
Of husband is bereft;
Though one by death is taken, yet
By mercy one is left.

WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

"Stranded on a lonely reef,
Overhead a darkened sky;
And around the ocean spoke
Of the dead, which in her lie.

"Then the doubtful watching stood
Night and morn, through dark hours long;
And the feeblest showed us how
They in weakness waxèd strong.

"Love was with them, strong and pure,
In each mother's heaving heart,
Clasping in her arms the child
Of her soul, which seemed a part.

"Faith looked upward from the deck,
Where no mortal's grave might be;
For as Death had beckon'd one,
His corse claimed the waiting sea."

Pious Hodge amidst them stood,
Earnest, meek, absorb'd, and calm,
Offering a fervent prayer,
Firmly pressing palm to palm.

As a warder looking far,
Steady to his purpose stands,
This man noted cloud nor star,
But beyond them heavenly lands.

If one fleeting moment, Hope
Left a waiting troubled guest,
Noble Rogers, with the hawser,
Gladden'd every anxious breast.

Thrills of anguish pierced the whole,
For the time was when the true,
Brave, and good, should lend their aid ;—
Dangers thick and thicker grew.

In the general saloon
Crowded parents, children, too,
Clinging with a fond embrace,
As they gave their last adieu.

Rolling billows smote the ship,
And the rocks broke in her side,
Trembling, leaping, breaking, when
Hundreds sank into the tide.

The survivors formed a chain
Led by Suicar the brave ;
Nine he rescued, till o'ercome,
Foster next went forth to save.

Captain Taylor ne'er was seen
From his post to swerve at all,
Cheering the despairing ones,
"Yet there's hope!"—they heard him call.

Whooping billows swept him off
On the surf he loudly cried
"Yet there's hope!"—but not for him—
With those words the captain died.

Few escaped—a thirteenth part;
For the rest, a watery grave;
From a dreadful death like theirs
Save us all, O, Jesus, save!

ŒDIPUS.

A CLASSIC LEGEND.

The gods predicted by a blow.
Antigone,
That I should lay my father low,
Antigone.
My parents would not have it so;
They bade a servant with me go,
Antigone,
And leave me where the wild winds blow,
Antigone.

"My feet were bored in infancy,
Antigone,
And by them hung I from a tree,
Antigone,
Until a shepherd came to me,
And said "My home thy home shall be,"
Antigone,
And took me down from off the tree,
Antigone.

"I, next, a queen's adopted son,
Antigone,
Was called in tenderness her own,
Antigone;
I from the first her favour won,
And all I did was rightly done,
Antigone,
But, Moses-like, fled court and crown,
Antigone.

"I, Delphi's oracle would sound,
Antigone,
The Sphinx a riddle did propound,
Antigone,
I quickly the right answer found,
And then the king of Thebes was crowned,
Antigone,
And in the stead of Laius crowned,
Antigone.

"'Twas proved that I my father slew,
Antigone.
And that I wed—which must be true—
Antigone,
The mother of myself and you,
Alas! I find it truthful, too,
Antigone,
I wish the light I never knew.
Antigone.

"In grief, I then put out my eyes,
Antigone.
Unworthy to behold the skies,
Antigone,
Or view the splendent sun arise,
Though in my ways were I unwise,
Antigone,
How sad the king whom men despise,
Antigone.

"O lead me to the grove away;
Antigone,
The lambkins in the meadow play,
Antigone;
But mourning we go on our way;
We move in dismal coterie,
Antigone,
For we are doomed to part to-day,
Antigone.

"I bless the morn that gave thee birth,
Antigone;
But curse the day which gave me birth,
Antigone.
Before me opens now the earth,
I'll cry while plunging in the earth,
'Antigone!'
And ever cry beneath the earth,
'Antigone!'"

A SLAVE'S LAMENT.

While runlets flush, and meadows blush,
My weary soul is pining;
Ah! sad my lot, ah! wretched spot,
On foreign soil reclining.

A burning sky, beneath I lie,
Of liberty but dreaming;
Here I am found, a captive bound,
No freedom on me streaming.

I cannot see my sister's glee,
Nor sporting of my brother;
Unhappy morn when I was torn
From father, and from mother.

What swoons endured, what pains inured,
Since alien shores I've sighted;
Who will arise and loose the ties
By which my hopes were blighted.

What! smooth the flood of ruffled blood,
That in my veins moves wildly?
Shall I again view Afric's main?
Will hope shine on me mildly?

What! heal the smart of this poor heart
O'erwhelmed by load of sorrow?
I hope, I pray, that dying may
Release me ere the morrow.

THOUGHTS ON RAIN.

Without the rain, the fields grow sere,
All drooped and withered, flowers appear,
And human minds are filled with fear.

No mist o'erhangs the distant hills,
No spring the brook or streamlet fills.
And vanished now are all the rills.

The husbandman may plough the soil,
Protracted droughts his labours foil,
No blessings crown his weary toil.

Some men now say, "This is not right,
That every day should be so bright,
And free from rain, from morn to night."

Let us the aspect now reverse;
"Too little, or to much is worse;"
What can their murmurings disperse?

The discontented are unjust,
Thy wisdom, oddly, they mistrust,
But show them, Lord, they are but dust.

Our God, when needful, sends us rain;
Let not His favours come in vain—
His power and love be felt by men.

Though school boys on a rainy day,
Unwilling remigrate from play,
And fain would have the year all gay;

Though skies no longer keep their blue—
Dark clouds are seen and not a few—
And birds are drenched, and moping too:—

Though silent be their every tongue,
And we hear not their merry song,
The lofty leafy trees among:

Though cattle shelter 'neath the bower,
Where they in summer's brightest hour
Hide from the sun's great scorching power:

Though yoemen watch the weather-glass,
Concerned about their new-mown grass,
And humid hours so slowly pass:

Let clouds and darkness crown the skies,
Let torrents fall and storms arise,
At God's command the tempest dies.

And when upon the blistered plain
The heavy showers descend again,
How welcome is the sound of rain.

Then let us pilgrims wisely love
The Lord of earth and worlds above,
Since all things for our welfare prove.

HARVEST MORN.

This Song has been set to Music by C. F. Fitz-Loam, Esq., Professor of Music, and Organist of Bridgetown Church, Totnes, South Devon.

The stars are gone, the night is done,
The lark has hailed the day ;
And labouring men cheerly again
Hie to the fields away.
The morning breeze, that waves the trees,
The mist sweeps from the stream,
While murmuring rills and towering hills
Are tipt with day's first beam,

Chorus :—Hurrah, hurrah, for the harvest morn,
The merriest of the year ;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
For all things gay appear.

While yet the dew,—the diamond dew,—
Bespangles ripened corn,
To labour true how many woo
The bracing breath of morn.
No rural sound so sweet is found
As clank of sharpening scythe,
And mountains greet,—with gladness greet,—
The songs of reapers blithe.

Chorus:—Hurrah, hurrah, for the harvest morn,
The busiest of the year;
Hurrah, hurrah, for the hardy hands
Who bind, and mow, and shear.

How many throng, with rake or prong,
The mower's devious way,
And others lead the sower's meed
To stack and barn away.
The summer sun, whose course is run,
Has shed his genial ray;
And golden grain, in vale and plain,
Await the harvest day.

Chorus:—Hurrah, hurrah, for the harvest morn,
The best of all the year!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
For harvest home is near!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Cold blows the bitter blast,
Along the silent moor,
The sleet is falling fast,
And strikes the cotter's door.

The elm and mountain ash,
Indignant shake their heads,
As to the earth they dash
The rime that winter spreads.

The redbreast on the plough,
Wails forth his plaintive note ;
No worm is turned up now,
No zephyr soothes his coat.

He sees the fire burn bright,
Where all is harmony ;
His heart melts at the sight,
His notes again are free.

The boy says, " Robin, come,
And be not shy with me,
I oft have seen thy home
Beneath yon old oak tree."

The crystal brook is bound
By winter's icy chain,
And memory is found
To bear us back again.

To childhood's happy home,
Which time will have us leave,
Though there no trials come,
No gloomy sorrows grieve.

Sweet home, to all most dear,
Where centre hope and joy,
We turn to thee to cheer
Our souls when cares annoy.

The mansion windows glow,
With charming, brilliant light,
Sweet music's rapturous flow
Falls on the ear to-night.

Around the farmer's hearth,
Beset with rosy smiles,
There innocence with mirth,
The fleeting hour beguiles.

Hollies and ivies swing
In garlands from the eave ;
And merry children sing
The song of Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS.

The happy time is come
When loved ones far and near,
Are gathering at home,—
For home to them is dear.
Young hearts are full of glee,
The father's smile is gay,
The mother loves to see
Each duteous child to-day.
How joyous is the place
Where friends long severed meet,
That, with a fond embrace,
They may each other greet.

The maiden, as before
Awaits her lover's tone ;
And yearns to feel once more,
His hand within her own :
She casts all gloom aside,
For joyous words are said ;
And laurel hangs beside
The holly bright and red ;
She twines a pretty wreath
With sprigs of mistletoe,
That men and girls beneath,
May merry-making go.

The merry Christmas bells
Ring through the frosty air,
The sound of freedom tells
From labour and from care ;
With notes now pealing loud,
Now, dying on the ear,
They preach unto the crowd
The closing of the year ;
They chime through cities great,
Through town and village small,
Their mighty tongues relate
Salvation is for all.

Why not the coming one
A happy Christmas be ?
With father and with son
No contest should we see ;
Bid all your quarrels cease,
Cast former hate away,
For love, and joy, and peace,
Should crown the Christmas-Day.
Let thanks and praise arise,
And lips be hushed in awe,
At the Self-sacrifice,
That Bethlehem once saw !

THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

As by the hearth his children sat,
Upon a winter's night,
A farmer with a faggot came
To make the fire more bright.

He threw the bundle on the floor,
And then he reached his seat,
And for the evening lesson looked
Around for subject meet.

His eye seemed fixed upon the rods,
Nor why the reason knew;
At last he said, "this bundle shall
For our instruction do."

The children wondered but they soon
A useful lesson learnt;
"You see," said he, "these sticks that I
Have brought home to be burnt."

"Now Bill, and Ned, and Jack, and Tom,
And Jane, and Mary, try
To break those sticks as now they are,
Ere I the band untie."

Each had a trial, but in vain,
To break the bundle strove;
The task was far beyond their powers,
They scarcely made it move.

The father loosed the hazel band,
And gave out one by one;
In turn, the children broke the sticks,
Until the whole were done.

'Twas fun to see their hands and knees
So busily employed.
Their smiling faces showed how they
Their easy work enjoyed.

The father said, as they sat down,
"Thus will it be, as long
As you are all together bound,
You will be safe and strong."

"But if you sever once the tie
Of love, which binds you now,
You'll be as weak as were the sticks,
When they were loose, I trow."

Those words, upon the children's minds,
Had the desired effect,
They vowed to love as children love,
What more could he expect?

'Tis many, many years ago,
That faggot was unbound,
But, still that farmer's children are
True to each other found.

The months run on so slowly, but
When Christmas comes, at length
Is seen how well they learnt that night
That "Unity is strength."

If loving thus, the children of
Each family would be,
What happy, happy Christmas days
Old England then would see.

THE SNOW.

The scholar rejoices as fast falls the snow
And his heart leaps within him for glee ;
His soul has a rapture we verily know,
As his shouts ring so loudly and free :
His playmates have joined him in making the ball,
And now at each other a-pelting they fall.

How sad is the invalid when the white flakes
Pass before the clear pane in a shower,
And nearer his seat to the hearth-stone he takes,
To enjoy the fire's life-giving power.
He turns with a shudder and look of affright,
And heartily longs the return of the night.

The snowdrift is hurrying the traveller on,
He hath quickened the pace of his steed,
And thinks of the dwelling from which he has gone ;
To the blast he is paying no heed ;
For ever before him, where'er he may roam,
He sees through the tempest the comforts of home.

The widow is sighing, o'erburdened with care,
As her fatherless children implore ;
She looks on the loaf with an eye of despair,
And her tears oft besprinkle the floor ;
Though trusting that God, Who alone knows thy fate,
How bitter, poor widow, in winter thy state.

The Christian a lesson derives from the storms,
And in faith is uplifting his eye ;
He knows that above not a hurricane harms,
And there no chilly wind goeth by ;
When death shall release him, life's troubles are o'er,
That moment he steps on the heavenly shore.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

When Winter is come with his frosts and his snows,
And the flowers cease to bloom at the door ;
When fields which have lost their green hue in the night,
Are sprinkled with rime and are dazzling and white,
We ought to remember the poor.

We fancy when brilliant the sunbeams appear,
That the Winter will ravage no more ;
And name that new garb, which the earth has derived,
A fleeting possession—a glory short-lived,
But let us remember the poor.

When blackbirds and linnets suspend all their notes,
And the loss of long days we deplore ;
With Spring's budding graces, with Autumn's full bloom,
With Summer's bright flowers, and its honeyed perfume,
Then let us remember the poor.

When brooks cease to babble, and rivers to flow,
And their banks do not smile as before ;
When rime on the trees in large clusters depends,
And Winter reigns sternly ; then let them have friends—
The aged, afflicted, and poor.

When friends meet again that may not have once met
Since old Christmas was last here before ;
And when all are gay, and are merry and free,—
Although 'tis a season of mirth and of glee,—
O let us remember the poor.

Let wealth now be scattered with liberal hand—
For the winterly tempests roar ;
O let us then comfort the needy and sad,
Whose hearts thoughts of Christmas can scarcely make glad :
Yea, let us remember the poor.

O ye that may revel amid all the best
That the teeming earth brings to your store,
Pray treat not the helpless with scorn or disdain,—
O let them not plead for one moment in vain ;
Remember the suffering poor.

TO A SNOWDROP.

I LOVE to gaze
Upon thy beauty pure and mild ;
In early days
Thy perfume scents the hedgerow mild.

No sunny beam
A touch of warmth e'er gives to thee ;
It thaws the stream,
Thy friend, thy crushing foe to be.

Thy form is bent,
And trembles in the wintry breeze ;
To die content,
E'er spring shall wave her verdant trees,

Before the spring
Arrives, thy lot it is to die :
Poor tiny thing !
I breathe to thee a farewell sigh.

Though wild and free,
Thou art a flower of humble birth,
Unknown to thee
Is pride, thou gem of mother earth.

In silent nooks
Thy leaves enchant the wandering sight;
And by the brooks,
And in the fields draw in the light.

Thy gentle head
Thou raisest, where the children tell
Their joys, when fled
Are other flowers from field or dell.

Thy flowers fair,
The distant shore which blossom by,
So beauteous there,
For whiteness, the sea-spray outvie.

But soon shall cease
Harsh winds to touch thy snow-tint shades;
And will increase
The sea-pinks, where the snowdrop fades.

Bloom on, sweet flower,
Bloom fresh and fair, in beauty's pride,
In winter's hour,
When dark clouds lie on every side.

When Sol nor beams
But shrouds his radiant loveliness,
Thy beauteous gleams
Cheer oft the garden wilderness.

Thou comest, when
Upon the tree no leaf is left,
To cheer us then—
For earth is of her flowers bereft.

Thy snowy head
Is charming to the vagrant's eye ;
Their radiance shed
Thy leaves of brightest, richest dye.

Amid the gloom
To stand, attired in fair array,
Why dost thou come,
And pass so fleetly to decay ?

As hope makes glad,
And bids dark clouds to disappear ;
When hours are sad
Thou comest, and when skies are drear.

To see thee live
We mortals love, but nought can do,
And nought can give,
To cause thee long to stay in view.

Thy presence tells
A season far more bright is nigh,
When o'er the dells
Enamoured larks will soar on high.

But soon a change
O'er earth shall come, as time along
His course will range,
When birds, with rivers, blend in song.

Of childhood hours
The flower, the star in age's gloom ;
When death is ours,
Fond friend, grow thou upon our tomb.

This is thy mark,
To man a lesson to impart ;
" When life is dark,
Strive yet to wear a trusting heart :

Nor sink in death
Amid the darkest hours of gloom ;
Be strong your faith
In Him who bids the snowdrop bloom."

Thou pale and wan,
Art on the drifted snow reclined,
Like feeble man,
To live 'midst blighting storms designed.

May I endure,
Like thee, the passing storms of life,
And then ensure
The haven ever free from strife.

A WITHERED CROCUS.

Oh I remember when a boy,
How I would in my childish way
Low bend to question flowers with joy,
And for an answer stay.

But when the world's experience
Was firmly rooted in my breast,
That tender, youthful innocence,
No longer there had rest.

Since base deceit distrust imparts,
Let us its cauterisms heed;
Let us not steel our human hearts,
But be from hardness freed.

How sad to see the light of life
That beauty ever throws around,
Whilst in the midst of graces rife,
One marcid flower is found.

That crocus is with withered leaf
A toy for every moving breeze,
As stern inconsolable grief
That nought can charm or please.

Ah ! what avails the gentle rain ?
And what the sun's most genial ray ?
These must on it descend in vain
As favours cast away.

When on a pleasant walk I see
A withered flower before me lie,
'Tis then the thought recurs to me—
That man must surely die.

Invigorating winds may blow,
And showers of rain may softly fall,
Or orb of day may warmly glow,
That flower is dead to all.

How changed that once attractive form !
I ken its altered low estate !
But yesterday it braved the storm
In vigorous health elate.

For then it met my downward glance ;
The zephyrs stirred its petals bright,
Which moved in sportive dalliance
Amid the golden light.

Although its bud in early year
Essayed to burst its wintry thrall,
How brief, though bright was its career ?
'Twas destined soon to fall.

Its fellows teem around to-day,
  But insecure they're doomed to fade,
Long ere the cuckoo's simple lay
  Comes softened o'er the glade.

Since man must mingle with the clay,
  And soon must pass life's boasted prime,
Let him build for that endless day
  "Beyond the flight of time."

I, too, must droop, as yonder flower—
  That withered once, its life is o'er—
But I, in Heaven's delightful bower
  May bloom for evermore.

Although, like it, I too, must die,
  Hope points beyond the grave's short reign;
My body in the tomb may lie,
  I yet shall live again.

"IS IT NOT POETRY?"

Is it not poetry, when the young earth
  With its wild-flowers is sweetest, and the breeze
  Floats like a whispered music in the trees,
To hear the birds pour forth their strains of mirth?

To see, ere spring shall climb his palace towers,
Chaste flowers upspring—the firstborn of the earth.
When round his vernal altars, every birth
Gladdens the freshness of the rapid hours?

Is it not poetry to see all fair
And lovely things before the vision lie,
When there is not a gloomy tint upon the sky,
And not a breath of discord in the air?

To watch the starry fires ascend on high,—
To watch them at the silent midnight hour,
Till ray by ray they pour the mingled shower,
Of living glory o'er the quiet sky.

Is it not poetry, by some dark rock
To stand, and see the stainless waters flow,
Which streak with emerald sod their tracks below,
And spread their crystals o'er each jutting block?

To see each teeming wave that seeks the shore,
O'er bank and mound, in rage, so swiftly sweep,
As from their ridge the foamy masses leap,
And heights rebellow to their watery roar?

Now lost in darkling steeps, now issuing bright,
To leave their native fountains far behind,
'Tis poetry to see fair rivers wind,
Throughout deep glens, like long clear lines of light.

Standing beneath the universe of blue,
Is it not poetry of thought sublime,
To see the giant sun exulting climb
His hill of hills and blaze upon our view?

To see the radiant painted butterfly,
When countless summer groves delighted fling
Their richest fragrance round his restless wing,
Go fluttering beneath a glorious sun?

The rocks, the floods down gushing from their height,
The lofty clouds that veil the loftiest peaks,
Are these not poetry?—a love that speaks
Deep in the enthusiast bosom they delight?

Is there not poetry in the awful rage,
When in the solemn midnight loosed among
The mountain peaks dark clouds and whirlwinds
throng,
And earth and sky their Titan battles wage?

There's poetry where'er the eye is free
To wander heaven above, or earth below;
There's poetry where'er the wild flowers blow;
There's poetry beside the sounding sea.

To me the voice of wild-birds on the gale,
The bittern's scream, the curlew's far shrill note,
The whirring wings that o'er dark waters float,
And the night raven's cries along the vale;

To me the tempest's roll, the thunder's voice,
Are poetry all eloquent of power;
And in the storm at midnight's gloomy hour,
They bid my spirit kindle and rejoice.

A DAY IN GUNBY PARK, LINCOLNSHIRE.

(In December.)

The changing hours
Of autumn have fled;
The serèd leaves the ground o'erspread,
And vanished are the flowers.

Short is the day
And silent the glade,
The summer birds within the shade
Now sleep the hours away.

The glassy lake
No swallow dips in,
And from the sombre clouds is seen
To drop the flimsy flake.

No floweret tells
The birth of the spring,
But joy pervades the heart as ring
The merry Burgh bells.

That icebound are
The springs have no flow ;
The beck is blocked by frost and snow—
Nature's effectual bar.

The bee is gone,
And bare are the trees,
But Time, with his unchanging breeze,
Still bears us on and on.

But soon shall Spring
Reign over the earth,
And scenes anew be filled with mirth.
And warblers gaily sing.

As this month dies,
Another appears ;
So roll the months, so roll the years,
Alternate fall and rise.

The year's last breath
How soon will be drawn !
But who before the next shall dawn,
May close his eyes in death ?

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER" *(Hood).*

"I REMEMBER, I remember,"
Bright hours long passed away;
Yet how seldom I remember
The shadows of to-day.

"I remember, I remember,"
When all was dark around,
My heart, from some sweet memory,
An inward pleasure found.

"I remember, I remember,"
Bright visions of the past,
Nor care I for the troubled splendour,
Upon the present cast.

"I remember, I remember,"
The sorrows on my way,
When my path seemed midst the flowers
Of the long, long summer day.

"I remember, I remember,"
That when I forced a smile,
I felt the heart-pulse sinking
With some hidden woe the while.

"I remember, I remember,"
While in this world of fears,
I have not always done with grief
When I have done with tears.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

1859.

Though oft thou hast revealed
The ardent lover's sighs,
Thy seasons in their course
Have blasted many joys ;
They have of sorrow told,
And silenced much of mirth ;
We have some loved ones missed,
Who sat beside our hearth.

The seat is vacant now
That last year mother filled,
And many weeks have passed
Since father's voice was stilled,
A sister with them lay
Before a month had flown ;
To number with the dead
A brother, too, has gone.

Now France and Italy,
And Austria mourn their sons,
And we, in the far East,
Have lost some glorious ones.
How many homes there be
Throughout this happy land,
Where death hath not appeared—
A favoured household band.

Oh ! many are the friends,
Whose love and truth have cheered,
And blest the orphaned youth,
Since thy first light appeared :
A heart, a tongue, a hand,
Or sympathising ear,
Was lent to all their joy,
Their hope, their doubt and fear.

Though often shadows deep
Have deepened day by day,
Though cares and trials have long
Held on their torturing sway.
Yet hope a whisper breathed,
And threw a glowing ray,
Upon our troubled path,
To cheer our lonely way.

Though thou hast ruled us long,
Thou hast not night nor day
Forgotten once to give
While holding regal sway.
And quite around our world—
This wondrous circling ball.
Thou, with a fostering care,
Hast nursed and cherished all.

But now, yes, now, we deck
With mistletoe the hall,
While sprigs of evergreen
We hang around the wall.
So let our joys increase,
A New Year fills thy place,
When thou, the famed Old Year,
Shalt ever hide thy face.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Let gladness beam in every face,
Let voices ring and hearts beat high,
Another year has ta'en the place
Of that which recently flew by.
A Happy New Year to all
As happy as e'er can be,
May nothing of evil befal
Our country so blest and so free.

As kindness keeps the human heart,
As man exists midst want and grief,
So let each bravely do his part
To aid the wretched: time is brief.
A Happy New Year to all,
Who may have resolved to bend
An ear to the needy who call,
That poverty may in our cottages end.

Pray wipe remorseful tears away,
  Improve the hours —they fly so fast;
And let us learn this very day,
  A lesson from the sullied past,
A Happy New Year again,
  To those who have done amiss,
Last year may be marked with a stain,
  Avoid, pray, such conduct in this.

There is a balm for all our pain,
  And something still we feel is sweet—
Though for lost friends we sigh again,
  There is a place where all may meet.
A Happy New Year we say,
  To those who have sorrow known;
The year which did bring the sad day
  Hath into Eternity flown.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

January 1st, 1862.

Time will not stay, and on his way
  Hath turned another leaf;
He loudly calls—to each one calls—
  "Beware, the hours are brief."

The rugged road that we have trod,
Is overgrown with weeds ;
And many stains that book contains—
The record of our deeds.

As on the past our eyes we cast,
We view a blotted page ;
But wipe regretful tears, and let
Wise thoughts our hearts engage.

Hope upward springs, and poised on wings
Outspread she hovers near,
And fain would have our hearts be brave
Throughout the untried year.

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(My Mother died January 29th, 1837, and was buried in South Pool Churchyard, South Devon.)

Although my mother I never knew,
Where her sacred body lies
I pass not, beneath the aged yew,
But the tears bedim my eyes.
I sat me down in a small churchyard,
In a thoughtful, tristful mood,
Beside the spot, on the greenest sward,
Where my mother's headstone stood.

I know she lived with a faith unfeigned,
With intent to gain a seat,
And joined those spirits who long have reigned
At the blessèd Saviour's feet.
And what could give the insolvent earth
To reward her faith and love?
The meed of saints of heavenly worth
In reversion is held above.

She urged so steady a journey through
To the world of bliss above;
And thither, her boy may follow too,
And the Christian's triumphs prove.
In reverential and solemn words,
She breathed forth her ardent prayers,
That God, who motherless children guards,
In this world of sins and snares,

In wisdom's paths might her offspring guide,
His thoughts too in virtue's way,
That he might be at his mother's side
In that never-ending day.
It was never hers—the blest lot—to train
And protect her only child:
Death called, who never has called in vain;
She, obeying his summons smiled.

She left behind her an infant son,
And that infant son was I,
Without her care I a course must run,
But an angel-hand is nigh.
I view the spot in solemn awe,
For I love the honoured name,
My heart kept well to its throbbing law,
In my heart fast heavings came.

But hope within shone with beams so bright;
Faith, to mansions pointed, where
The disunited again unite,
And for aye reign glorying there.
I turned me from departed worth,
And a lingering look I gave.
I prayed—and pray—that when loosed from earth,
I might *live* beyond the grave.

What turbulent and chilling thoughts I have
While standing weeping o'er my mother's grave.
'Twas winter when they laid my mother here;
For she had passed away with the early year.
As the snow storm gathered its silent veil,
And the tempest came with its arrowy hail,
They laid the earth upon her gentle breast,
And gave her to the grave's long dreamless rest.

As years flew by, the time came on, at length,
When my loved parent's frame and woman strength
Began to fail, and Death—grim, ghastly Death,—
Came to deprive her of her fleeting breath ;
Awhile he hovered round the pillowed head ;
And closely watched beside her dying bed ;
Then poised the fatal dart with truest aim
At one whose corse he was about to claim :
And then, ah ! then was given the dread command
For terror's king to raise his steady hand
And strike full deep, at once, the fated mark,
And liberate from earth the vital spark.
'Twas not, when in her snowy shroud she lay,
My lot to kiss that cheek so cold as clay—
When she was called to gather up her feet,
Her babe was left the frowns of life to meet.
But as her body mouldered in the grave ;
God in His goodness, a step-mother gave ;
Who bade me turn from all the paths of sin,
And has to me a loving mother been.
Yet oft my mind by grief is clouded o'er,
As oft I think of her who is no more :
Who never fondled me upon her knee ;
Who died while I was yet in infancy ;
Who would have watched my footsteps with
delight,
Had she been spared to enjoy the pleasing sight ;
Who would, when I was in the prime of youth,
Have pointed out to me the way of truth ;

Who would have saved me from each troubling
wave,
But now, alas, I weep beside her grave!
Here, here, beneath a lofty yew-tree's gloom,
I strew bright flowers upon her silent tomb;
And oft upon this dreary solemn place,
To God in earnest prayer I turn my face,
And crave—that when in death I bow my head,
I may be numbered with the pious dead.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good night, to thee, love! though the winds may be
high,
And dark be the clouds that may sail through the sky,
And the waters may roar
On the tortuous shore,
And their howling be heard from afar;
Yet may no sad accent disturb thy sweet sleep,
And calm be thy slumbers, unbroken, and deep,
And soft as the summer days are.

Good-night to thee, mother! and may'st thou sleep
sound
Though sorrow and fear may our cottage surround;
And the world although fair,
Be so pregnant with care,

May no pain interrupt thy repose ;
No pang ever pierce thy compassionate breast,
No trouble or sadness disquiet thy rest,
Till morn brings that rest to a close.

Good-night to thee, father ; to sister, good-night !
May each of my brothers sleep on till the light
Of the morning shall call
Through the lattice so small,
To obedience, labour and love ;
Till this mundane sphere brings her watch to an end,
And amber-tinged rays with the starlight shall blend.
And the birds shall enliven the grove.

Good-night, unto all ; though uncertain is life—
As teaches experience—and dangers are rife,
May its Author once more,
With His wing as before,
His protection o'er each of us fling ;
And daily on earth let us praise Him for care,
That we may, when Death overtakes us, repair
To glory, His praises to sing.

LIFE IS A DREAM.

Life is a dream which is fading fast
For the blight is on the leaf;
The bud of Spring, which was seen, is past,
And the Summer's bloom was brief.

Life is a dream which is flitting by,
Like the Autumn's fruit that fall;
And the Winter stealing onward nigh
Will soon seal the doom of all.

Life is a dream, and a dream it seems,
To man, to fruit, and to flower;
Yea, life throughout is replete with dreams,
O'er which not a man has power.

Life is a dream, for the busy cares
Oft sink with declining day;
When the night her sable mantle wears,
And the heart owns Memory's sway.

But though this life may with visions teem,
And darkness may follow light,
Forsooth there's a life without a dream,
And a day without a night.

NOTTINGHAM.

Well built on hills the township stands,
With hills around it rising high,
Excepting where the meadow lands
Beside a river lie.

The Trent with lovely windings flows
By Nottingham with castle drest,
Its silver water onward goes
To swell the ocean's breast.

Of bricks and stones—a pleasing mass—
From factories and furnace fires,
From workshops thronged the eye can pass
To noble towers and spires.

The Trinity, St. Peter's, rise
With others to adorn the town,
But foremost in the picture lies
St. Mary's of renown.

And as embellishments appear,
Tall belching chimneys here and there,
And as above the roofs they rear,
Send vapour in the air.

The lumbering wains are rolling near,
The hammers make a clanking din,
The windlass clicks, and then we hear
The trains come screeching in.

May all her sons industrious be;
May peace in all her homes abound;
May they from luxury be free,
No vice in them be found.

AN ACROSTIC TO MY SISTER.

L OVELY now in youth's sweet beauty,
E ven life to thee is bliss;
A nxious hearts entwine around thee,
H appy, in thy happiness.

W ithering conflicts are before thee,
I n their victories may'st thou share;
L ife shall then burst forth in glory,
L ove shall be thy endless story
S weetest anthems meet thee there.

Impromptu in Bingham Churchyard, February 7th, 1860.

WHY ?

Why plant we flowers upon the turf
Of dear departed worth ?
Why grow they there, and sweetly shed
Their blossomed fragrance forth ?
Why watch they there hard by the dead
In sunshine and in showers ?
And why hang laurels o'er the grave
In Winter's blighting hours ?

Those speak of Faith, of Love, of Hope,
And Memory so deep ;
And tell us of those sacred forms
That long have ceased to weep.
And when afflictions cloud our path,
And we in sorrow bend,
These show how sweet the presence of
A never-failing friend.

THE MUTE GUARD.

They tell a tale of olden time,
In Scotland to this day,
About a band of roving Danes
That northward chanced to stray.
Wherever they could booty find,
They plundered here and there ;
They thought to seize a camp of Scots,
And take their country fair.
'Twas under cover of the night
These Danes so slowly crept,
And cautiously,—the watch heard not,
One would have thought it slept.
But close beside the camp there grew
A guard both stout and strong ;
Though deaf and dumb he was well armed,
And faithful had stood long.
When near the camp the foremost Dane
This guard was wounded by,
Which filled him with affright and pain—
He made a loud outcry.
The noise aroused the sleeping Scots,
When they, in self-defence,
Turned out to vanquish, and they drove
The Danes their country hence.

The Scots resolved their country's arms
The thistle should contain ;
And why it there should have a place,
Tradition makes it plain.
So let us take an active part
In fighting through this life ;
However humble let us have
A portion in the strife.
And let our motto, " Up and do,"
Be firmly held in hand,
Nor once forget our chiefest aim
Is by the truth to stand.
Then we shall an escutcheon wear,
That will for aye endure ;
For saints shall with archangels dwell,
In the blest land and pure.

THOUGHTS ON SUNSET.

How fair, how lovely to behold
Bright Sol approach the west,
His daily tale so nearly told
And sinking into rest.

Again he sinks, but sinks to rise
His glories to display,
For soon, far off, in other skies
He'll reign in perfect day.

O'er western hills recedes the sun
To cheer a distant scene ;
From eastern fields will rise the moon,
To gladden us, I ween.

Day's orb hath set, yet now we see
Its lingering golden beams ;
They loiter still, but soon will be
Replaced by fainter gleams.

Thus earthly joys in moving on,
Leave spells that long delay,
Till fades the last retiring one
In pleasures new away.

And as the hours ere mid of day
Become more bright and warm,
While every closely following ray
Assumes a placid form ;

So all our former years with hope
Are fraught ; but manhood's prime
Departs, and then in age we grope
Through eve to night of Time.

Yet many a glimmer in its course
Dwells on the edge of night,
Till, by deoppilative force,
Day bursts to cheer the sight.

So faith our earth to heaven may join,
The future and the past;
But that begun with beam divine
Eternally will last.

I see oft in the setting sun
Descending in the west,
A type of Christian labour done,
When saints retire to rest.

Those who are great in moral worth,
Who spread their light around,
In their departure from the earth
With brilliancy abound.

And virtue will, though it be fled,
Our vision re-illume,
When God shall call the pious dead
To joys beyond the tomb.

Then let us as through life we move,
Improve each passing hour,
That in old age we all my prove
Faith hath a living power.

For strength may fail, and eyes grow dim,
And care may make us bend;
Our souls with heavenly joys shall teem,
When sorrow finds an end.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

A GENERAL dreamt, but say, what was his dream—
Was he viewing his ranks strewed in gore ;
Or say, heaved his heart with torturous pain ?
Or say, gloomy visions danced over his brain ?
Or viewed he his parting from Gallia's shore ?

Or saw he our banners victoriously wave ?
Or Hibernia's sons firmly stand ?
Or thought of the stain that awaited the flower
And pride of proved France, and its safety and power ?
Or thought of the carnage at hand ?

No dismal dark picture before him was there,
For defeated the foe on the plains—
Wherever he turned his veerable eye—
He sees that before him they sweltering lie
In blood that has flown from their veins.

Whole squadrons, Britannic, retreating he sees,
They without any rallying fly,
And over them hangs a dark cloud of despair ;
But what is that sound which is rending the air,
Foretelling the battle is nigh ?

The roar of the cannon now bursts on the ear,
From the couch he now anxiously starts ;
That to his strong arms the foe surely must yield,
Though conscious, he seeks with sore bodings the field,
For Albion's sons have stout hearts.

The truth of the vision his troops prove awhile ;
As he looks on the plain from above,
The enemy seem as dry leaves to the wind ;
At first though successful he soon was chagrined,
So contrary dreams often prove.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Farewell to thee, my native land,
Where many happy days I spent ;
The joys of youth and riper years
To me are only lent.

Thy mountains watched me when I lay
An infant in my mother's arms ;
Thy murmuring waters soothed to rest,
And hushed all my alarms.

Thy forests cheered my early youth,
Thy sunny slopes and sparkling streams ;
And kind and gentle hearts in thee
First hailed my reason's beams.

May Summer's winds breathe softly o'er
Thy fields of fragrant bending corn;
May Autumn garlands round thee wreathe,
And thee with fruits adorn.

And brightly may the sun e'er shine
O'er England's every hill and dale,
And on each cotter's dwelling beam,
Within my native vale.

Now must I say to friends—"Good-bye!"
To parents whom I dearly love;
But Faith assures—"We part on earth,
But part no more above."

RUINS.

Written on Bolt Head while facing the remains of Salcombe Castle.

Once we aspired to touch the sky,
And drank in living light.
Oh would we were like stars on high,
Which beautify the night—
Which fret the spacious vault above—
Which nothing reck of change—
Which yet uninjured gaily move
Beyond Time's blasting range!

The winds and waves incessant sing
A mournful requiem ;
The storms sad mutilations bring—
We have been maimed by them.
Within our walls no soldier's voice,
Nor revelry is heard ;
Nor music sweet of anthems choice,
Naught but the hooting bird.
Destruction's pall is over us,
He hangs his drapery round ;
Since he our forms accoutres thus,
We bend us to the ground.
Though ivy whiskers o'er our jaws,
And flowers a beauty give,
Like men and things 'neath stubborn laws,
We're dying while we live.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Oh tell me not of days by-past
When much I left, I own,
That—that I could not do at last—
Will ever be undone ;

And then the hours I threw away,
Their number who can tell ?
I thought, as this another day
For good deeds is as well ;

And many actions plainly show'd,
And moments so misspent,
That I despised the time bestow'd,
Which makes me now repent.

But, tell me of those days gone by,
Those happy days of youth ;
Of infant days, when full was I
Of innocence and truth.

Of other days, when nought of care
My sprightly spirit knew,
When in my visits here and there,
I thought all men were true.

Pray, dwell not on the present, for
How much is there to do,
To aid the poor and helpless, or
To give to all their due.

And as I'm passing on through life,
My heart is full of care,
This world is but a scene of strife
Though it appears so fair.

But I the present may command,
Then let me never wait ;
Use well the time I have at hand,
And not procrastinate.

Though I am not from sorrow free,
And Satan may assail ;
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be,"
Are words which ne'er can fail.

God never will prove false to those
Who put their trust in Him,
When they are tried He will disclose
The path they best beseem.

Say nothing of the time to come,
When evil lies before,
When death shall enter my blest home,
Or scant may be my store.

Say naught about the silent tomb,
The solitude that's there ;
Say nothing of the pain and gloom
Eternity may bear.

Though foes surround my weary way,
I shall not strive in vain ;
If faith becomes my single stay,
The mount becomes a plain.

Pray tell me of the joys above,
In future I may know,
Where those that dwell in purest love
Are free from pain and woe.

Let angels guard my humble grave,
Around it sentry take ;
Sweet sleep I then and there shall have,
Till I in glory wake.

TO MY FATHER.

I SHOULD a wrong commit, if in this tome
I made not mention of thy name, for thou
Hast in my infancy with anxious eye
Beheld full oft thy first-born, motherless,
And proved a *father* to myself. Well I
Remember kindness at thy hands received,
And my fond memory thy sage advice
Retains. These words are thine :—"Joust not, my boy,
For station, for since in no position thou
Canst be, but thou of it may'st make the best.
If poverty should be thy lot, for thee
It may be better. Riches covet not.
Resist all evil with herculean strength ;
Remember that on every hand will the
Platoons of sin beset thee ; but be thou
Their foe titanic, and determine, by
God's strength and thine, to gain the victory.
In trial, seek the presence of thy God,
His love through life ; then, when the vital flame
To preen its lustre shall refuse, He will
Thy pangs becalm, and take thee to thy rest."

TO WILLIAM.

Has thy employer many servants? Try
To be his best. At all times *serve*, and let
His presence or his absence be alike
To thee, thus thou shalt have promotion. Learn
Obedience, and thou shalt rightly rule;
Those are the worst of tyrants who have not
Submission known.

With brother sons of toil
Love not to prate, for seldom jarring will
Improve a man's position: let each word
Be weighed, and none be harshly spoken, since
They indicate what is within the heart.

Be not that worshipper, the most sincere
When in the house of God, and yet no saint
At home. Be holy on the Sabbath, and
Continue so throughout the week. Let not
Thy prayers be merely words, nor cherish thoughts
Thou canst not place in prayer, or praise. As is
Thy heart, so will thy actions be: let no
Duality, no base affection lurk
Therein; watch it: let love stand sentinel
Against old hatred, purity against
Pollution, and humility against
The sin—which first God's wrath incurred—

Of pride; it may thy ruin prove if these
An entrance gain; and bear in mind he that
Hath alway virtuous been than him reclaimed
Is nobler.

Be no trifler on the beach
Of time; though *all* the boundary wave shall pass,
None are secure but who the gospel-ship
Have boarded.

Truly paint thy life, and let
The picture be such as thou canst inspect
Without a blush. Since earth the workshop is
Where each apprentice for a future life
Must labour, let thy tutor wisdom be.
Sow what thou wouldst reap; here nothing grows
By chance—the seeds of indolence no fruits
Of industry can yield. Remember thou
Thyself art under law where'er thou art
And whatsoe'er thou dost.

Desirest thou
A wife? Then let her commendations be
Domestication, prudence, industry
And virtue, love and piety. Avoid
The shameless woman who would cruelly
Entice thee from the path of virtue—drain
Thy wealth—thy prospects blast—disease thy
frame—

Give to thy ruddy youth decrepitude--
The springs of life let loose—drown thy strength—
Rob thee of innocence—thy character
Befoul—degrade thy nobler self, and lead
Thee down to death. Get wed, and early. Who
Can share thy sorrows, watch thy trade, and keep
Thy home as well as can a wife ?

If thou
On speculation's shifty sea would sail,
And safely, risk not all thou hast at once.
Let not thy argosy be freighted with
Thy fortune : wreck is ruin here ; a part
To stake is safer—for the loss is less
Though less the gain.

Since thou—and recently—
Hast left the fond parental roof, before
Thy mind keep constantly thy father's sage
Advice, thy mother's prayers and tears, and think
And speak well of thy childhood's peaceful home.

TO EDWIN.

Be careful of thy little actions : one
False step may lead thee wrong, and widely too.
Of trifles character consists. A rent,
However small, a costly garment may
Endanger : the first glass may lead thee on
To drunkenness : a boy's erst theft at home
The antecedent to the gallows prove :
A scratch, though slight, of festering may be
The sure forerunner : from a little hole
The hugest cask may empty : and a leak,
But tiny, may a giant argosy
Peril. An evil habit, once acquired,
Is not thrown off as easily as is
Thy coat. Shew me thy actions, I will tell
Thy age.

Would'st thou succeed in business ? Use
It well. Be energetic, prompt, upright.
Work by routine. Be persevering and
Industrious. Hate suretyships and debts.
Love punctuality. Be just in all
Thy charges, nor exact aught but thy due :
And let all thy accounts be true, nor twice
The self-same bill deliver. If thou hast
A borrowing neighbour lend him only what
Would not be missed if it were ne'er returned.

Spend no time foolishly: he who of time
Is careless oft will not for money reck.
Resolve to floor all obstacles, and let
Naught be too difficult, nor say "I can't;"
But rather say "I'll try." For profit thirst
Not; and no stranger trust, or warily:
Bad debts are not mere centaurs—much of gain
They cancel.

Choose thee for wife a kind,
A gentle, modest, loving pious girl.
Present her with a home no meaner than
Her father's. Let thy start be such as thou
Canst hold out to the end; sufficiency
Prefer to extravagence, and live beneath
Thy income. Parsimonious be, but
Not miserly—few misers die bewept.

Let not thy efforts be unworthy thee.
Resolve to do thy best. Uprightly walk
Before a closely critising world—
That reader close of man, and looks and ways—
For thy compeers will mark thy failings much
More truly than thy goodness. Live the right
And aim to be that guide, the impress of
Whose feet the good will tread upon without
A moment's hesitation. Let thy heart
O'erflow with purity and love. Thy day

And generation serve, and faithfully.
Let love—forgiving love for those who do
Thee wrong, and palliating love for those
Who may have fallen, grace thy heart.
Whene'er thou hast a chance alleviate
The misery of earth.

To profit spend
Thy evenings ; and, when thou canst, attend
The house of God, the institute, or read
And draw, and sing, and hold communion with
Thy family, rather than visit the
Card table, divan or the billiard room.
Love temperance ; and fly the poison cup
And tap-room crew.

In hours of trial, seek
The counsel of thy father, or the old :
Those who have lived the longest ought the best
To know mankind.

Look on the dial-plate
Of time, and see what there is chronicled
Against thee ; and remember ever that
In the store-room above are all thy past
Deeds safely housed, and in the Ledger placed.

TO LEAH.

Since thou dost relish reading, let thy books
Be few but good, and look them o'er and o'er.
Far better read full oft a priceless book
Than ope a vicious, silly, worthless one.
Books wield a mighty influence for good
Or ill. Let thine contain what must have cost
The mighty sons of mind immense research,
And be productions of the goodly great.
Peruse above all others, the Model-Book,
Not with a scholar's or a critic's eye,
But with a Christian mind and heart; and may
The Spirit be thy helper. There's thy soul's
True photograph, thy Saviour's likeness there.
The Bible study frequently, and gaze
Into that mirror lovingly and long.
That thou into Christ's glorious image may'st
Divinely be transformed.

Be holy, for
The heart is the propellor of the hands;
The purer it, the greater, nobler, will
Thy actions be. Be circumspect: the world's
Strict eye is on thee. Occupy the place
Of the departed good and great, nor bring
Discredit to thy chosen sphere.

Meet not,
Nor foster trouble. Look much more at friends
Than foes, and more at helps than hinderances;
Nor let the faults of others prove to thee
A stumbling-block.

Love liberality.
In what thou owest be not liberal.
The widow, fatherless, and poor, at all
Times help, and to afflicted brethren give.
But act as in the sight of the All-wise
Jehovah. Know'st thou a clinic? Go
Alleviate the sufferings of mankind.
In keeping gold, the poorer is a man;
In giving, richer; for the donor is
More largely bless'd than the recipient.

Love regal thoughts concerning God, or how
Canst thou love Him, or on His Word rely?
Have faith in Him? or His commands obey?

Do not procrastinate. The passing time
Only is thine; thy wisdom show by its
Improvement. On the shores of Time are seen
The traces of life's waves; and should its sea
Be stormy, buoy thy spirits up; and, in
The living present, do thy utmost. Hast
Thou oft in error been? So have we all:

Let sorrow crush thee not on that account,
Or thou would's stay Redemption's hand—there is
A Mediator for thy every fault.
The potent influence of days bygone,
And those to come, can only *now* be felt.
Look, then upon the dark future, not with
A human eye, but with an eye of faith,
Relying on that promise precious to
Tried man—"As is thy day thy strength shall be."
There is a Comforter who can, nay—will
Dispel thy fear, thy doubt; thy smoulderings
Of genuine repentance fan to a
Bright flame of Christian life, heal thee of sin
And sorrow's malady, and bless thee with
A living peace; then, with a clearer sight,
Shalt thou behold, and, with a bolder nerve
Await the issue of events.

Be not
Indifferent to virtue, neither to
Religion; show thyself with piety
In earnest. Live the Christian, and the same
Thou art assured to die.

TO JOHN.

Thou lovest exercise. Rise early, and
Be active through the day, for soon will night
O'ertake thy work and thee. Since time at most
Is but a winter'a day, a holocaust
To duty and improvement give thyself,
And willingly. Decide at once what course
Thou wilt pursue, and next resolve therein
T' achieve some purpose great. Since man was made
For labour, work—it is life's seasoning.
Since the unabrogated law—of toil
Thou'rt subject to, in indolence spend not
Thy days, for many wondrous things have wrought,
And for themselves secured a niche in fame's
Contracted temple by their enterprise
And ceaseless action.

Let thy doings be
Prefaced by prayer, and the Great Hearer will,
If long and faithfully thou livest, keep
Thee in thy good senility. Let "God
And myself" be thy watchword, then shalt thou
Act thaumaturgically in the eyes
Of idle ones—the sneak—the imbecile—
The weak and wicked who surround thee in
This world of hindrances.

When adverse winds
Prevail, thy back towards them turn, as do
The sheep and beasts, and keep thy place awhile.
The fiercer storms may rage the sooner they
Are o'er. And denser darker clouds portend—
The nearer is the sunshine. Put thy trust
In Providence. Adversity may oft
Betide thee ; Heaven will propitious be
When thou art quite prepared ; and for thy cares,
Thy trials and afflictions censure no
One but thyself.

If thou would'st study to
Advantage, solitude select ; and there
Think calmly. Thought will raise thee far above
Thy brethren ; weighty matters thou canst then
Decide by which a meaner man is foiled.
Write books of pithy thought, and full of that
Uncommon common-sense if thou art fond
Of authorship ; nor trust to patronage,
'Tis oft the crutch on which lame authors lean.
Woo'st thou renown ? be not impatient of
Success, nor take too long a stride ; the babe
Becomes a man, but not within a day ;
As things of earth mature but slowly, so,
In season due, thy place shall be to thee
Assigned. If life a platform be, on which
Each man must play his part, then play thine well.

Thy knowledge gain from out that best of books,
And there thy passport for Eternity
Obtain.

Hallow the Sabbath ; on that day
Pray let thy rest be *rest :* and when thou canst,
Thy brethren meet around thy father's hearth—
The type of that great gathering and rest
Before the throne of God.

SONNETS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

A FISHERMAN'S WIDOW.

I SEE her home ; and in a lonely room
I view her gazing on an empty chair—
On garments which her partner ne'er will wear.
How cold the darkness of that lone one's doom.
Her babes are fatherless. Warm gushing tears
Suffuse her face. Her stay is gone ; the sun
Is set, and by bereavement of that one
Are blighted now the hopes of future years ;
Her garments seem the livery of the tomb :
And those sweet children, that around her cling,
Like young birds nestling 'neath the parent wing,
Are clothed in sad attire ; her head in gloom
Is veiled, for deep the wound when asks her boy
" Is father drowned ? " and tears alone reply.

BEREAVEMENT: A MOTHER'S LOSS.

"Alas, my child! my care for thee is o'er,
Thy lovely face I shall behold no more.
That sun, that rose so pleasing to my sight,
Eclipsed by death, is set in darkest night.
My hope is crushed, but still I'll not despair,
But own the hand of God was present there.
My rose, though withered in this world of woe,
Is planted now where living waters flow.
Then why repine? it is a plant renowned,
By angels watered, and by Jesus owned.
What glad emotions fill my tender breast—
My little boy has entered into rest.
His happy spirit now has gained the shore,
Where pain and sorrow can disturb no more."

CHANGE.

Scan Nature's book, peruse each varied page,
And mark her constancy from age to age;
Successive generations rise and fall,
But she though changing keeps unchanged through all.
The morn first breaks—the orb of day appears,
And on his destined pathway pompous steers;
He lights the world; sends down his cheering rays,
Makes earth prolific and his homage pays;
Noon follows in the wake, then comes the eve,
And in his crimson car the sun takes leave.

The twilight blends sweet evening with the night,
And all seems rest till morn again sheds light.
Spring next appears with all her joyous train,
And Renovation acts her part again.

Stern Winter's clamour now is heard no more ;
Spring's genial air now stills the tempest's roar,
Her fragrance deluges the earth and air ;
She crowns the earth ; her pencil makes it fair.
She speaks of pleasures, bid us courage take ;
Drives frost away, and says to all "Awake ! "
She tells us all glad news and bids us gaze
On brighter though they be yet unborn days.
Renescent herbage clothes the numerous hills,
And with exultance all creation fills :
She sows her seeds, with blossom decks the trees,
And sports awhile upon the western breeze,
Then makes her exit, takes no further care,
But yields her charges to the Summer air.

CHILDHOOD.

Delighted on the village green to roam,
The blithesome urchin bent upon his play,
Regardless how the moments flee away,
Sports on until his mother calls him home.

What deep emotions now her bosom swell
While gazing on her healthy joyous child,
On whom his dying sire in sorrow smiled,
No tongue can picture and no language tell.
Oh ! is not childhood life's propitious spring ?
Its sky unclouded ? and its prospects bright ?
One morn of bliss that dreads no coming night ?
And joy delights flowers o'er its path to fling ?
Yes : but how soon experience and her train
Of cares and tears disturb its peaceful reign.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

What spot can with that home compare,
Where all is exquisitely fair ;
How oft will fancy's sportive wing
To us the home of boyhood bring !
How oft will memory's sacred urn
Sweet soothing thoughts of home return !
In weal or woe whate'er our lot,
Whether in palace or in cot,
So long as reason holds her throne—
So long as life keeps wearing on—
So long as joy the spirit feels—
Or time to us some grief reveals,
We think of home with loving pride,
More sacred than all spots beside.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

How slowly passes that man's life along
Whose weary frame long toilsome days distress,
Who nightly paints the wreck of happiness,
As roll the lagging hours in mournful song.
And should stern want compel his struggling mind
To learning's trackless, wide, and barren care,
Forsooth he cannot reap an harvest there,
Since he is but to dreams of misery confined.
For who with melancholy strain will lend
The weary thoughts to tales of ceaseless grief?
His gloomy mind cannot regain relief,
By making the despondent muse his friend.
Unpitying men disdain his tears and sighs;
And while they mock, he unregarded dies.

DREAMS.

Oft in our dreams, on some far distant shore,
Sadly we wander till a giant form,
That dimly rises through the deepening storm,
While night-winds howl, and sullen billows roar,
Roots us reluctant to the sea-washed strand;
Till sea, and shore, and moaning waves withdraw,
On our pale foe we gaze with breathless awe,
That shadowy barrier on the whitened sand.

And oft we fancy that an angel-guide
Leads us beside some stream which rolls below,
Eternal skies that with pure brightness glow,
And on through realms where holy saints reside.
Yet we breathe freely in the morning light,
When our own cottage-window cheers our sight

FALLAPIT, S. DEVON,

The Seat of W. Cubit, Esq., J.P.

I STAND before the old baronial hall
And view the lake, whose rippling waters lave
The level shore with but a tiny wave,
While down below the bubbling brooklets brawl.
In front, a wood, where pines too thickly crowd,
A velvet lawn between; behind, men load
The wains, the last along the dusty road
Proceeds, while reapers "Harvest Home" cry loud,
'Tis an autumnal noon where many fair
And lovely things before my vision lie;
No tints but glorious ones adorn the sky;
There is no breath of discord in the air;
Oh would I might my soul unto thee knit,
Since all here is so charming, Fallapit.

FAREWELL.

I know not why it is ; but 'tis to me
A mincing cold monotony—Adieu !
That foreign affectation seems to be
Less fond, less forcible, less good, less true,
Less sweet, less sad !—and yet less hopeful too,—
A solemn earnest hope !—that when do part
Two hearty English friends ; and gushing through
Their lips, those honest channels from each heart,—
Good-bye ! comes with a piercing thrill we feel
It is sincerity. I will not try
To mend my manners, better thoughts conceal ;
But in my rude, rough, hearty Saxon cry—
To scholars, mates, relations, friends, say I ;—
May God be with you all ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !

FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis charming to stray at the break of morn,
When health and fragrance on the winds are borne,
When cowslips and daisies the meads adorn,
And dew-drops spangle the points of the thorn ;
'Tis sweet when skylarks, high over the earth,
Carol their lays as gaily they ascend
Till they mock the weak sight, and their notes blend
With those of linnets that warble beneath ;

'Tis pleasant to roam through greenwoods at eve,
When Philomel her vespers has begun,
When the reflected rays of evening's sun
From streamlets bright fantastic figures weave;
But sweeter far to make a brother glad,
By some good tidings when his heart is sad.

GARIBALDI.

Hail manhood's champion, conquering chieftain hail!
Thy deeds have set thy country's children free—
Oppressed by conscience-stricken tyranny.
Before thee thrones fell down, and kings turned pale,
Before the terror of thy earthquake tread
All dastard wrong and despotism quailed
Their legions faltered and their armies failed—
The foe forsooth from freedom's falchion fled.
Sublime avenger of the injured past
Not Italy alone, but all the earth
The day that gave her liberator birth
Will bless, shall spread abroad renown so vast,
Shall hand thy praise to all posterity,
Nor let the fame of Garibaldi die!

HAZLEWOOD.

The Seat of the late Richard Peek, Esq., J.P., "the Devonshire Magistrate," and Founder of the Kingsbridge and Dodbrooke British Schools.

Again, amidst thy solitudes I rove,
Now where the odd and thatched-roofed hall hard by,
The flowers of richest hue allure my eye;
Now, where some antique oak, itself a grove,
Spreads its broad umbrage o'er the sunny glade;
Now, where clear Avon's banks with flowerets bloom;
Now, where the copse o'ershades with grateful gloom
The sunny slope; and now the lawn I tread,
While o'er thy scenes glide floods of minstrelsy
Like restless tides from a full-pouring sea.
Blest Hazlewood! once more thy down and dell
I leave, no longer midst thy smiles to roam;
Though nature's richest beauties in thee dwell,
I turn to meet the sweeter charms of home.

INDUSTRY.

Let Winter deal his unrelenting blast,
As on the angular and leaded panes,
Hard pelts the torrents of the winter rains,
And let him bind the riplet firm and fast;

Yea, let the moon be veiled, and all below
Look dull, when gives the hearth a cheerful blaze,
And round the crackling yule the flicker plays,
Though earth be coated with its garb of snow,
If industry, within, but guards the door,
Cold and his grim attendants stand aloof,
Scarce daring to intrude beneath the roof;
Though from without they sharp their missiles pour,
Defy he will their numbers and their power,
And still reign monarch of his ancient tower.

SLAPTON SANDS, START BAY; OR, NIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

From sunny slope and gleaming spire,
From verdant fields where flowerets bloom,
When silent groves are clothed in evening's gloom,
To sea-side scenes would I retire.
When sea-mews flutter round the mast,
Or wildest billows lash the rocks around;
Or shrieks the bittern, with a wailing sound
Like some death-cry, to the piercing blast:
Or when the moon full orb'd, with peaceful glow,
Silvers the flood or lonely height;
Or stillness lulls to rest; at night
I love to pace the shingle to and fro:
For me are charms upon the ocean shore,
In the sea's silence or its ceaseless roar.

OUR APPOINTED TIME.

Bound down to earth, the weary soul complains,
And struggles to escape ; panting, to rise,
And wing its way back to its native skies ;
But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns
Supreme, amid the light of ligths, sustains
Its fainting strength, and gives to life new ties,
To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies
A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.
Peace, weary one, thou hast a work to do,
Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,
And, having gained it, quit thy home no more,
Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,
Until all knowledge opens to thy view,
When life is love, and love is to adore.

Written on Portlemouth Hill, near the Mouth of the Kingsbridge Estuary, S. Devon.

On this enchanting height I love to stand,
" Where prospects please " the eye on every side,
Removed from scenes of luxury and pride,
And view the wonders of the happy land.
O'er verdant vales my fancy wings her flight ;
There, venerable trees before me rise,
There, lofty hills that bear the incumbent skies,
There, distant Kingsbridge strikes my ravished sight,

There, the broad estuary's glossy surface spreads,
There, Malborough's spire in airy state ascends ;
Below, in ruins, Salcombe castle bends,
And here gay flowerets wave their blushing heads ;
And ocean's accents fill the sounding shore,
While hollow rocks reverberate the roar.

POVERTY.

I.

At its approach fierce passion droops the head,
And lowly cowers, like corrected hound ;
While malice softens, in its trammels bound ;
Revenge forgets his victim has not bled ;
At its stern frown e'en long-proved friendship flies ;
Contempt stands by enraptured at its ills ;
Its icy touch love's ardent passion chills ;
And cold indifference turns away her eyes ;
Compassion flies agast, its withering mien
Chilling the source from whence she blandly flows ;
And charity recoiling may be seen
Leaving the groaning sufferer in his throes.
While gloomy horrors dance around the bed,
And grinning famine hovers o'er the head.

II.

It conquers where no other can subdue,
Cold heartless power, sister of Despair ;
In its embrace the brave, the wise, the fair,
Lose valour, wisdom, beauty's roseate hue—

Like withering branches on a broken tree,
Spots in the world condemned to infamy.
The good, the bad, the free, the slave unite
In common feeling trembling in its sight.
It need not fear intrusion near its fane,
From aught to stop its horrid sacrifice;
Its victims surely more than sons of vice,
Are shunned, though but the objects of disdain;
Its plague-spot brands them with a curse as plain
As stamped the features of the murderous Cain.

RESIGNATION.

Could I but tread again the turfy lea,
And skip as hitherto upon the plain,
Where once I wildly roamed in childhood's glee,
In health, and mirth, and happiness again,
Such a blest privilege I would dearly prize:
No more a prisoner on a lonely bed,
With what glad feelings I would instant rise
Once more the hills, and meads, and fields to tread.
But Heaven forbids I should such paths pursue,
For sore afflictions try me: sorrow pains;
To earth's sweet scenes I bid adieu,
For o'er my frame disease triumphant reigns.
Nevertheless, the cup I'll take, and hail
The rod, if victory close the mournful vale.

SEPARATION.

When parting friends exchange the fond adieu,
How dreadful is the thought of pain
That thrills the heart—we ne'er may meet again ;
As all we love are passing from our view.
Leave friendships here o'er mouldering clay to mourn,
Before we meet the silent grave may hold
The much-loved form our lingering arms unfold,
And the pale ghost we know not whither borne.
But sweetly smiling through the midst of tears,
Sweet Hope, best proof of God's forgiving love,
Foretaste of joys prepared for man above,
Whispers, "Re-union," in our ravished ears,
Sees answering rapture in the friendly face,
And springs exulting to the warm embrace.

SOCIAL GREETINGS.

Let others hail the early year, as springs
The loveliest, the blooming flower ;
Or hail, where deep woods paths embower,
The tints that gradual autumn warmly flings
Upon the leaves of quivering trees ;
Or when beats hard the roof the pelting rain,
And mournfully along the barren plain
Howls the bitter winter breeze :—

When scenes around are dipt in frozen dew,
And hang hoar trees of branching shade,
O'er lakes and streams of crystal made,
And wandering hail the towers of diamond hue.
I'll hail the time when friends long absent meet around
The social hearth and board, when mirth and joy abound

SUNSET.

The gorgeous splendours of the setting sun,
Whose course beyond the distant hills begun,
Now closing, sinking hills, woods, lakes, and streams,
Attest the potency of those bright beams,
Which, veiling Nature in a splendour not her own,
Proclaim the occupant of so divine a throne;
From whom all Nature has its birth;
In robes of loveliness he garnitures the earth.
The heavens behold, and catch the joyous song
Which softly echoes woods and dales among:
Borne upward by the spirit of the air,
An earthborn anthem to those temples fair;
Whose radiant glories to the gaze unfold
Like rocks of amber strewn o'er hills of gold.

THE BANKS OF THE DART.

DECEMBER, 1881.

WHEN on yon hills the shades of night descend,
And when faint streaks of glory gild the skies,
I love to walk and view with joyful eyes
The fair expanse, though far from every friend.
Cold blows the breeze across Dart's rippling wave;
The screaming sea-gulls sound their wild alarms,
Where Greenway, Sandridge, and Sharpham show their charms;
In summer lovely but in winter grave.
Long will I prize my country's fertile vales,
And groves though now deprived of gayest green;
When dear remembrance haunts each hallowed scene,
Joy speaks to me in all her whispering gales
Or when at eve I seek the breezy down,
Or valley fair, and leave the busy town.

THE SPIRITS OF THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

YE perfect spirits of the just! whose love
And truth like warmth and light once lived below,
Since ye have left life's vale in wintry woe,
Say where have ye taken your flight above?

The centre and the source of brightness all—
God hath withdrawn you near His heavenly throne,
As over yon high hills the setting sun
Recalls his beams when evening's shadows fall.
But there are many wistful eyes that find
A heavy loss in every parting ray;
And many long with you to fly away,
That yet remain as exiled souls behind.
Oh! happy hour when all shall be set free,
And shine around our glorious Deity!

"THY GOD REIGNETH."

When rippling rills from mountains leap,
And stormy winds o'er mountains sweep;
When lightnings dart down from the sky,
Or thunders roll along on high;
Or seas are heaving in their might,
Wave rolls on wave incessant, free,
When chasing the pale orb of night;
When hill, and dale, and flowery plain,
And river, rock, and field, and tree,
The hail, and snow, and frost, and rain,
The various tribes of living things,
On land, in air, or stream, or sea,
The soul with admiration fill,
They tell us—"God is reigning still."

TIME.

Since time itself will not a moment stay,
Since days, and years, and seasons, plainly show,
That man must to the grave's dark cavern go;
Since time on pinions swiftly hies away,
Since death's dread angel waits to close the day;
Since doomèd spirits deeds of guilt repent,
And vainly o'er their sad estate lament;
Since death the wicked bears to doom away:
Why not improve our moments as they fly?
Why stand we careless on the awful brink
Of endless woe, as if intent to sink?
And why not live as beings born to die?
That hope of heaven we never may deplore,
When flown for ever, to be known no more.

TO A DAISY.

Sweet flower! how slender is thy form,
Though numerous plants and sturdier may bow
In death beneath the tempest's savage blow,
While o'er them sweep the ruthless storm,
The gayest tenant of the plain
Thou art submissive, and in pensive guise,
Uninjured by the gale shalt rise,
And still in innocence shalt reign.

The Christian's breast thus trembles, when by sin
Assailed, but when the blast is o'er,
As tranquil settles as before—
Because a Father's hand was present in
The strife ; but the proud heart no peace shall find ;
There is no refuge for a wicked mind.

TOTNES.

Each Saturday its spacious market-place
Is richly fraught with butter, fowl and fish ;
And vended are such wares as town could wish,
Where rural nymphs display the comely face.
With grey-clothed millers near the 'Commercial' door,
In honest garb the jocund farmers meet :
They ascertain the current price of wheat,
And consequently sell or keep their store.
The various fairs for cattle or for sport,
To wealth conducive are, trade freely flows ;
With rapture gazing on the various shows
How oft the well-clad rustic there resort.
Long may kind hearts abound in this sweet place,
And may this cheerful town increase apace !

THE VALE.

Where lonesome woodlands make a solitude,
A cottage cheers the spot hid in the dale,
And youth and beauty bloom within the vale,
Where nature's unchecked scenes form prospects rude.
As lambs go sporting wild the shades among
So roam the children free within the vale,
Fresh as the morn, ere noontide heats prevail,
O'er hills and hedges, innocent and young.
Though riches may with some abound, and wealth,
I firmly would their pride and wealth disdain,
And with my humble hopes cease to complain—
Those blessings are inferior far to health:
Fools fancy riches give enjoyment here,
And importune the gods with fruitless prayer.

ON WESLEY.

As tender mothers watch with constant care,
Their infants, and pursue the steps which rove;
As from above the heavenly guardians wait,
To snatch their sacred charge from sudden fate,
So with that ardour did his piercing view
Truth follow, every maze of nature through.
To God devoted and the world, his breast,
With Heaven's own loveliest image was imprest;

Like his unchanging goodness unconfined,
With one fond wish his soul embraced mankind ;
For them his time and cares were all employed ;
He felt their sorrows and their bliss enjoyed.
Absorbed in one thus all his virtues were,
Self-sacrificing, saintly, suffering love.

WINTER.

I.

Long, long the winds have bustled round us bleak
Paling the roses on the healthful cheek.
Where dimly visible through the dusky air
The city rears its glittering crescents rare,
The pride of beauty pants the soul away
For the green hills, blue heavens, and valleys gay :
There meagre poverty sits desolate,
Wrapt in cold rays, beside the blackened grate ;
And there in driving rains and hissing sleets ;
While far upon the hills the shepherd's hut
Is fireless, cold, and desolate and shut.
No more upon the echoing crags his feet
Shall bound, whose frozen heart has ceased to beat.

II.

The wind is howling through the distant woods,
Boreas summons all his hosts to war,
They crowding, follow his triumphal car,
From frigid earth and skies, and ice-bound floods.

The rattling clangour of the driving hail,
The hoarse resonance of his bugle call,
The hissing surf around his frozen hall,
His weird battalions cased in icy mail,
Resound his praise and laugh with fiendish glee ;
He boasts his desert realm without compeer,
While pointing southward with his glittering spear,
Proclaiming the quivering attributes to fear,
And gloats o'er sorrows of the dying year.

IMPROMPTU: RIOT IN A CHURCH.

(St. George's-in-the-East.)

Although the Pastor's voice was strained,
A maddened people's calls
And shouts and yells seemed all that reigned
Within the sacred walls.
Oh ! what a sad reproach, that in
The midst of Gospel light,
There should appear so vile a scene—
So terrible a sight.

The Sabbath is a day for love,
For peace, and—not for strife ;
That men of toil might rise above
The busy things of life.

In that and holy temples all,
May ne'er the like occur ;
But man before Jehovah fall,
A truthful worshipper.

Throughout this Christian land, may more
Of pure religion grow ;
May God on man His blessings pour,
All grace to man bestow.
Then Earth shall prove a paradise,
And Peace be on the whole ;
Then Truth shall reign without disguise,
And love shall fill the soul.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

(Brixham, S. Devon.)

At sunset's hour on an eve in Spring,
I sat me down to think ;
I vainly wished that my heart could sing,
As softly plaintive poured the evening wind,
O'er hill and dale his mournful tone—
Much like to melodies of days bygone—
To still my sad and sorrowing mind,
Reclining there on the greenest sward,
Within a small churchyard,
I felt my spirit sink.

Earth in her course swiftly onward rolled,
And darkness veiled the sky ;
The muttering winds next a storm foretold
And gloomy night came on with awful hour.
While sitting there my courage fled :
The blackened clouds had centred o'er my head ;
Each blast drove fast the furious shower,
And from the level but distant shore
I heard the waters roar,
Which presaged danger nigh.

The lightning flared ; the thunder roared ;
But it was no surprise—
Anon the sound of each clap was lowered,
And with the last faint flash it passed away.
The clouds dispersed ; the moon shone bright,
The sky became serene, and calm the night ;
The light appeared as that of day :
On grass and leaflet the moon-beams smiled,
And the changed scene beguiled
My heart, and charmed my eyes.

Entranced—while gathered the clouds again,—
And sitting with the dead,
I thought of those whose long life of pain,
Of sorrow, care, of fear, of sickness, woe,
With blinded labour, peace, and love,
And joy, were ended here ; but who above

Have entered into rest. To go
From earth their fate, but a crown to wear—
More glorious than here
Could grace a mortal's head.

The silent tomb is a darkling path,
Which leads to worlds unknown ;
A night without a bright star it hath,
And through its darkness keeps in custody
The body, with stern conquering Death
Laid low—slain by the potence of his breath,
And led into captivity,
But silence, gloom, and the cold intense,
And grave's habiliments
'Twill soon no longer own.

The tongue is gone, and the lips are still,
Employed however well ;
No longer shall that fixed organ shrill,
The language of an earthly nation speak.
The feet no path of pity tread ;
To want no more the hands unclasp. Our Head
Will bring each benefactor meek
To tread His courts, there to sing His praise,
To see His glorious face,
And in His sight to dwell.

Happy indeed is the eternal lot
  Of those who wisdom knew ;
Who heeded all the good lessons taught,
That only loving, faithful, parents teach,
  By praise or censure of the tongue,
  To lead their charges, Virtue's paths along.
To train the plants till they shall reach
To full perfection, and guard the bloom
And fruit, till it shall come
  To perfect ripeness too.

Whose days were cheered by a heaven-born faith,
  That gilt Life's toilsome way,
Till Heaven decreed they should rest in death ;
Their spirits to their sources upward fled,
  Will live beneath the purest sky
  Where light of star, nor moon, nor sun is nigh ;
For there the Lamb who freely bled.
Is the sole orb of refulgent light :—
Will ever in His sight
  Spend an eternal day.

SOW AND REAP.

Lines written to a South Notts Farmer (Mr. T. Whitaker, Balderton, Newark).

No skill in husbandry can weed
Our earth of all the ills which throng
The fields; yet may we sow the seed
Of honest thrift among:
Not with the stoic's pride which kills
The sense of pain it cannot cure;
But with the better heart that wills
To suffer and endure.

Though the same freshening dews of night,
The same soft influence of morn,
Bring forth the trailing parasite,
And its sustaining corn.
Work, work with steadfast hope and hand.
Yoke goodwill to the sturdy plough;
Cut deep the furrow through the land,
And high the ridges throw.

And while through all the rich-lade land
The eager mower stately walks,
And while the busy binder's hand
Takes of the crispy stalks;
And while unnumbered golden sheaves
In long and dotted lines appear,
Remember patient toil receives
The first-fruits of the year.

Say not—to-day is made for mirth ;
For vain regrets await the morrow ;
And yesterday the teeming earth
Received the seeds of sorrow.
Work ; increase shall thy labours crown,
And joy bring in thy harvest-home ;
And faint not should thy fortunes frown,
Thy harvest is to come.

CONTENTMENT.

Be content with thy lot, though lowly thy cot,
Nor murmur while health you enjoy ;
For the rich cannot gain preventives to pain,
Though never accustomed to cloy.

For the pleasures of life are mingled with strife,
And flow in the current of care ;
Or like dreams of the night, soon take to their flight—
The mind scarcely knows they were there.

'Tis not always the case, so smiling a face
Betokens so happy a heart ;
While the visage may smirk, yet sorrow may work,
And give to the spirit a smart.

Since so many there are, though humble their fare,
Who are happy throughout the long day ;
Though their friends seldom come and visit their home,
Thou may'st be as cheerful as they.

THE WAR IN ITALY, 1858.

O DREADFUL war! that monstrous pest,
With scenes of woe, distress and pain,
Which shrouds the beaming heaven's breast
Affrights the world again.
Upon the far-ensanguined plain
The congregated nations meet,
Their polished armour there to slain
In crimson tide at Alpine feet,
That dread unwelcome dins of strife the ear may greet.

Let nature mourn, and every heart
That beats with tender feeling grieve;
Let every creature take a part,
Let tears their fountains leave.
E'en commerce trembles to receive
Advances of the fiery tide:
So hands the poisoned shaft should heave
No more towards the beauteous side
Of sweet prosperity its downfall to decide.

Though mountains gladly raise
Their heights towards the azure skies,
And little birds oft warble lays
Like songs of dreams, which rise
From orange groves, where rich supplies

Of fragrance fills Italian air,
And Po its crystal water hies
On to the ocean ; yet e'en there
Are scenes dissimilar of fierce and fearful war.

Of curses all it is the curse,
Of all calamities most dire,
No mad destruction is there worse,
Nor devastating fire !
Again the blood-stained banner's spire
Is seen unfurled, and every fold
In lurid purple waves the higher.
The darkest night of nights behold :
For ruin, horror, death and hell together mould.

All Europe now appears ablaze
With warlike demonstrations, for
The Czar and Prussians on the gaze
Are growling ; we infer
They mean preparing for a stir ;
The troops of Francis Joseph teaze
The so-called " Great Deliverer,"
Who hopes to free the Piedmontese
With Victor's aid, which England with suspicion sees.

The lion paces to and fro
With shaking mane and angry eye,
To strike a strong decisive blow
In days expected nigh.

O, England dear, thy dignity
Uphold till justice to mankind
Requires thine aid ; then quickly try
Thy power, thy bravery, skill combined,
And sway great destines, as Tyrant foes would find.

THE TATTLER.

Who is oft mischief-making found,
And causing anger to abound
Where village pleasures might go round ?
The Tattler.

Who takes a sad degrading part,
And makes another's bosom smart,
By planting hate within the heart ?
The Tattler.

Who would have you believe him true,
And adds, while telling something new,
"I've mentioned it to none but you ?"
The Tattler.

Who, having such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales, would say—
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray ?"
The Tattler.

Who, having such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales, would say—
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray?"
The tattler.

Who seems to take one's part—but when
The tale is told, unkindly then,
Soon retells more than told again?
The tattler.

Who straight unto your neighbour goes,
Disclosing everything he knows,
Thus turning friends to bitter foes?
The tattler.

Who, bearing tales from door to door,
Where quietness had reigned before,
Would have all pining for his store?
The tattler.

Where peace should rule the ways of life,
Who sowed the poisonous seeds of strife,
Where now grow angry feelings rife?
The tattler.

Who cannot let one scandal die,
From house to house would have it fly,
And mouth it with a treacherous sigh?
The tattler.

Ye who would put all prating down,
Pray, on his conduct ever frown,
That ye may drive from every town,
The tattler.

All ye who prize peace, joy, and love,
At once his story disapprove,
That ye may far away remove
The tattler.

May trust and friendship aye increase ;
The tattler's base dominion cease ;
And all the world be ruled in peace !

TO AN HONEYSUCKLE.

(In Burgh Hall Gardens.)

Honeysuckle, woodbine fair,
Shedding fragrance on the air ;
In thy beauty thou dost grow,
Here, as in the hedge's row—
Turned, and bent, and twisted wry,
Thou art here to beautify

How I love thee, lovely flower !
In " my lady's " choicest bower,
Thou thy home hast made, and there
Sweetenest the morning air,
Sweetenest the evening hour,
When she seeks thy fragrant bower.

Oft the baronet* has sped
To thee, with uncovered head,
To thee, while the evening breeze
Loitered yet among the trees,
And he sat him under thee
To inhale thy fragrancy.

There so proudly thou dost grow,
While the daisies bloom below,
And thou bendest forth to them.
Bending low thy diadem ;
Figure of the good and great,
Who relax their lofty state,

Their magnificence and pride,
To the lowly by their side.
Type of constant friend art thou ;
If misfortune I should know,
Such a friend would I desire,
True and who would never tire.

AVARICE.

What woes, what crimes do come of avarice.—
Accursed and forbade of God to man.—
That masters holier love in human hearts !
Time was in Eden—oh ! the happy time—

*The late Rev. Sir George William Craufurd, Bart.

When the unfallen parents of our race
Did barter fruits and flowers, for looks and smiles
And soft low words of thankfulness and joy!
Time was, again—again a happy time—
When o'er the unhedged meadows of the land,
The patriarchal shepherd led his flocks!
And time appeared again—a happy time—
When, from his garnered superfluity,
Man trafficked for his need. Time was, again—
A happy time no more—when lust of gold,
And earthly power, and greed inordinate,
And avarice adjudged of others' goods,
And envy of their love and peace and joy,
Filled up the measure of the ancient curse
Setting man's hand against his brother man!
Then hate and fear were born, and violence,
The progeny of Cain; and men were brought
To sudden peril, death, and risk of soul.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The night is calm and mild; the morn unclouded, full and clear;
In all their beauteous shapes and hues, the distant hills appear;
And here, on such a night may roam the bard and loving pair,
And feel that they have gained the goal of bliss beyond compare.

How beautiful and grand is all around, above, below!—
The all-encircling ether high above the river's flow,—
The cliffs,—the wood that grows in gladness to be gazed upon —
And countless happy homes that glitter in the setting sun.

As if afraid to break the dream of beauty comes the tide,
And on from bend to bend in silent rapture seems to glide!
And on that flowing stream which sparkles like a moonlit sea,
Is wearing here and there the changing shadow of a tree.

Its bounding, ponderous chains, that cross the Severn's chiefest arm,
Shall dare the rust of time, and battle every giant storm.
Some streams their valleys mar, and sweep the bridges to the sea;
The highest flood may come, this bridge will still uninjured be.

This bridge so proudly stands, with pillars heaped on either side,
Exhibiting the builder's skill, and the inventor's pride;
And as it spreads from side to side to form a path for man,
It heaves its breast above the tide, exulting in its span.

THE BRIDE.

Who was it, on the nuptial day,
When friends were in their best array,
Met all with heart and face so gay?
The bride.

Who, leaving home and kindred dear,
Was seen to drop a glistening tear,
Though he, who claimed her love, was near?
The bride.

Who, as a slight blush o'er her spread,
Went with blithe look and lightsome tread,
When to the bridegroom she was led?
The bride.

Who vowed to love till life should end,
Nor faltering made that vow ascend,
As she did at the altar bend?
The bride.

Who was it felt so much of bliss,
When she received the nuptial kiss,
From him who that day called her his?
The bride.

Who was it, with her husband kind,
Had left her girlhood's home behind,
Another blissful home to find?
The wife.

ADDRESS TO SECOND LOVE.

Whene'er I fix my eyes on thee,
My heart is chilled with care ;
I think of one who proved to be
As false as thou art fair !
'Tis past, and wherefore should I grieve ?
A fairer form art thou ;
And fain would my fond heart believe
It had not loved till now.

Yet, yet in vain against a whirl
Of passions strong I strove ;
Though nought to man should be the girl
Who scorned his boyhood's love.
The passion wild, and—wild the tale
That spoke my feelings, yet
To shadowy hopes, and thoughts as frail,
I turn with fond regret.

Then think not that I love thee less,
E'en though the sigh may start
And choke our kiss ; thy worthiness
Is dear unto my heart.
I never could prove false to thee,
By any chance or choice ;
But feeling love's sincerity,
We will henceforth rejoice.

FLOWERS.

In life's young morn, when all is fair,
Serene the sky, and calm the air,
The future we defy ;
This world is then a sunny ground,
O'er which our joyous spirits bound
In youthful ecstacy.

In bowers where rose and eglantine
So sweetly breathe, and fondly twine,
And zephyrs softly sigh,
We well could dream our hours away,
And fancy life a summer's day—
Or but a cloudless sky.

But soon, alas ! those bright hours go,
And all our much-prized flowerets too
Lie withered by our side ;
The leaves amid whose green retreat
The summer breezes wantoned sweet,
At noon or eventide,

Lie shrivelled, dead, and tempest tost,
Their verdure fled, their beauty lost :
How doth the spirit yearn
O'er the changed scene ! yet may we not,
If thoughtful we approach the spot,
Some useful lessons learn.

That without flowers our life might be
A dreary vale of misery,
A prospect sad to view;
That earth's gay scenes so quickly fly,
Tht roses only bloom to die,
And man is mortal too.

GATHERED FLOWERS.

I PLUCKED one day some beauteous buds
Of lovely flowers that grew;
I scaled the mount, I searched the woods,
For flowers of every hue:
Those pretty buds, I loved them well,
Of violet, daisy, and blue-bell.

When waved their leaves the giant trees,
And gentle breezes played,
And larks sang touching melodies
As upward far they strayed,
I plucked them by the sounding sea,
Or 'neath the ivy-circled tree.

And when amid the scented hay
I heard the mower's song,
And when the winds so wont to stray,
Bore village chimes along,
I gathered them so pure and bright.
When changed the day to gloom of night.

And in the sunshine and in gloom,
At eve and at sunrise,
I daily watched to see them bloom—
To see them ope their eyes,
So anxious were my hopes and fears
I daily watered them with tears.

KISSING IN DEVONSHIRE.

A Reading in the Devonshire Dialect.

TO MY KUZZEN IN ZARVICE.

Dear Polly,—I thort I weed jist drap'e tu or dree lines givin 'e a vew idees that 'ave cum athirt my mind lately, and almost drawve me mazed. Vir tell 'e the truth the subject is wan of girt moment.

I 'ave vound it a most interestin' stiddy that of tracing the history of curious old customs in various counties, and this wan is undoubtedly of the girtest antiquity, though I can't trace its origin vuther back than Adam. I du hop it may be continneyed, and that the levellin' influences of civilization will not obliterate local peculiarities and customs, and dra our vokes, dress, &c., down tu a dreaded level of uniformity.

A vew days agone, a passon lent me a scrap of paper chock vull of smal print, an all about "Kissin' in Cornwall." It zot me thinkin', vir I knawed our Devonshire gels weed lick their neighbours intu vits

in thickey perticler ; 'es vay they weed. Vir if any poor zawl, in traapessin' about from place tu place as I 'ave din weed but keep his eyes oppen he weed be sure tu see a girt variety of custom in different localities. I 'ave made notes of the vollowin' peculiarities in regard tu kissin' in zeveral parts of our lovely county.

Tatnes gels keep still till they be well kissed, an' then zay, "I think you ort tu be ashamed." At Tarkay the ladies recayve a zalute with Christian maykness, and vollow the Scriptur rule—when kissed on wan cheek they turn the other also. The Kingsbridge gel acts decidedly on the "give an' teck" principle, and objects to be under any obligation. Exter gels when kissed zay, "Weed'nt it be pirty tu be kissed by a Cockney in our awn zity" ; but a Slappon maid would slap 'e in the vace an zay, "Let's 'ave none o' your crams."

A Barnstaple gel when kissed shutes her eyes in extasy an duzzen oppen 'em ageen until the process sayces ; while a Blackawton maid puts on a black luke an' rins away. A Plymouth gel on being kissed tu wance proposes a walk on the Hoe ; but when a Tavistock gel is kissed she smiles, blishes, and says nort.

When a Zalcum gel be kissed she smiles, zimpers, puts on her bonnet an' shawl, an' proposes a walk down along the Zouth Zands an' up along tu Bolt

Head tu 'ave a dish o' tay, clatted crayme, an' uther nice zaysonable things by the zay-side.

A Tinmuth gel, when you be kissin' her, vals intu yer arms an' sighs aloud—"Oh, how nice!" A Dawlish gel zays, "Now, if you go on kissin' me 'ma' will yer, but if I make the gate crayk kiss me then, and she'll not knaw the difference ty-na-by.

The Dartymuth gels du not object tu occasional zalutes vrom zailor friends an' country Jahns. A Madbury maid insists upon givin' a return arter four kisses; but a Brixham gel stares 'e in the vace an zays, "Bant 'e gwain ta give me wan awver?" The gels at Kingswear 'steed of presenting their lips invariably turn their 'ades an' hold out the left cheek, zo that kissin' even shill be "all wan zide like Kingswear"; while a Ditzum maid will insist on bein' kissed plum on the right cheek, an' the more plums the better.

The Marber gels will only be kissed in the munelight, an' vrom thickey circumstance, or that the men in the parish must 'ave at wan time been munerakers, the villagers are cahled, "Marber munes." Newton gels teck a kiss as wan of the inevitables of life, as kude 'e but zee um an yer the smackers zo awfen given at Abbot, Bushel, St. Cyres (I mayne Size Newton), St. Petrock, Ferrers, Popplever, or Tracey, yude zay they were virm believers in the proverb—"There's nort new under the zin."

As there be loads of young varmers round

Murchinton an zo vew maidens, the latter don't think murch tu kissin' vir they git as gude a share as any gels in the kinndom. Kerton (I shude say Crediton) gels like thuse at Kingsbridge whant take a kiss on credit; and thuse at Eshburton and Payhembury will zumetimes vorestall their lovers, an pay avore they recayve; but a maid at Cappon on the cap o' the hill, weed I warn 'e cap the lot, for her's nivver satisfied.

In atteмptin' to kiss
A Kingskerswell miss
She weed rear herself up an' shaw'e her vist,
Luke highly indignant and if you persist,
Why then, tho' 'tis shockin', I spose I must tell,
She weed as the name is, like "kings-cuss-well;"
But a maiden at Ubber
Commences to blubber
An' kicks up a shindy, and cahls 'e "lubber."

A Buckvasleech gal weed cling vast tu'e on being kissed; but an Axminster gel will only submit to be kissed arter you 'ave axed her twice; while if you attempted zich liberties with an Awton-Giffer maid her'd tell'e "You did'nt awten tu," yet like thuse at Tricombe, who zay "Us don't like 'em," her takes care not to reyfuse.

At Cookbury the girls must be kissed in a coopery, and at Beaworthy they be vond of a spot where 'tis bowery. A person must be sober when kissing thuse at Rober, and zo with thuse at Pankrey's Wick, or he'll stand a chance of having a kick. You must not dilly-dally with the girls at Challey,

and at Strait you must act straight and proper, vir like thuse at Hitchleigh, they hate any hitch in zich bizzens. I don't belayve that at Shebber the girls kiss nebber, nor that at Stockintenny they don't get any, but I am told that at Langry they make-wise to be angry, and at Pirey that they git quite virey. At Hole the maidens go in vir kissin' wance a year at laist, nor be'em virgotten at the ram-roastin' faist. The nymphs of Nymet Rowland can't bear to be slighted, and thuse at Wemery desire a place in wan's memory. At Widecombe-in-the-Moor the young ladies prefer being kissed in company, and the more in number, the merrier the band.

A Drewston gel when kissed pays a night visit tu zum nayberin' Druidical remains, zum ancient inscription on which be zed to 'ave a talismanic power in iflnuencin' her drayms and destiny; while a Honiton maid arter bein' well kissed spends a whole night in raydin' interesting portions within the forrels of her prayer-buke, and the next day repairs to St. Margaret's Chapel, where by means of a vision she is supposed to ascertain if 'twill layd to matrimony.

The gels at Westward Ho! when kissed by surprise, cahl out, "Oh, my! who done it?" But try it on with an Appledore dumman and she'll capsize your apple-cart in a minute; while with gels at Welcome an' Ilfracombe kissin' be as "welcome as the flowers in May."

A Morchard Bishop maid on being kissed proposes a stroll in the orchit, or a whalk awver long on the Kerton road; but the gels at Hatherleigh and Lew weed ratherly be kissed lew in the chimley corner; an' Hoodland gels are pertickler not tu be kissed by any but brave boys

An' now, dear Polly, I must conclude this pirty long letter, by givin' 'e a topper tu vinish wi, an' its about a Topzum gel who weed'nt be kissed at any price. Zo belayve me tu remayne,

Your affectionit kuzzen,

Silas Wellum.

P.S.—An' now Polly, vir this Topzum maid. She went into a draper's shop an' axed the young counter-jumper, who waz a bit o' a spuney, the price of zum calico, when he zed, "Only wan kiss per yard, miss;" and she tu wance replied, "Well then, I'll take zix yards, and granny 'ull pay'e zir."

THE CATOR CATS,

(Widecombe-in-the-Moor, Devon).

To the Editor ov "The Western Daily Mercury."

Zir,

I thort I weed jist drap 'e tu or dree lines, an' if you'll be zo gude as tu let me 'ave a smal space in your paper ov nex Vriday or Zatterday 'twill give me girt pleasure tu reylate the perticlers ov a circum-

stance which 'appened in our parish a vew days agone, an' which will no doubt plays not a vew ov your many rayders. I, therevore, du hop you will kindly inzert it; vir tell 'e the truth, thuse be most excitin' times here, jist avore the election, an' ivverybody's 'ade seems tu be chock vull ov politics vrom the labourin' man tu the 'squire an' the passon, who be as reddy tu rish intu print tu dayvend the Tories as tu luke arter the cure ov poor zauls, while zo much 'as cum athirt his mind lately an' almost drawve un mazed that vokes zey 'e 'ath 'Arris on the brain. Most ov us have yeared about the Tory kittens becoming Liberal by 'avin' their eyes oppened; but my lidden, which shall begin tu wance, is about zum cats. Wan day last week, a man in trade at Eshburton 'avin yeared that all the cats at Cater Curt war Canzarvatives and nearly dark, zo that they kude'nt zee tu ketch any mice, zed it was a thousand pittes, an' he weed zend his awn cat, which was a thumpin', young, black-an'-white Liberal Tommy, an' meck a present o'an tu the 'Squire, 'ees vay 'e weed, vir 'e knawed it wid impruve the breed. Zo a leet odds ov ten o'clock wan vorenune, thickey traadesman's zin, who is a dapster tu car on a game, drawve out ov town in the trap teckin' the veritable Tommy wi'un, tied up in a beg, zo as he sheed'nt vind 'ees way back agin, vir they 'ave a sight ov Liberal cats at Eshburton. He zune rayched Buckland, where 'e zeed a

varmer vriend dreggin a moot out o' the age by the maurs, an' who axed un "What be gwain tu du with thickey cat?" an' he replied, "Vather zeys I must teck un up tu Cator, tu impruve the breed ov the Squire's cats, as us be told they be all Tories, an' kin 'ardly zee." "You need'nt go vuther wi' un my boy, vir we 'ave lots ov sich cats in this parish, an' a Liberal strain weed du um a world o' gude; but if you whant layve un, du 'e axe the 'Squire tu zend us zum ov the kittens awver to Buckland." When passin by Cockanvord Mill a clodhopper or tu were very inquisitive as tu what was tu be din wi' the noisy cat; an' as zune as they knawed, they laughed vit tu split, an' wan ov 'em zed, "I warn 'e the boy is tellin' a straight vorrids tale, vir thuse cats up tu Cator be other dark in wan eye or both, an' its high time there was a vresh breed in thickey part ov the parish, kause up there I tell 'e ivverything be Tory, layve alone cats, zo that I 'ave'nt patience wi' sich crams." When the boy got inside the grounds and home by the girt house, he turned round the puggen end ov the linney niest tu the peg's-loose, an' zaw zumbody standing by the tallet door, but was afereed tu spake tu un, tynaby, zo as zune as he passed dru the curt, he clum thickey vine cat, and drawed un stram-bang down, tossy-tail, 'ees vay he did, an' zed —"There, Tommy, now you'll 'ave a power o' sweethearts here, an' I du hop you whant rin intu the

hood handy by, or the keeper 'll shute 'e zo that thee sheet'nt ketch the rabbits that the 'Squire zends tu market. "An avore the lad cum back to Widecombe vrom the varm ware 'e 'ad been zent wi' a bade, another chap axed un "Where com'st vro? Where hast a bee thickey way? Hast a left the cat behind?" vir sich joyful news 'ad sprade like swalin' an' wild-fire. An now tu finish, Mr. Edditur, you knaw that cats be rum uns to git back home agin, but on Zatterday last that zame Eshburton tradesman was playsed tu tell me that Tommy had not reyturned.

Leusdon, Nov. 18th, 1885.

GLOSSARY.

Ade, *head.*
Ades, *heads.*
Afreered, *afraid.*
Age, *hedge.*
Ageen, *again.*
Agone, *ago.*
Aitch, *each.*
"All wan zide like Kingswear." *Kingswear, a village on the left benk of the Dart opposite Dartmouth.*
An', *and.*
'Appened, *happened.*
Ardly, *scarcely.*
Arter, *after.*
Ast a be, *hast thou been.*
Athirt, *athwart.*
'Ave, *have.*
'Aving, *having.*
Avore, *before.*
Awfen, *often.*
Awn, *own.*

Awten tu, *ought not.*
Awton Giffer, *Aveton Gifford; Gifford's town on the Avon.*
Awver, *over.*
Ax, *ask.*
Axed, *asked.*

Bade, *bed.*
Bant 'e, *are you not?*
Be, *are.*
Beg, *bag.*
Be 'em, *are they?*
Belayve' *believe.*
Bizzens, *business.*
Blinnd, *blind.*
Blishes, *blushes.*
Bowery, *Beaworthy.*
Brither, *brother.*
Buckvasleech, *Buckfastleigh.*
Buke, *book.*

Cahl, *call.*
Cahl'd, *called.*
Cap, top, *as cap o' the hill.*
Cappon, *Capton.*
Car, *carry.*
Challey, *Chawleigh.*
Chimley, *chimney.*
Chock vull, *crammed full.*
Clatted crayme, *clotted cream.*
Clum, *seized hold of.*
Continneyed, *continued.*
Coopery, *Cookbury.*
Country Jahns, *farm labourers and male villagers.*
Crams, *nonsense,*
Crayke, *creak.*
Crayme, *cream.*
Cum, *come.*
Curt, *court.*

Dark, *blind.*
Dapster, *sharp, tricky,*
Dartymuth, *Dartmouth.*
Daynied, *denied.*
Dayvend, *defend.*
Dayvide, *divide.*
Din, *done.*
Dish o' tay, *cup of tea.*
Ditzum, *Dittisham, on the right bank of the Dart, 4 miles above Dartmouth, noted for plum orchards.*
Done, did: *Who done it? for Who did it?*

Down along, *the way down.*
Dra, *draw.*
Drap, *drop.*
Drawed, *drew, or threw.*
Drawve, *drove, or driven.*
Drayms, *dreams.*
Dreats, *threats.*
Dree, *three.*
Dreggin, *dragging.*
Drewston, *Drewsteignton.*
Dru, *through.*
Du'e, *do you.*
Dues, *does.*
Dumman, *woman.*
Duzzen, *does not.*

Ees, *yes, or his.*
Ees fay, or Ees vay, *yes in faith, of a truth.*
Em, or Um, *them.*
Eshburton, *Ashburton.*
Exter, *Exeter.*

Faist, *feast.*
Forrels, *covers (book covers).*

Gels, *girls.*
Girt, *great.*
Girtest, *greatest.*
Git, *get.*
Gude, *good.*
Gwain, *going.*

Handy by, *close at hand.*
Hees, *his.*
Her'd, *her would; she would.*
Her's, *she is; as her's nivver satisfied.*
Hitchleigh, *Hittisleigh.*
Hole, *Holne.*
Home by, *hard by; close at home.*
Hood, *wood.*
Hoodland, *Woodland.*
Hop, *hope.*

Idees, *ideas.*
Impruve, *improve.*
Intu, *into.*
Inzert, *insert.*
Iverrybody, *everybody.*
Jist, *just.*

Kayne, *keen.*
Kerton, *Crediton.*
Ketch, *catch.*
Kin, *can.*
Kinndom, *kingdom.*

Kissin', *kissing.*
Knaw, *know.*
Knawed, *knew.*
Kude, *could.*
Kude 'e, *could you?*
Kuzzen, *cousin.*

Laist, *least.*
Langry, *Langworthy.*
Layve, *leave.*
Leet, *little.*
Lew, *lee;* on the lee side, *snug.*
Lidden, *tale or story.*
Linney, *linhay.*
Loads, *large numbers.*
Luke, *look.*

Madbry, *Modbury.*
Marber, *Malborough.*
Maun, or Maund, *hamper.*
Maurs, *roots.*
Mayne, *mean.*
Mazed, *crazed, dazed.*
Meck, *make.*
Moot, *stump of a tree.*
Munes, *moons.*
Mune-light, *moonlight.*
Mune-rakers, *moon-rakers.*
Murch, *much.*

Naybèrin', *neighbouring.*
Niest, *nighest.*
Nivver, or Nebber, *never.*
Nort, *nought.*
Nun, *none.*

Oppen, *open.*
Oppened, *opened.*
Orchit, *orchard.*
Ort, *ought.*
'Oss, *horse.*
Other, *either.*

Pankrey's Wick, *Pancras Week.*
Passon, *parson.*
Pay 'e, *pay you.*
Peg's loose, *pig's stye.*
Pertickler, *particular.*
Pirty, *pretty.*
Plays, *please.*
Playsed, *pleased.*
Popplever, *Poppleford.*
Power, *a good lot, large number, crowd.*
Prufe, *proof.*
Puggen-end, *gable end.*

Rayde, *to read.*
Rayders, *readers.*
Raydin', *reading.*
Rayplied, *replied.*
Recayve, *receive.*
Reyched, *reached.*
Reyfuse, *refuse.*
Reylate, *relate.*
Reyturned, *returned,*
Rin, *run.*
Rins, *runs.*
Rish, *rush.*

Sayces, *ceases.*
Scriptur, *Scripture.*
Shaw 'e, *show you.*
Sheet'nt, *should not.*
Shill, *shall.*
Shute, *shut, shoot, a spring of water from a spout.*
Shutes, *shuts.*
Sight, *plenty.*
Size Newton, *Newton St. Cyres, or St. Eyres, near Crediton.*
Slappon, *Slapton.*
Smal, *small.*
Spayke, *speak.*
S'pose, *suppose.*
Sprade, *spread.*
Spuney, *a spooner.*
Stiddy, *study.*
Steed, *instead.*
Stockintenny, *Stoke-in-Teignhead.*
Straight, *Strete, or street.*
Stram bang, *all of a heap, thrown down suddenly.*
Swalin', *setting fire to furze or gorse, on the moors.*

Tallet, *hayloft.*
Tarkay, *Torquay.*
Tatnes, *Totnes.*
Teck, *take.*
Tell 'e, *tell you.*
Thack, *that.*
Thacky, *that one.*
Thick, *this.*
Thickey, *this one.*
Thort, *thought.*
Thuse, *those.*
Tinmuth, *Teignmouth.*
Topzum, *Topsham.*
Tossy-tail, *topsy-turvy.*
Traapessin', *walking a long distance.*

Tu, *at, to, too, or two.*
Tu wance, *at once.*
Tynaby, *not that I know by*

Ubber, *Ugborough.*
'Ull, *will.*
Um, *them.*
Un, *him.*
Up along, *on the way up.*
Us, *we.* Pronouns are frequently misplaced: instance—*us whant yo tu they, for them, whant cum tu we, will um?*
Uther, *other.*
Uv, *of.*

Vace, *face.*
Vals, *falls.*
Varmer, *farmer.*
Varmin, *vermin.*
Vast, *fast.*
Vather, *father.*
Vew, *few.*
Viery, *fiery.*
Vind, *find.*
Vine, *fine.*
Vinish, *finish.*
Vir, *for.*
Virgotten, *forgotten.*
Virm, *firm.*
Vist, *fist.*
Vit, *fit.*
Vokes, *folks.*
Vollow, *follow.*
Vollowin', *following.*
Vond, *fond.*
Vor, *from.* (See Vro or Vrom.)
Vorenune, *forenoon.*
Vorestall, *forestall.*
Vorrids, *forwards.*
Vound, *found.*
Vresh, *fresh.*
Vriday, *Friday.*
Vriends, *friends.*
Vro, or Vrom, *from.*
Vuther, *further.*

Wan, *one.*
Wance, *once.*
Wan's, *one's.*
Warn 'e, *warrant you.*
Weed, *would.*
Weed'nt, *would not.*
Wemery, *Wembworthy.*
Whalk, *walk.*

Whant, *wont.*
Whants, *wants.*
Wi', *with.*
Wid, or Weed, *would.*
Wi' un, *with him.*

Yeared, *heard.*
Yer, *here*, or *hear.*
Yer, *your.*
Yerin, *herein.*

Zalcum, *Salcombe.*
Zalute, *salute.*
Zarvice, *service.*
Zatterday, *Saturday.*
Zaw, *saw.*
Zawls, *souls.*
Zay, *say.*
Zays, *says.*
Zayside, *seaside.*
Zaysonable, *seasonable.*
Zed, *said.*
Zee, *see.*
Zeed, *saw.*
Zend, *send.*
Zeveral, *several.*
Zich, *such.*
Zimpers, *simpers.*
Zin, *son.*
Zins, *sons.*
Zir, *sir.*
Zity, *city.*
Zo, *so.*
Zot, *set.*
Zouth Zands, *sands near Bolt Head.*
Zum, *some.*
Zune, *soon.*

SLEAFORD ELECTION.

(September 26th, 1889.)

(Printed and Published by Joseph Cooke, of the "Sleaford Guardian.")

To the Editor.—Sir,—As this is an exciting time in Billinghay just now, sivver,* sin everybody's head is so full of politics, I wish to relate a circumstance

*See Glossary to Lincolnshire Provincialisms, page 16.

or two with regard to the present election. I mun git agait at once and look heppen, or I shall teck up too much of your valuable space. We Liberals are clear bent on wirin'-in-a-boster, that our Tory friends may finnd they are playing a lost gam, though they started all of a stutle and in a franzy way. They see that an election is a cazzlety thing, and they'll know it is an 'all, afoor they open their mouths, but like the late member they must bounce for they have tow'd us that Mr. Chaplin their glib, slape, and oily champion is going to get a majority of 2,000, fir I 'eerd 'em tell the Squire so mysen. They say it is a solid shame that sich a niste landlord should be opposed, and that it is no good putting any man up against him, but I raythor think they have begun ditherin' afoor the winter has come. We have not such a serry, wankle, candidate as they would raythor we had, but one that will severely drive their man into a 'oil like owt, and at the declaration of the poll they will find wheer the Minister of Agriculture will be, and that is undernean. I hope he will git sich a licking as he will hardlins knaw what to do wi' 'is sen, and that he will be sent hoam to Blankney wi' 'is heart nearly busted. Nah, sir, I uphold it, we shall not dacker in our efforts nor leave a stone to wemble or remble in favour of Mr. Otter, and we doant intend to giv' ower till a shirt time after darklins on the polling day, sivver. We've nobbot to

pull together, and there is nowt to fear. I seed in the paper that in some quarter of the division the Tories have begun boycotting, but here they annoy us by other tactics; they teck up the thick end of a meeting by interruptions with their clammux and soft questions, or keep slitherin' in and out at the door-darns; and when the meeting is ower they keep awming and booin' like great cauves at the speakers or any decent Liberal coming out, that I say is a solid shame they haven't summat better to do instead of yauping and shouting as if they were not rayt in their heads. Besides some silly men say that toner of the candidates will do as 'twill meck but little odds to them, but I tow'd 'em as I tell you, Mr. Editor, we weant have the Blankney Squire at any price, if we can help it, and we are doing our best to git shut on on him. Thof he may be a niste landlord, as now-a-days landlords ad foast to be, I have nevver thowt him to be a good member.

Nowt makes the Tories so mad as telling them the truth and they have had plenty of it lately from the Liberal side. At our crowded meeting on Tuesday night last, which was a cosher, a cawker, a thusker, a wopper, the youths and non-voters, who war kept out till the voters filled the room, became so colly-wessen and obstreperous as to chuck small cobbles or stoänes thruff the schoolroom windows, another proof that the Tories are allust afraid to give us a fair

chance. They see that we are giving them some tiff work, and enif of it an' all, that they are beginning to confess that they are below the mark, and that we are fair maister on 'em, for the labourers say in all parts of the division that Mr. Chaplin moänt go in again for Sleaford, for he would raise our sugar and food, has voted again making the Allotments Bill what it owt to be, and is agin Home Rule which would keep the Irish labourers in their own country, while as fir farmers they begin to finnd him out when he votes against the Bill for dividing the payment of taxes between the landlord and the tenant. If they vote for him they mud be agin their own interest,

I have 'eerd that since the Tory Party here have acted so basely a Radical or two have determined to return good for evil by making the Squire a present of a Liberal Tom Cat, as they have been tow'd that the cats at Blankney are Tories and nearly blind, and cannot see to catch any mice. Noh, Sir, I am in the secret of all the circumstances, and think it a great kindness on their part, and that your readers should be let into the secret as well, I have turned the whole into rhyme which I beg of you kindly to insert and oblige

THE BLANKNEY CATS.

At Billinghay a Radical spied,
One hapless morning, woe betide,
His glossy favourite gentle eyed:
And thus he to the family cried:—
"This thievish cat I now decide
To banish on to Blankney side."
Though all his wants have been supplied,
My threats have often been defied,
Since proof on proof have amplified,
And my suspicions ratified.
I will no longer scold and chide
My temper patience shall outstride:
So, boy, I must in you confide;
A hamper bring and place inside
Our Liberal Tommy pet and pride,
Though none who knew him villified
His beauty—size and strength allied;
But let the lid be firmly tied,
And take him o'er the fenlands wide.

"At Blankney Hall 'tis certified
The cats are Tories dignified,
But nearly blind—let none deride—
They all for nought their paws have plied,
And often with each other vied
To catch the mice, but mortified

Have sprung in vain, the prey would hide
Within their holes, though terrified,
Unhurt, or slightly scarified ;
But soon their terrors modified,
Nor Pussy's presence signified,
The vermin throve and fructified.
Our 'Tommy' therefore must be tried,
Those cats shall be revivified
With Liberal strain which none belied,
There breed improved and rectified."

Taking his whip of new cowhide
The youngster started for his ride,
While brother mourned and sister sighed,
Nor would they let their tears be dried ;
But onward he through Walcot hied,
And to a farmer's quest replied—
"In passing through I have complied
With father's wish, and pacified
Him, for he has on me relied,
To take our 'Tommy' to abide
At Blankney and the Squire provide
With cats keen sighted, beautified,
To get the mansion purified
And free of pests, as specified
By rumour strictly verified."

This farmer earnestly applied,
And said—"I'll find him here a bride ;

For Walcot cats are stupified
With Tory notions falsified,
Like those at Blankney magnified ;
But if you'll not let ' Tommy ' bide,
Pray let not kittens be denied ;
So ask the Squire with us divide
The litters when well qualified
To go at large without a guide."

For Thorpe Tinley he turned aside,
Where labourers grouped at eventide ;
Where all things looked so countryfied ;
And here the sons of toil decried
Tho 'Squire's cats, in fact implied
That who at Blankney Hall reside
Were Tory—all things were beside—
And this they freely testified.

Perspiring as if being fried,
The youth with nerve well fortified,
To Scopwick station seemed to slide ;
The hamper he at once untied
Wherein poor Tommy snugly lied
And said—as he felt justified—
" To Blankney on the rails you'll glide,
So ' Tommy ' let your fears subside,
Your sweethearts there are multiplied,
With tempers so well dulcified."

He, who o'er Tories does preside,
Would rather we he had never pried
Into a tale thus stultified,
Far liever that the horse had shied,
And 'Tommy' on the way had died—
In Catley Well so clarified,
Or drugged with poisonous bromide:

Yet if who read are gratified,
Perchance amused, or edified,
By what herein is versified.
Then I, indeed, am satisfied.

THE TRUE SON.

In olden time at Venice town
A wealthy merchant died,
And left his riches to his son,
Who wandered far and wide:
Who went to visit distant lands,
Who long had walked on foreign strands
For years rolled down the tide
Of time, ere he returned once more,
Unknown to those he knew before.

About that time a manly pair
To that proud sea-port came,
And for this large estate each there
Put in an unjust claim.

The three professed the merchant's son
To be, and in the town were known
By cognomen the same ;
But by a strange device was proved
How the true son his father loved.

The chosen judge, to try the case,
Would have a portrait brought
Of the deceased, which he might place
Before the men care-fraught.
Upon the picture then a mark
Was made—a red spot on the the dark—
By him whom wisdom taught;
Who gave to each a bow and dart,
Then painting placed and them apart.

He said—" Whoever hits the spot,
Upon the picture's breast,
Will have the wealth—who miss will not,"
The first man tried his best,
And sent the arrow with good will,
And stuck it near ; and nearer still
The second made his rest ;
The third, in making good his aim,
Turned pale, and trembled all his frame.

He wept and said—" I cannot shoot,
Far liever would I lose."

The watching judge, no longer mute,
Thus spoke—"The third I choose:
He is the rightful heir and true,
Though shot right well the other two;
And so could never use
E'en at a picture, bow and dart
With which to pierce his father's heart."

Let boys, and youths, and men beside,
From this a lesson learn;
And let our hearts, whate'er betide,
With love to parents burn.
Not only one—to *both* prove true;
Nor by bad words and actions too,
Cause them to sigh and mourn.
Let be for these our honour strong
Then shall our days on earth be long.

ON THE Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

Inpromptu while addressing a Liberal gathering after asking the audience to remember that there were *two* Josephs in history, and that both had been down to Egypt — :

The Joseph of old by his brethren was sold,
But he sent their money back,
While "our Joe" of to-day sold his brethren we say,
And kept for himself the *sack*.

THE HOLLY IN WINTER.

In winter o'er the crispy snow,
The timid hares so slowly creep;
And sighing winds and lonely, through
The naked branches sweep,
And freeze to death the living spring,
Till even birds sad thoughts do bring.

Though we the birds so helpless see—
Chilled, helpless, as the frozen stream:
Yet when the berried holly-tree
At winter smiles, a gleam
Of something genial comes to bless
The not unpleasant mournfulness.

The whistle of the passing hind,
And dreamy gush of waters near;
Yea, all things pleasing in their kind
Mix with the moving year
In seasonable unity,
As winter spares the holly-tree.

How drear the time! and sad the wind,
Which seems to curl the very heart
Up like a leaf; while to the mind
Its bleak voice sighs—"Depart!
All things that bless a loving eye—
Leaf, flower, and fruit—depart and die!"

That very wind sounds on the ear,
And when around some happy hearth
Its drone may mingle with the clear,
Harmonious songs of mirth,
In one uninterrupted flow,
The holly laughs amidst its blow.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Ten thousand on Life's journey start
Upon a certain day,
But ere ten tedious years have gone
One third have passed away.

When five-and-thirty years are o'er,
But half are on the road;
As thin and thinner grow the ranks,
Each finds his cold abode.

At seventy years a band of some
Four hundred tread the ground,
And at the head of ninety years
But thirty can be found.

And as they perish year by year,
One soul may linger on
Beyond a century, but soon
Will Death's stern work be done.

A LOVER'S SONG.

"When the warm and loving day
Brooded over flower and stream,
On my lap my lady lay
Gentle as a dream.

"I have had such dreams ere now;
In my slumber like a dew,
Kissing my poor heated brow:
Is this vision true?

"By the heaving of her breast,
By the quick, yet measured breath,
By the tiny fingers prest
In each other as a wreath—

"Round my neck a charmèd link,
By the very fear 'twill break
Through the May-day dream, I think,
Surely I'm awake!

"On my lap my lady lay!
Kindest heart she lies there still,
Like a portion of the day;
I—am all a-thrill.

"Why should my delight distress me,
Much, too much for one to bear it?
Dearest, with a whisper bless me,
Tell me, dost thou share it?

"Silent, by thine eyes upraised,
Oft in mine have deeply gazed.
Would'st thou have me voiceless too?
I will strive thy hest to do!
Not a breath of air is blowing;
Not a rivulet is flowing;
Not a little bird is singing;
Thou mightest hear the grass upspringing;—
Bending to the teeming ground,
But for one deep ceaseless sound;
Let me to its purpose win thee,
Love, it is the heart, within me,
To its mate, in thee, revealing
All the thoughts which flutter through it:
Wherefore then a lip concealing?
Dost thou love me?" "Yes!" "I knew it!"

ON AN UNSCRUPULOUS TRUSTEE.

There was a fish-merchant at Clee,
Who acted as widow's trustee;
But when the day came to settle,
He had none of her metal,
And so she got diddled, you see.

THE SUICIDE.

He stood upon the banks alone,
He only heard the current moan ;
Before him glistened the cold stream,
Beneath the faint and pale moonbeam.

He plunged beneath the silvery wave
To find a lone one's peaceful grave ;
He bent him in the current strong,
And on his breast was borne along.

Into the silvery stream he leapt,
While listening breezes sighed and wept ;
Beneath the wave he sank that night,
Where lilies shut their petals white.

His spirit was no longer there ;
His clothing fluttered in the air ;
He, drowning, drew his latest breath,
And died a suicidal death.

LONELINESS.

I'm told that I am cheerful, but
I wish it were the case ;
For I am very sad within,
Though bright may be my face.

I'm told that sorrow cannot have
A place within my breast,
That, in the watches of the night,
No care disturbs my rest.

I'm told that I am cheerful, for
I walk the spring of life ;
Its early paths are flowery,
And I can know no strife.

I'm told I have no cause to weep,
That sweet my life must be ;
But, ah, there are continually
Some bitter draughts for me !

I'm told that I am cheerful, but
I think of happier days,
When my blest parents often me
Would in their arms upraise ;

Those days are gone, and I have left
The fond parental roof,
And Fate is weaving over me
A dark and mystic woof.

I'm told I must be cheerful, for
Around one all is glee ;
But I am not in union with
Such lively company ;

I count not with them at their mirth—
A stranger to their glee;
Their undistracted happiness
I cannot bear to see.

I'm told that I am cheerful, but
All my best friends are gone—
For being in adversity,
I oft am left alone.

I'm told that I am cheerful, but
Misfortunes on me frown,
That I can smile when I should mourn,
I know not why I own,

Except, that Hope shines through the cloud,
And with a sweet refrain,
Sings, "Providence will on thee smile
And thou be glad again."

A POST CARD.

On receiving a post card containing an unjust demand for rent of Lecture Hall, and threat of County Court proceedings from Mr. Frank B—

My dearest Frank, I will but thank
You for your pert epistle;
And only add—Go it, my lad,
And pay dear for your whistle.

RINDERPEST:

OR, HOW THE CATTLE PLAGUE WAS STAMPED OUT OF THE SOUTH HAMS, SOUTH DEVON.

THE question, "How to cure the Rinderpest?"
Put the inventive mind of man to test.
The Cattle Plague, with pestilential breath,
Doomed thousands to so premature a death
That faces gathered blackness, as from stall
To stall it strode, with darkness as a pall
Spread o'er it, while it withered, scathed and slew
Our living idols by diseases new.
Then vaunted science ventured forth to meet
The monster, trying to perform a feat—
While curing the infected herds around,
To stop its spread to non-infected ground.
She called her allies round her, asked their aid
Supporting ancient nostrums, then the trade
Divided, and the profits of the sale
Of wine and whiskey, brandy red and pale;
They tried molasses—treacle if you will,
Since all was grist that came unto the mill;
Then linseed oil, lime washing and gas tar,
And other disinfectants, while from far
Advice and help so eagerly were sought,
Yet on it marched, unheeding all and aught.
Men cried up vaccination, but it came
To spread it worse, though once of spotless fame.

Some said it was diphtheria, some small-pox,
Some blamed the hounds as they pursued the fox ;
Dogs were tied up, cats caged, the rats condemned :
Farm-yards were barricaded round, and hemmed
With hurdles ; bolts were tightened ; and closed up
Each crevice ; ward and watch were kept ; to sup
Men scarce took time ; and under interdict
Were tramps and pedlars placed. Some did predict
The starlings must have carried it. To pass
Upon the roads nor rails, nor far upon the grass
Were cattle now allowed. Then markets closed,
Committees, Parliaments in vain opposed.
Sore-throated Rinderpest now other lands
Infected, vain were interdicts and bans.
The farmers met at Kingsbridge, but again
Their plans and schemes proved fruitless all and vain.
No business was transacted, but a wise
And gallant Colonel his pet project tries.
At once he issued notices by post
A meeting in a day or so at most
To call at Sheplegh Court, and farmers there
And landowners met at the mansion, where
From the Blackawton Cattle Club's report
They learned to trust in mutual support.
But faithful men, and ministers of God
Prayed fervently, that His avenging rod
Might be removed ; they cried throughout the land—
" Alas the Day of Vengeance is at hand ;

Our meat is now cut off before our eyes,
The pest doth mock the wisdom of the wise;
For we have sinned! From high to low we broke
For gain God's Sabbaths, and a heavy yoke
He has imposed; come one, come all and pray—
'Spare us, good Lord, O turn Thy wrath away:
Be jealous for Thy people and the land;
Remove the scourge; stay the Destroyer's hand:
For Thou art merciful; our hearts we rend,
And trust in Thee—Man's everlasting Friend!'"
Then—oxen ceased to groan, the land was glad,
The scourge no longer made the millions sad.

WANDERINGS ON BOLT HEAD.

I SEEK the rude coast's verge extreme, that o'er
The flood projects its craggy brow, and with
Great caution I the solitary path
Explore; no print of human step appears,
Save where my mien scares the shy wildness of
The lonely boy, who with his ruddy flock,
Seek, at the mid of day, for shade beneath
The thorny hedge, which skirts the narrow way.
The stranger's doubtful course he knows not to
Direct; alone the narrow bound of his
Rude range he kens, nor dreams of worlds beyond
The limits of this rocky, ferny waste.

O'er mournful solitudes, and desert heaths
Where scarce a wild tree waves its leafy shade,
Torn by the desolating blasts, that sweep
With whirlwind wings, athwart the stormy beach.
When loudly roars the billowy sea, and the
Rude winds rush madly o'er the crumbling walls,
Of yonder ruined castle, would I roam
At midnight hour—for these lone wastes, this gloom
And this wild scene of desolation suit
The tenor of my soul. The fairy views
Of hill and dale are fled! sublimely throned
On the steep rocky brow, stern nature frowns;
Her desolating rage, which whirlwinds drives,
Or swollen floods, or blast of fiery air,
Imprisoned from their base, has wildly hurled
Uplifted rocks upon the gloomy pass,
Which overlooks the deep, blue, lonely sea.
But other nights presented different scenes—
Softly on the waves at a distance fell
The oars; the night breeze through the leafy trees,
While gentle whispers murmured round, and
breathed
Upon the placid sea, then died away.
As slept the moon upon the cloudless sky,
And the swoln spring-tide heaved beneath her
light,
I bent my steps along the dewy path,
To linger on the solitary shore.

From these wild haunts I wend my wonted way
Where oft, with frequent pause, I've toiled to gain
The lofty, craggy brow, and o'er the scene
Have looked with giddy rapture, as the veil
Of night was drawn so slowly o'er the world.

THOUGHTS ON FAMINE.

No blossom'd bush holds up its head,
All fragrant flowers are gone—are dead,
And beauty from the land hath fled.

Unwet with dew are all the plains,
Unvisited by gentle rains,
The earth unmoisten'd still remains.

Since desolation reigns around,
More fearful things do now abound
Than leafless trees and grassless ground.

The sky, wherein the sun careers,
Without a curtain cloud appears,
But human eyes are dimmed by tears.

The lofty hills their sites retain,
And valleys at their base remain,
But neither yield a plant or grain.

The curse is found in west and east,
In north and south, on man and beast,
No trace is found of song or feast.

Though winds were heard to breathe and sigh,
And stars are glittering on high,
The night of death is seeming nigh.

To wile life's cares, its joys enhance,
No longer music or the dance
Attract the ear or charm the glance.

The heavens are like a burning sheet.
And earth is scorching to the feet,
Of famished ones who tread the street.

The peasant at his garden gate,
Sits wailing o'er his luckless state,
Because he knows his certain fate.

No more for wine the people call,
For common drink they languish all,
Mankind by thousands droop and fall.

No history will e'er unfold
The miseries by famine told
In modern days or days of old.

O'er England, I rejoice to say,
It hath not been in my blest day :
I hope and trust it never may.

O, God ! from the reality
May all the lands of earth be free,
And ev'ry nation trust in Thee !

THE BITER BIT.

'Tis said in eighteen-twenty-three
A tenant near to Buckfastleigh
One morning early left his house
In care of children and of spouse.
For hours he jogged along the road
To reach his landlord's grand abode,
That he might pay the anxious gent
What then was due—the half-year's rent.

His wife's last words were—" Now I pray
You will not make the least delay ;
And when the mansion you shall gain,
Pay down the tin, and home again."

It must be twelve o'clock or more
When he knocked at the Manor door.
But when the money he had paid
The dinner-bell rang over head,

And instantly fell on his ear
The coming words—" You will appear
At table with my numerous guests."
But White replied—" The matter rests
Just here, I surely must go back
As soon as I have fed my hack;
Besides, to people of high rank
I must appear a perfect blank
In manners, so I beg you do
Not press, I sooner home would go."

The rich man answered—" Farmer White,
Your leaving thus I deem not right,
You now must have a meal with me,
And by my side your seat shall be;"
Then forced him on resolved to have
Some fun, although he looked so grave.
Endeavouring to be polite
To every one bowed neighbour White
As he was being onward led
To head of table so well spread,
For it was planned that he that day
Should carve, and none would hear his " Nay."
The moment he had ta'en his seat,
Was asked for blessing on the meat;
Each wondered what the grace would be,
And bowed each head in mockery:

"Grateful may this dinner make
Us, though but little we may take."

Between the worthy and his wife
The farmer rose with steel and knife,
And while the joke passed here and there
He cut the beef so pleasing fair.
And next the ham in slices thin
That he was very like to win
The graces good of every one,
But, oh! what happened farther on?
Whene'er he sliced the juicy meat
Anon he stood upon his feet
When done he quickly took his chair
And sat him back in heedless air.

The master could not bear to see
The game go unsuccessfully,
So pushed his plate for a supply
And told his servant silently
To take the chair and in its place
A stool to put, nor on his face
Was seen a smile; he gave a wink
In asking each—"What do you drink?"
Expecting that a moment more
Would find the farmer on the floor.
He in his prank was wholly lost
Nor once had thought about the cost.

"Thank you, thank you, that will do!"
And back the armer went 'tis true;
But ah! to break his heavy fall,
As soon as he began to sprawl,
Laid hold of nearest coat and gown,
And both were torn a good way down.
His leg struck hard the table leaf
When down came gravy, dish and beef,
Upon the lady's satin dress;
Her husband, too, was in a mess—
The mustard-pot had struck his breast
And formed a star upon his vest:
The pickles o'er the table flew
When up jumped many in a stew.
Poor White, just then was seen to stand
And wipe the moisture from his hand
On which a little gravy fell,
And smile, since he came off so well.
"Laugh, will you, dog? you'd better fly"
Cried more than one: and "so say I"
The farmer shouts, "and I'll be bound
Not once more here will I be found;
And while the ladies cry and sob,
And young men swear about the job,
He leaves the room amidst their roar,
Rejoicing when he cleared the door.

Moral:—

Let nobles learn 'tis wrong to raise
Men far above their proper place;

And let the witty also see
They may, in playing jokes so free
On others, as this story shows,
Not only give but get the blows.

YESTERDAY.

(A DIRGE.)

Toll, toll the bell, let Sorrow reign,
A funeral dirge be sung !
His trophy Death has claimed again ;
A trophy fair and young.
The work undone, the tale untold,
The mystic page of Fate unread ;
High hopes as pure as virgin gold,
Are perished all and fled.
Pale fleeting spectres hovering near,
And pouring forth a weird lament,
In sorrow crowding round his bier,
With frenzied wonderment,
Mourn his death in plaintive numbers,
Mourn and pass away ;
Pass like dreams from morning slumbers
Flee before the day.
Weaving thorny chaplets round his head,
Folly sought and found him,
Pleasure vainly bound him,
Sin and sorrow crowned him,
Yesterday is dead.

ABSOLUTE POWER.

Absolute power apes Heaven's Majesty ;
And of its usurpation makes false title
To rule in His high name :—absolute power,
It governs, or by force, or fraud, or fear ;
With a suspicious, all-distressing dread
Enthralling minds, or fettering the limbs—
Till men forget their souls, and move within
The slavish orbit of one tyrant throne,
Like some dull tether'd beast :—absolute power
It captive makes the Church, or, worse, corrupts it
To its degrading will ; it poisons life,
Yet makes death terrible ; it strikes the kiss
From off the lips of love, and reaps the harvest
Of a fruition—joyless, hopeless, thankless ;
A terror working terror to itself :
From its own instruments creating peril,
And weakness ; yet, relying still, upon
Its deadly rottenness for living strength !
Who, under this intolerable wrong,
Writhing to death, do, in their desperate hope
Of giving life, thereby, to those they love
More than life, imperil all the more ;
And hireling murder, striking once for pay,
And twice for cruelty, and thrice in fear,
Give the despots iron rule—a land

Without a nation, to the land—a law
Which reads no other precept but—submit,
No penalty but—die ; and to the law
The order of despair.

EVENTIDE.

How lovely in the twilight hour,
To hear the church bells ring,
When hawthorn buds, and woodbines wild,
Their dewy odours fling.

The rose bends low her radiant head,
And balmy freshness drinks ;
The modest bud, unfolding sweets,
From day's bright glitter shrinks.

And now the light and subtle dew
In ambient æther floats,
Gently distilling sparkling drops,
And every wild-flower coats.

The music of the purling streams,
That o'er the pebbles flow,
The beetle's swift and drowsy flight,
Fall soft, and clear, and low.

Delicious smells the new-mown grass,
That passing zephyrs taint ;
And list the strains from yonder grove—
The nightingale's sweet plaint.

How lovely is the evening hour,
When ring the fairy bells,
When glowworms light their lustrous lamps
To cheer the lonely dells.

I DO NOT GATHER FLOWERS.

(THE MORBIDLY SENSITIVE.)

I DO not gather flowers, 'tis sweet
To gaze upon bright Flora's store
In glowing beauty at my feet
Before the cottage door.
And to augment my joys once more
The thought,—these growing gifts are mine,
May pass. Each forced removal sure,
Ascends that offering divine
The being universal drawn from which is mine.

On such a spot I love to look,
The varied tints the various dyes
Agree; a picture from the book
Of nature on which lies
A splendid harmony precise
And optimism there declares
The skill of a Creator wise:
While every blooming floret bears
Extended evidence if man disturbance spares.

Some flowers in my chamber grow,
And in seclusion I may find,
As long as they may chance to blow,
Some living truths designed,
As revelations to mankind,
Of love from Him who wrote them there.
I leave them still to blow, inclined
They are to tell the news they bear—
We are the shining emblems of a world more fair.

I'd plant me violets o'er the dead,
Reminding poor short-sighted man,
Of that decree his Maker made
Man's life shall be a span :
For oft the feeblest agents can,
To mortals useful lessons teach.
Though these may droop and look so wan
They may to every wanderer preach—
Thy life, like ours, is e'er within the Giver's reach.

I do not gather flowers, I see
A token of redeeming love
In them, from God through Christ to me,
'Tis then I would remove
By faith to Him who sits above,
And of His gifts if I would prize
The symbol, how much more the love !
Of this possess'd, His Sacrifice
Will raise me from the grave to reign above the skies.

VARIETY IS PLEASING.

Bring the fancy-filmèd tissue
Woven in a feignèd issue ;
In a grocer's smirchéd shovel,
The last fashionable novel :
And the thousand earthly ills
Of butchers', bakers', tailors' bills ;
Little tongues that often utter
Plaintive cries for bread-and-butter ;—
With the every day's to-do
Of backs to clothe and feet to shoe ;
Restive sixpences unwilling
To do duty for a shilling :—
Let anxious wife most nobly strive,
Careful cut, and close contrive :
Heavy, hopeless, toil that—Must !
Though the brain be ground to dust ;
Bones a-weary ; sinews shrunk ;
Dwarfèd muscle ; giant trunk ;
Nights given up to ceaseless thought ;
Minds to barren madness brought ;
Markets falling ; merchant wrecks ;
Bills to meet and "no effects ;"
Ledgers ruled in red and blue,—
"Credit in account with"—you :
Writs to execution pressed ;
Judgment for a debt confessed ;

Statutory law which wages,
With its annual thousand pages,
War upon the British race ;—
  Leading on a brawling rout,
Every period a case,
  Every other word a doubt ;
Trade still higgling for its penny ;
Sir Few fed on plain John Many ;
Cold unyielding purpose, drest
In the garb of interest ;
Love corrupted ; friendship lost,—
In the world-sea tempest tost :
Bring them, cast them, pile them, on ;
This is finished : so begone !

THE STAMFORD ELECTION.

(Written at Corby, 1892.)

Ye Stamford voters will, I trust,
Show your late Member, Mr. Cust,
He has to go, because he must.
Since Irish rule has been unjust,
Our brethren trodden in the dust,
Let not your indignation rust,
For base Co-ercion show disgust,
Her stern decrees shall be untrussed,
All Tory Governments mistrust.

For Home Rule give a straight deep thrust,
And vote for Priestley; he is just
The man for measures good, robust,
The Candidate whom to entrust;
He will your grievances adjust,
And have them honestly discussed.
Then turn your backs on Mr. Cust,
Whose hopes lie withered, all adust;
How much for honours he may lust,
Pray send him home to eat his crust;
The "Grand Old Man" shall rule, tell Cust.

PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL DINNER.

"Horse & Gears" Inn, Newark. (After Hood.)

'Tis meet as friends we meet to-day,
To show that it is worth
Our while to while the time away
In intellectual mirth.

"Longdon, which side of chairman deft
Pray will you sit to-night?"
"'Tis right for once to take the left,
Then left for thee the right.

All anglers without tackle here—
No rod nor line to-night;
Though not a single fish is near,
We tackled to a "bite."

We must not now forget our host
Nor hostess let me tell;
Alf's better half tried her utmost
To cater for us well.

To Scarborough George Sheppard went
To see the sea, I'm told,
But a dense fog rose to prevent—
No sea could he behold.

Returning disappointed, he
Was chaffed oft and again;
But he is here—we hear and see—
To sing "My pretty Jane."

I've many friends—I am not jamming—
And one Ben Mounteney dub;
But you should see our Ben-jam-in,
When he is catching chub.

If I had but my tackle whole
To angle I should like,
I'd go to Balderton Ballast Hole,
And there would catch his pike.

Rag not our Town-Hall-Keeper, Wragg;
Remember that next door,
The prisoners lie on beds of down
All down upon the floor.

Pray why should our Town Council fair
Be wisest in its way?
Hare says, "We must our crotchets air,
Two Knights and Doubleday.

Jim Green, who church bell tolled or rang,
Was told to come away,
While the Salvation Army sang
Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.

Engagements I have not a few,
To keep them all I try:
In parting Frenchmen say, Adieu!
By Englishman—Good-bye!

IN MEMORIAM: LORD PALMERSTON.

Born October 20th, 1784; Died October 18th, 1865.

Mourn, England, mourn! Death hath assailed the great,
And to our hearts hath struck his ruthless hand,
And snatched the pride—the pillar of our land.
Mourn for the fallen from his lofty state.

Soft be the sorrow, let no wild lamenting
Mar the deep stillness of a nation's woe;
Let Britain mourn her dead in dirges low,
Bowed in the dust like saint for sin repenting.

Hush! hush! there sounds again the passing-bell,
The cypress with the holly intertwine;
Let sorrow's emblems, England, now be thine.
Hark, now reverberates the funeral knell.

Did ever requiem wail, or banner wave
Above so great a man, so pure, so high,
Where England's warriors, bards, and sages lie,
Than him for whom we open now the grave.

His was a prudent and well-tempered zeal.
Throughout the land, in palace and in hall.
His greatness long hath been the theme of all,
Who only toiled but for his country's weal.

High-minded, genial, affable and free,
Enlightened, liberal, amiable, refined,
At once the man of taste, and man of mind;
All that an English statesman well could be.

Foremost of Britain's senators he stood,
With ease, with eloquence, and flowing speech,
Imparting wisdom, counsels, showing each
How men should labour for their country's good.

He long had led our senators with skill,
Who had a mind reflective, active, clear,
Where thoughts without their shadows would
appear;
Who knew and read with ease the people's will.

Perplexities that met him on his way—
The obstacles that evermore arose,
But urged him onward in the spite of foes,
His patience steeled, and armed him for the fray

The man, whom love of independence warms,
Lacks not an ardent mind or daring will,
Which tears the laurels oft from strength and skill,
And bids defiance to the world in arms.

A halo bright shall circle that loved name ;
Around his tomb unfading wreaths shall twine,
A nation's overflow of tears combine
To pay a tribute to his matchless fame.

And, as the glory of a setting sun
Is at the death of some departing day,
So shall his name remain, nor pass away,
Save with the wreck of worlds when time is done.

When but a few dear, faithful friends, stood by,
And wondered why the lips should draw no breath,
He smiled in sleep—but 'twas the sleep of death :
Thus gently did the gifted statesman die.

And on each mourner's eye was writ in tears
The heart-felt sorrow that they could not tell;
For he, who served our country long and well,
Had paid the mortal debt of four-score years.

O may we, in the everlasting home,
Meet *him* whom we shall greet on earth no more;
And tread that blissful and celestial shore,
Where sorrow, pain, and parting ne'er shall come!

How dark must be the hour of death to those
Who feel no all-sufficient Saviour near;
Whose loving smile can dry the latest tear,
Whose blessing only can afford repose.

Forsooth a man, from earth must travel far,
Who seeks for an abiding happiness;
Yea, he must soar through realms of heavenly bliss,
In Faith's triumphant and eternal car.

IN MEMORIAM.

GROSVENOR HODGKINSON, Esq., Balderton, Newark. Late Chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee of the County Council of Nottingham. Born April 17th, 1847. Died of Influenza, May 10th, 1891.

ANOTHER patron of each liberal art
Is numbered with the dead; his taste refined
Mingled with a most generous feeling kind;
For death again has stilled a noble heart.

In the meridian of his manhood's prime,
Just in the midsummer of his career,
He fell amongst us stricken as a deer
By hand invisible—before his time.

So late in health, in manhood's promise strong,
Wise Councillor, brave Volunteer, now lies
With Death's cold seal for ever on his eyes;
And round his splendid bed a weeping throng.

Yea, he is gone; gone in his glorious prime
Of virtuous worth and genial aims secure;
Full oft libations of affection pure
We, o'er his grave, will pour from time to time.

All is not gone even when the illustrious dead
To marble tombs are with fit pomp consigned;
A blessing or a curse they leave behind,
Or if they blest mankind, or curses shed.

Though sad this visitation in high place,
Yet is there midst this strange and sorrowing scene
The soothing thought that this good man hath been
Beloved for noble worth and kindly grace.

Beloved throughout the county by each class,
Whoever heard his name, or shared his smile;
He would not climb into high place with guile,
Nor sought he wealth by meanness to amass.

Forsooth a better and a nobler fate
His, when he claimed, and that but yesterday,
His, ours no more, around whose sacred clay
The death-mute pages and the heralds wait:

With sympathizing heart and generous hand;
The corteous grace, the ever-kindly word,
The quick intelligence that seldom erred,
The wisdom countless dangers to withstand;

His journey ended and the work complete,
Not at the close of life's accomplished stage,
Not in the mellow autumn of ripe age,
With harvest honours garnered at his feet.

How many mourn for his too early death?
By Art and Agriculture won a name
Too early for their need, not for his fame
Which ne'er was tarnished by one sullying breath.

Of Technical Instruction he was guide,
And in the County Council each wise man
Followed his leader, and approved his plan,
Where others take the scheme he laid aside.

Such rule as his was very seldom swayed
By men however wise; so just, so bland,
So mild, benignant, and so strong a hand,
That for our good he laboured, schemed, and prayed.

Much like his father as a public man,
In each debate he took but a brief part,
Yet spoke to purpose and he spoke to heart
When trying to develop each new plan.

Though obstacles would evermore arise,
The difficulties which beset his path
But steeled his patience, not excite his wrath,
And urged him onward in each high emprise

Truly a gem was found but lost too soon—
Like tree snapt in mid-growth and unaware
Leaves flock unsheltered and the pasture bare,
So has this sun gone down at highest noon.

A husband, father, counsellor and friend,
So wise, beneficent, fraternal, kind,
The moral image of a well-framed mind,
In their great loss, Death, greatness did expend.

And truly may those who his love possessed,—
Affectionate and duteous filial train,
A father's love all anxious to sustain,—
Live to pronounce his name and memory blest.

ROWING CLUB SUPPER, NEWARK.

(October 26th, 1891.)

The Mayor, Mr. Marsland, is reported in the "Newark Advertiser," of October 18th, 1891, to have said—"On Monday next we finish the season with a grand water tournament. (*The Municipal fight on the Water Question*). All the old hands have entered into the competition, but fresh blood is at hand. We have a Bard, a Baker, and a Tripe-Supper Maker. Where there is a way we are to be shown there is a Wills. The Bard will represent the band and perform a pean of his own composition."

The Bard was opposed to the scheme of the Mayor and Corporation getting a supply of water from Edingley, whilst the brewers and maltsters had an abundance of water for their breweries and malt-kilns, and there was sufficient pure water for domestic purposes to be found in the town and its vicinity for even a much larger place than Newark.

The Bard was aware of the Mayor being credited with taking part in amateur theatricals, tableaux vivants singing, and otherwise endeavouring to make

himself the beau-ideal of the company at several of the country seats in the Newark Division, and not unfrequently figuring at Primrose Dames' gatherings, very probably with an object of paving his way as a Conservative Candidate for the constituency. Unfortunately, however, his nose has been put out by the adoption of the Hon. Harold Finch Hatton.

No doubt he also found to his chagrin and surprise that the *pean*, referred to above, was cheerfully and readily sung—not in praise, but in *triumph*.

The Bard while delivering an address in the Drill Hall, Newark, before the electors of the East Ward, on Friday, October 28th, 1891, said, "I have a crow to pluck with our Mayor, who appears to be very fond of punning, but two persons can play at that game. He has evidently made another injudicious attack and gross mistake, as you will see by the following repartee and satire :—

"At a Rowing Club Supper our Mayor may be
A very agreeable guest :
But on reading his speech I concluded full soon,
That His Worship would make a clipping buffoon,
Though his punning be poor at the best.

"'Tis the time for the Bard, whom he tried to hit hard
To make him feel queerly or faint,—
For if Hengler's Circus but come to the town,
We know where to find him a moderate clown,
We have only his features to paint."

MAYOR'S DAY AND BANQUET, LINCOLN,

November 9th, 1894.

(1246 and 1894 contrasted).

Dr. Collier is reported in the "Lincoln Gazette" of November 10th, 1894, to have said, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Ruddock, the Retiring Sheriff, "It was not merely the office of Mayor and Sheriff that were not at all coveted, but in the olden times, what was more unaccountable the Town Clerkship was shirked (laughter). That, however, was quite understood when they learned the salary of the Town Clerk was 40s., and he had to find his own parchments (laughter). Nowadays he would take it out in costs afterwards (renewed laughter). Sometimes the Mayor had to go to London in connection with some new privilege or charter, and as he used to be remarkably frivolous, frolicsome, and merry, and extremely susceptible to the charms of the fair sex (laughter) it was the custom of the Town Clerk, who was a grave and austere man (renewed laughter) to accompany the Mayor, to look after his morals and manners," (loud laughter). At the Banquet in the evening the Mayor proposed the health of the Town Clerk and Deputy Town Clerk. The Town Clerk responded, and said that "Perhaps they would allow him to say that there was but one Town Clerk, and that was

himself (laughter). How far superior people were nowadays to what they were formerly; as Dr. COLLIER that morning had spoken of the year twelve hundred and something *(precise date evidently forgotten)*, and said that when the Mayor of those days went to London the Town Clerk had to go and look after his morals (laughter). In these days they had a Mayor as pure as he possibly could be, and a Town Clerk equally as pure."

In Doctor COLLIER'S speech he said—
"Some centuries ago,
In Lincoln records I have read
'Twas difficult to know
What man would fill the civic chair,
And who would sheriff be;
For either office, seeming fair,
Men came reluctantly.

"No wonder that the Town Clerk, too,
Would try to shirk his job,
When it was known that lawyer's screw
Was only forty bob,
And his own parchment find."
But things have changed, we trow—
We do not wish to be unkind—
For *costs* are items *now*.

Yes, lawyers love a golden line,
They blush, but on pretence ;
Their only aim is still to shine
In shillings, pounds, and pence.

1246.

"The Mayor if *then* to London sent,
His ways were watched—'tis true ;
The Town Clerk with His Worship went
To guard his morals too.
"'Tis said that at that time of day
Town Clerks were grave, austere ;
And Mayors frolicsome and gay."
Has time reversed it *here ?*

1894.

What vanity one man displays !
"The sole Town Clerk is ME :
Men are superior nowadays
Than they were formerly.
"To that opinion you must bow,
For all must plainly see,
We have as pure a Mayor now
As possibly can be."
And in self-praise he added this :—
"The Town Clerk is as pure."
But reader, my conviction is—
Of *that* I'm not so sure.

SOME MEN CAN DO WITHOUT THEIR WILLS.

In the "Newark Advertiser" of November 21st 1894, Mr. S. K. Marsland is reported to have said at the Newark Tradesmen's Dinner—"The early days of November had passed away, and there had not been, to use a meteorological term, what they had expected—local disturbances. There had not been a breeze, there had not been even a breath of *Hare* —and they had gone on their way rejoicing without their *Wills;*" but he very carefully avoided giving a reason why "some men can do without their Wills" which the poet remembering an epoch in a certain person's history feels bound to supply :—

Some men can do without their *wills*,
Because in trade they chance to fail,
Or with their creditors compound,
And honest men deceive ;
In struggling with Life's cares and ills
Their best attempts cannot avail ;
And these are reasons why 'tis found,
Some have no *wills* to leave.

"LADEN WITH MISCHIEF."

In my Grandmother's kitchen, I saw when a boy,
A picture I often have laughed at through life :
A man, on whose back—delightful employ !—
Was carried a magpie, a monkey, and wife !

APPENDIX:

A SACRED WREATH.

THE ORPHAN BOY AT THE GRAVE.

Few have known so much of sadness;
Few have felt such grief when young;
Many an older brain to madness
By such sorrow has been stung.

Sorrow was so deeply rooted,
In his young and careworn face;
In his childhood persecuted,
Driven from his native place.

He has not an hour of gladness,
All his friends from him have flown,
None to dry his tears of sadness—
For he now is left alone.

Now his dreams of joy are blighted,
Now in sad despair he mourns,
Being by a cold world slighted,
To the tomb again he turns.

Now the clouds hang darkly o'er him ;
Quickly does his bosom heave ;
For his parents lie before him,
In a grave he will not leave.

How he grieved to see them languish ;
He had waited on them well ;
Every sound that told their anguish
Gave his heart a pang as well.

Holy was his conversation,
Scripture would his thoughts engage ;
And he was their approbation,
Reading the instructive page.

How his eyes with tear-drops glistened,
And he lent attentive ear,
As beside the bed he listened
To advice from them so dear.

How he wept to see them dying,
How it grieved his youthful mind :
For he felt it would be trying
To be left alone behind.

Then he promised each sweet story
Ne'er should from his memory fade ;
And since they have gone to glory
He has kept the vow he made.

Death has no dominion o'er them,
And the grave their bodies own,
But their deeds, which went before them,
Were within his memory sown.

They in death are soundly sleeping,
Death the common lot of all ;
What avails his voice of weeping ?
Flowers must fade and leaves must fall.

He had climbed over the mountain,
He had walked across the plain,
Passing by the gushing fountain,
To the old churchyard again.

Through the village churchyard strolling,
Then that orphan once so brave,
Whilst the passing-bell was tolling,
Lingered near an open grave.

And the sexton saw him crying,
Yet he looked and sourly smiled,
Saying, "They are yonder lying,
Go unto their grave, my child."

As a heavy footfall crushing
Some unheeded, early flower—
Stricken by the arrowy rushing
Of a thickly-sleeted shower.

Loosely thought and lightly spoken,
Fell those words so chillingly;
Wounded thus, and bruised, and broken,
Went the smitten orphan by.

He had many bitter fancies
Of the sexton as he passed,
Many were the furtive glances
On that man he sidelong cast.

For a while with pulses throbbing,
Till the strange wild feeling nursed.
Then he into tears and sobbing,
From a trembling faintness burst.

Mingling kisses and caresses,
Spoke a lady soft and low,
As she parted back the tresses
From his hot and pulsèd brow;

Telling him of sympathy,
Hope and faith that falter never,
All attending aids which be
The handmaids to endeavour;

How the prophet found a haven,
When the desert paths he trod,
Being fed there by a raven,
By the providence of God.

Then up in the face of heaven,
Looking with a child-like awe,
Help to struggling purpose given
From the highest source he saw.

Thoughts he cherished in his bosom
Of the everlasting home,
Where each fair, undying blossom
Bears a bright immortal bloom.

Now once more by all forsaken,
He is longing to depart,
When again his love shall waken,
And to join them hand and heart.

And he prayed, "Thou blessed Spirit
Shine upon my pilgrim way,
To the land I may inherit,
Through an unending day.

"When the spectre death has shaded
With its gloom my brow and eye,
From my form when life has faded
I would with my parents lie.

"Yes, whene'er life's slender tether
May be broken, let me crave
That all three may sleep together
In this dreamless silent grave.

"And, at last, together dwelling
In the home of rest above,
With unnumbered voices swelling,
We may praise the Saviour's love."

And that boy continued praying
That his life might shortly end;
But he scarce had closed the saying
Ere death proved to him a friend.

Then and there his life was ended—
For he fell upon that tomb,
And an angel band attended
To convey his spirit home.

His would be a joyous morrow,
Where a tear-drop never falls,
Where is heard no voice of sorrow,
Where no night of death appals;

Where nor sun nor moonbeam brightens
That clear country with a ray,
For the Lamb Himself enlightens
That eternal, glorious day.

ORPHAN'S SONG,

(*Tune*:—"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Oh I mournfully think of the days that are gone,
When my father enlivened his home,
But no more will the eyes of his flesh look upon
The beloved ones who shouted—"He's come!"

Yet how oft when the shadows of evening have thrown
Their proverbial stillness around,
Has my mother sat waiting his coming, alone,
But in vain has she hoped for the sound.

For the ill-fated ship has been heard of no more,
And the bark once so gallant and free,
Must have foundered unheeded, or drifted ashore,
A sad wreck on the merciless sea.

When the anchor was weighing I waved an adieu
In the breeze which went playfully by,
As the sails all unfurled were receding from view
How the tears fondly stole from mine eye.

Although he be gone who was pleased to impart
To me words of salvation and truth;
And to pray that the grace which had gladdened his heart
Might console and sustain me in youth.

I may meet him again on eternity's shore,
And partake of the infinite joy
Which exists where the tempest can wither no more,
And where pleasures admit no alloy.

A SAILOR'S ORPHAN'S SONG.

(*Tune* :—"Richmond.")

The ship in which my father sailed
Had often crossed the main ;
But as for him—beloved, bewailed,
He'll ne'er return again.

With gentle winds the vessel sped
Along her watery way,
When, lo ! a storm burst overhead,
Awakening wild dismay.

Half shattered on the ocean's breast
That gallant ship was borne,
Her masts were broken, crew distrest,
Her streaming sails were torn.

My father battled with the wave,
But the relentless flood
Rolled o'er his form, and by his grave,
Grim death triumphant stood.

What bitter tears my mother shed,
Sad in her loneliness;
Her husband numbered with the dead,
Her children fatherless.

O God my widowed mother cheer,
Attend the orphan's call;
I pray thee lend Thy willing ear,
And bless and save us all!

"PRAY SHALL I SIT BY YOU?"

THE WORDS OF A DYING BOY.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE RECEIPT OF MEMORIAL CARD.

An interesting boy, about 12 years of age and for some time the Author's Pupil, more than once,—a short time before his death,—put to his mother the singular but striking question which gives title to the following verses:—

"You tell me that in heaven, mother,
I shall be free from pain:
That in the better land, mother,
We all may meet again.
A something seems to whisper, mother,
That all you say is true;
But when you get to heaven, mother,
Pray shall I sit by you?

"You say there is for me, mother,
A mansion high and fair;
That there will be for you, mother,
A palace rich and rare.
That there we all shall sing, mother,
A song for ever new;
But while we sing that song, mother,
Pray shall I sit by you?

"I see break through the darkness, mother,
The flash of angel wings,
And now upon my ear, mother,
There fall sweet whisperings:
Thy wailings soon shall cease, brother,
And thou shalt shortly be
Safe in the home prepared, brother,
For little ones like thee.

"'The storms may hurtle here, brother,
The savage winds may roar,
But each in yonder home, brother,
Is happy evermore!'
And they, while hovering round, mother,
Point to that palace home,
And with inviting gestures, mother,
Beseech me, crying 'Come!'

"And when my sufferings end, mother,
And my soul soars away,
With an embodied throng, mother,
I'll bask in blissful day.
But in that world of light, mother,
When all the Lamb shall view,
Pray tell your happy boy, mother,
If he may sit with you ?"

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Sung at the Brixham Wesleyan Sunday School Anniversary, 1881.

Music by T. S. Huss, Derby.

O Lord ! I now resolve to bow
My knee and pray,
Assist my speech, be pleased to teach
Me what to say ;
For I am weak, and cannot speak
To Thee aright ;
Oh mercy give, and let me live
As in Thy sight.

May I in Thee example see,
Do all that's right,
Thy mercy prove, enjoy Thy love,
Through day and night.

O let me feel, while here I kneel,
Thy blood applied ;
To cover guilt that blood was spilt
From Jesu's side.

For here I stay, and humbly pray
"Thy will be done,"
From sin give rest, and make me blest
Through Christ Thy Son.
O do Thou show me here below
My sins forgiven ;
Be by my side, and ever guide
Me on to heaven.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

Do not light the candle yet ;
Close not out the evening star ;
Leave her quite alone ; and let
Doors remain ajar.

Now bow down each lifted head,
For a sound comes down the stair ;
Agnes, kneeling by her bed,
Saith the evening prayer :

Praying God above to bless
Those that all about her be ;
Hush : may'st thou have worthiness ;
Agnes prays for thee !

Agnes kneels there by the bed
Earnest, meek, absorbed and calm ;
Drooping forward her dear head ;
Pressing palm to palm ;

Looking with her loving eyes
Far above the Eastern meads ;
Where the ponderous cloud-mass lies,
In its deep broad shades ;

As a warder looks afar,
To his fixèd purpose given :
Agnes sees no cloud nor star ;
But beyond them,—Heaven !

Kneeling lowly, murmuring now,
With a soft, low, fervency,
Words half-spoken, lispèd, slow,
Praying still for thee.

What a power ! intent, and will,
In a child's most ardent prayer,
And each broken syllable—
Lingering on the ear.

Learning yield pretension now ;
Power be dumb, and rage be calm ;
Hide thee, stern, cold-thoughted brow,
In the humbling palm ;

Rebel wisdom take the charms :
Rebel will to homage fall ;
Conscience doff thy world-forged arms,
Turn thee to the wall.

A GOOD DETERMINATION.

Why should I die beneath the tree ?
Why perish and the Saviour nigh ?—
The Holy Spirit guideth me,—
At once I'll go to Him and try.

I'll go ! though fierce and countless foes
Should press upon me like a flood ;
Though helpless, in His arms repose ;
Though guilty, trust in Jesu's blood.

Away my every doubt and fear,
He bids the contrite sinner come,
I know He will be ever near,
And then at last receive me home.

There is, for all the good, in store
A brighter crown than mortals wear,
And when my pains and toils are o'er,
I may a palm of victory bear.

To Christ, the risen, bleeding Lamb,
My songs of gratitude I'll raise;
Redeeming love shall be the theme,
And every accent shall be praise.

CLASP THE CROSS AND CLAIM THE CROWN.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

May I now the world forsake,
Cast on Jesus all my care;
Follow Him, and ever make
Christ my guide, and gladly bear
The burden of the cross.

Perish all that feeds my pride,
All on earth I seek or know,
Let me now for heaven decide,
And resolve, where'er I go,
To bear the sacred cross.

Let the world my Saviour leave,
Let the world His yoke despise,
Let their smiles and looks deceive,
Give me Christ, I then will prize
The ever-blessèd cross.

Let me have His loving smile,
Then may come cold scorn and pain,
Then may go earth's treasures vile,
Loss below is heavenly gain
To bearers of the cross.

For His servants He will make
Pain a pleasure, grief delight;
Then I will His banner take,
He the Captain, all is right,
To soldiers of the cross.

Trials of life may on me press,
There is nought in grief to harm,
Though surrounded by distress,
In His love there is a charm
For those who bear the cross.

In the midst of dangers great,
He will lead me safely on,
From temptation me protect,
Till my life's short course is run,
My plea, the glorious cross.

When I have to fight no more ;
When my work on earth is done ;
When the storms of life are o'er,
And through Christ my victory's won,
I'll then take up my crown.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Oh, how many a heathen nation
Sits in nature's blackest night ;
While in England, God's salvation
Cheers us with its glorious light.

Shall these wretched nations ever
Dwell in darkness most profound ?
Can we not by joint endeavour,
Send to them the joyful sound ?

Yes, O yes, we see it clearly ;
Let our soft compassions move ;
Send them men we value dearly,
Messengers of peace and love.

Send them heralds of salvation,
Fraught with blessings from on high ;
Who, to every tribe and nation
Shall proclaim that—Light is nigh.

Go, resound Immanuel's glory,
Spread the tidings of His love ;
Spread with zeal the wondrous story
Fitted every heart to move.

Saviour, let Thy love constraining,
Rule within us more and more ;
Till we hear all earth proclaiming,—
Jesus reigns from shore to shore.

Hark ! a song of joy and gladness,
Wafted o'er the wide, deep sea,
Comes from Afric's land of sadness,
Bound in chains of misery.

Now her sable sons and daughters
Gladly drink the streams which flow
From the fount of living waters,
Balm for all their guilt and woe.

Gladdened by redemption's story,
Heathens break proud Satan's chain,
While they hail the rising glory
Of Messiah's blissful reign.

Gracious message ! Heavenly Master !
Shall Thy people disregard ?
Rouse us, Lord, to spread it faster,
Till the nations all have heard.

Wing Thy way o'er mighty waters,
Holy Spirit, heavenly dove;
Till earth's ransomed sons and daughters
Shall unite to sing Thy love;

Till redemption's joyful story,
Spreads the universe around,
And the Saviour, throned in glory,
Is with well-earned honour crowned.

SABBATH BELLS.

How sweet are the sounds which salute the glad morn
As the sun beams in splendour above;
Our souls are enthralled by the notes as they rise,
As sweetly they tell of the heart-stirring ties
Which bind to the heaven of love.

We feel that the love which has blessed us with life—
It is twin-born of earth and the skies—
And anointed us kings of the earth that we tread,
Directing our footsteps and shielding our head,
Now bids our devotion arise.

The bells on the Sabbath day solemnly ring;
How they call to the worship of God!
Our spirits rejoice at the music they make,
We heed the appeal, and we willingly take
The path which our parents have trod.

To swell the loud chorus of angels and men
Who adore Him, the infinite Lord ;
Those praise Him in heaven—His peerless abode,—
These follow the teachings which point them the road,
Revering His Sabbath and Word.

The faithful are nearing the house of their God,
And they enter His presence with praise ;
They cheerily welcome and honour His day,
They serve Him with gladness, they fervently pray,
And sing their melodious lays.

How pleasant the chimes, that are borne by the breeze
To the Christian, who turns with delight
Aside from His business, and turmoil, and care,
To have a calm look on the palace so fair,—
The temple of bliss and of light.

TRUST.

Sunday School Anniversary Hymn.

Music by T. S. Huss, Derby.

Trust God and ne'er shalt thou be put to shame,
Because Jehovah's vow remains the same.
Trust the unerring Guide, He richly leads ;
Keep to the Shepherd's side, He richly feeds.
Trust thou in Israel's Goel,* Who did redeem
Thy never-dying soul ; trust none but Him.

*Redeemer.

Chorus—Trust in the Lord, trust in His might,
Trust in His love, and walk in the light.
He will sustain thee life's journey through.
Trust Him at all times so faithful and true.

Trust in the Prince of Peace, the sinner's Friend;
Trust Him and never cease, trust to the end.
Trust in God's only Son, so true, so good;
The wise forgiving One, who shed His blood.
Trust in the Man of grief, Love filled His breath;
Trust Him, for time is brief, and soon comes death.
Trust in the Lord, &c.

Trust in the loving Lord, keep Him in view,
Trust in His Holy Word, faithful and true.
Trust in the Light divine—the glorious Sun,
Whose beams of mercy shine on every one.
Trust Him Who was for thee led forth to die,
And died that thou should'st be redeemed thereby.
Trust in the Lord, &c.

Trust in "The Nazarene, The Crucified,"
And be close sheltered in His wounded side.
Trust in the mighty God; He ever nigh.
Comforts with staff and rod when Christians die.
Trust the anointed One; trust thou thy King,
Who will at last His own to glory bring,
Trust in the Lord, &c.

HARVEST SONG.

(Music by C. Fitz Loam, Esq.)

Come let us sing, and sweetly sing
A harvest song to bless
The God of love, Who, from above,
Crowns earth with plenteousness.

He, on the north and south, pours forth
His blessing on our store ;
He makes the field the fruit to yield,
The harvest of the poor.

For nature sweet, beneath our feet,
Or spread before our eyes,
As on we gaze, demands our praise,
And heavenward bids it rise.

We nerve the hand at His command,
Who through the circling year,
From His high throne protects His own,
Expelling all their fear.

Though tempests lower, we trust His power,
Our guerdon comes at length ;
He bids the soil reward our toil ;
To labour gives us strength.

Distrust depart! Hope, fill the heart!
Untainted with alloy!
For we who sow in tears of woe,
Shall surely reap with joy.

Then let us sing, and gladly sing,
This song of grateful praise,
To God above, whose boundless love,
Hath lenghtened out our days.

In grateful song lift voices strong,
And let the prayer be said,
Long as we live,—"Our Father give
To us our daily bread."

Then praise the Lord with one accord,
Whose promises endure;
Nor will we fear, from year to year
His faithfulness is sure.

THERE IS MUCH OF GOOD TO DO.

Lines to the Wesleyan Ministers and Local Preachers of the Brixham and Dartmouth Circuit.

The world is broad and full of sin,
And evils so increase,
That good can hardly elbow in
To haste the reign of peace.

Truly this is a wide, wide world,
And holy men are few ;
Then let Truth's banner be unfurled,
For there is much to do.

The millions dwell in wickedness,
The blinded slaves of sin ;
And duties stern on Christians press,
The souls of men to win.
"The harvest is so very great,
The labourers so few."
There is no time to sigh and wait,
For there is much to do.

Ye faithful soldiers fight and win,
And aim a steady blow
At every form of vice and sin
To bring the dragon low.
And be prepared to brave a host,
Ye stalwart sons and true :
For earnest ones are needed most,
When there is much to do.

Until all wrong is turned to right,
Your steady course pursue ;
And as your Leader, bravely fight
Till ye your foes subdue.

"Salvation" is the battle-cry
To make afraid the foe;
Droop not, but keep your spirits high,
For there is much to do.

Take mighty weapons of sound steel;
Be in thick armour clad;
Make wounds the foe will never heal;
Keep sharp your trusty blade.
If in your first attempt ye fail,
Then the assault renew;
Again, sin's battlements assail,
For there is much to do.

Fight till the well-fought fray is won;
Let hearts and hands be brave;
Work, till the well-wrought task is done,
For none work in the grave.
Yet ever flee with honest pride
What wicked men pursue;
Be with the noblest souls allied,
For there is much to do.

Play well your part in this world's throng,
Nor be down-hearted, pray;
Fortune may frown and foes be strong,
And rough will be the way.

The noble heart makes no complaints,
Heeds no unfair review ;
How weak must be the heart that faints
When there is much to do.

The lives of all the good and wise,
In every age and place,
Show perseverance gains the prize,
And patience wins the race.
Then labour on and watch and pray,
Ye virtuous and true ;
At every turn in life's short way
There will be much to do.

Keep toiling on and persevere,
Though long may be your life,
With a good will and never fear,
However strong the strife.
With resolution in the breast,
There must be action too ;
Remember there is little rest,
When there is much to do.

Watch those who 'neath afflictions bend,
When fear their hope devours :
Befriend who need an earthly friend,
And talk of brighter hours.

Yes, labour on, and watch and pray,
Ye virtuous and true;
At every turn in life's rough way
There will be much to do.

ODE TO HOPE.

Thou faithful guide! still as an evening star,
Shine on to light the wanderer to his rest;
Still beam upon life's sea, and from afar
May every care-worn mariner be blest
By soul-pervading rays of thy pure light
Which turns to brightest day the darkest night.
Thy gentle finger point to the loved scene
So distant, where "Our Father's" hearth around
Is neither grief nor care, nor sorrow found;
Thy angel-hand smooth the rough path between.

When sore afflictions blast the feeble frame,
And desolation shrouds our chequered way,
Thy beacon-light burns yet with brighter flame,
Outshining all in earth's most rich array,
To teach despairing ones—To-morrow brings
Naught but more lasting, pleasurable things—
That soon their day of suffering will be past—
Though hard their lot upon this troubled earth,
Eternal pleasures of superior worth
In yon bright world may each enjoy at last.

From mothers lone, whom sailor-boys have left,
As tempests howl around their dwellings frail,
Dispel the fear—to be of child bereft!
Thy pencil paint each ship with unfurled sail,
And riding fearlessly the tossing wave;
Sustain their minds, and bid their hearts be brave.
Remind the captive of his infant train;
The love-lorn maiden, she a faithful one
May find, and bid the saint to gaze upon,
By faith, the beauty of the heavenly plain.

Thy brilliance over dying mortals shed,
And as the many-tinted bow appear
To show when charms of wealth and earth are fled,
When life recedes, and darkening death draws near,
How true the promises our Maker gave—
The faithful in bright scenes beyond the grave,
Throughout eternity shall range among,
Shall eat the fruit of Eden's central tree,
Shall wear a crown, a palm of victory
Shall wave, and sing the everlasting song.

"COME YE TO THE WATERS."

Ho! every one that sinneth
For you the waters roll;
And wise is he who winneth
From sin a precious soul;
Yet wordly men will reason,
And will a sign be shown,
No matter in what season
The Gospel trump be blown.

When loud that trumpet soundeth
From faithful lips and true,
From rock to rock reboundeth
Glad tidings ever new.
The Spirit in the valley
Shall move among the bones,
And Christ the dead shall rally
And raise up living stones.

For pardon shall be granted
To each rebellious soul
Who inwardly hath panted
And yearned to reach the goal—
The fountain for salvation
And purity within,
Where every tribe and nation
May all be washed from sin.

Each heart is now demanded,
Each mind and soul and will,
For He, who hath commanded,
Is pleading for you still.
Then make a full surrender,
Your arms at once lay down;
For every base pretender
Shall lose a priceless crown.

Our Captain's love is boundless,
His mercy rich and free;
All slavish fear is groundless,
He giveth liberty.
A glorious hope of heaven
His faithful followers know;
He makes rough places even,
And conquers every foe.

Great is our God in glory,
In wisdom and in might,
And through the sacred story,
His manifested light
Unto His own is given
To guide them in the way
Of truth, and life, and heaven,
And everlasting day.

"REVIVE THY WORK."

THE Lord who made this wondrous earth,
And all the glittering worlds above,
Hath sent the blessed gospel forth,
His word of peace and love.

With it a promise, too, He gives,—
His truth He surely will maintain,—
That each, who to His glory lives,
Shall with the Saviour reign.

The tree of righteousness shall grow,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
Till every creature here below
Shall own a living God.

Our desert lands shall stately rise,
And voices echo from the plains;
A song of joy shall rend the skies
When the Messiah reigns.

May God, who ever ready stands,
Now on the earth His spirit pour,
That saints may number as the sands
Along the ocean shore.

Then let us wait the coming grace,
Our faith, our love, our hope retain ;
We soon shall see His glorious face,
And with our Jesus reign.

RESIGNATION.

A WORLDLING cast his eyes upon
A suffering child of earth,
Who, though a wretched pallet on,
Possessed the Christian's mirth.

He put the question—"Tell, I pray,
How thou in such a state
Canst linger here from day to day,
Nor murmur at thy fate?"

The invalid here made reply,
"I put my trust in God,
And on His promises rely,
Though chastened by His rod.

And when He wills I shall be free
From these afflictions sore ;
And *then* for aye my home shall be
Where I can sigh no more."

WHEN FORMS ARE BOWED.

When forms are bowed, but not with age.
And hollow sunken eyes reveal
Woes which no solace can assuage,
And wounds no earthly balm can heal,
Record, O God, our bitter woes ;
The banner of Thy wrath fling wide.
Oh, hurl Thy bolts upon Thy foes,
And smite them in their boasted pride.

When naught of joy remains to cheer
Our passage through the wilderness,
Few friends to check the starting tear,
Or soothe us in our dire distress,
Supply that sympathy which cheers
The heart in sorrow's darkest night,
And sheds throughout this vale of tears
A brilliant gleam of heavenly light.

When o'er our heads the care-clouds roll,
When thickest fierce temptations spring,
Give us such trust that keeps the soul
Unmoved 'neath Thy Almighty wing.
Shine, blessed Saviour, 'mid the gloom !
Thy presence gilds the darkest day,
And cheers the pathway to the tomb
With visions of a brighter day.

When Satan lifts his powerful hand,
O may we well sustain the shock;
And through the fiery trial stand
Unshaken as a solid rock.
And when each earthly race is run,
May we with saints in glory stand—
The battle fought, the victory won—
And taste the joys at God's right hand.

With love inflamed we onward go,
To toil, to suffer, and to die;
Till soaring from this vale of woe,
We wear our crowns of victory,
Where gems shall sparkle on each brow,
Where swells the tide of triumph high,
Where all who faithful proved below
Rejoice throughout eternity.

A FEW YEARS MORE.

"When a few years are come."

When a few years are come! God's Word is true—
I shall be carried to the silent bourn;
Shall bid this sin-fraught world a last adieu,
And when I go I shall no more return.

When a few years are come! how sweet to rest,
When my long days of labour will be o'er,
And be with an eternal Sabbath blest,
In heaven—where I shall go out no more.

When a few years are come! I hope to go
To where the earth's Redeemer reigns above;
The length, the breadth, the depth and height to know
Of His atoning and eternal love.

When a few years are come! what joy to meet
With all the saints I knew and loved below,
In firmer friendships, joys by far more sweet
Than in this changeful world we e'er could know.

When a few years are come! I murmur not,
Shall they be years of toil, of care, of pain;
They are but few—consoling thought!
And never, never will return again.

When a few years are come! I hush the sigh,
These few are flying rapidly away;
The long-loved last is ever drawing nigh,
This very hour may bring eternal day.

ELEGIES.

I.

Daily we the grave are nearing,
Young and old are falling fast,
And the flowers to-day appearing,
Droop before to-morrow's blast.

By a feeble thread suspended,
Still we think ourselves secure,
Yet how quickly life is ended,
Though we feel existence sure.

Should the grave be thought a terror ?
For the soul lives in the skies,
When freed from a world of error,
Though the body mouldering lies.

Here by pain we are attended,
Grief and sin obstruct our ways;
But our sorrow shall be ended
When we join in endless praise.

Since the blood of Jesus bought us,
We may praise Him evermore,
When the hand of Death has brought us,
Passports to that heavenly shore :

There to cast our crowns before Him,
  There to see Him face to face ;
And with angels to adore Him,
  Through a long and endless space.

II.

It is with tearful care
  We to the churchyard go,
And think with pensive sorrow, there
  Of those who sleep below.
And though we feel that they
  Abide not in that gloom,
Our souls are where the relics stay—
  Our hearts are in the tomb.

We strive to stop our tears,
  When thinking of the blest,
We try to chase away our fears
  And calm the troubled breast ;—
We lift our thoughtful eyes
  To yon bright realms of air,
We strive to pierce the silent skies
  And fancy they are there.

They are not where we see
  Their bodies lowly laid,
With worms they do not company,
  Within the grave's dark shade :

Their spirits upward soar,
And wing their wondrous way
To dwell with angels evermore,
Through one long cloudless day.

Thither they wing their flight,
When here they cease to roam,
Whither the good will re-unite
And find in heaven a home.
Their glory none can tell,
How happy they must be,
While in that glorious light they dwell
Of immortality.

Their souls return to Him
Who gave the heavenly spark,
To live when every orb is dim
And when the sun is dark.
They ever there rejoice
With the angelic throng,
And with a sweet enraptured voice
They sing the eternal song.

No sorrow mars the joy
Where death is known no more ;
And pure unblighted happiness
Prevails from shore to shore.

And when the joyous band
Shall fall before the throne,
No anger in that happy land,
No pain nor grief be known.

O God! the Spirit's aid,
Send down to break the chain
Of sin, nor let us lie half dead
And bound in fear and pain.
Cause on our hearts to shine
A ray of heavenly light,
Bestow on us a glimpse divine,
And fill us with delight,—

That, we beyond the tomb,
May hope to rest in peace,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom.
And joys shall never cease.
To soar above the sky
To be for aye with Thee,
Where happy spirits never die
Through all eternity.

III.

The sound of passing bell,
Which bursts upon the ear,
Bespeaks to us a last farewell
To those upon the bier.

Into its cold embrace
The grave receives its prize ;
The soul flies through ethereal space
To brighter, clearer skies.

It is a solemn hour,
When " dust to dust " is said,
As they the coffin slowly lower
Into its silent bed.
What mournful tears are shed,
What anguish tears the brave,
To take the last look on the dead
And leave the closing grave.

We often steal away,
Where the tall poplars wave,
And violets blow, with blue-bells gay
In freshness o'er the grave.
When moon o'er hills and vales
Shines with her mellowing rays,
And when the love-lorn nightingales
Pour forth their plaintive lays.

We gaze upon the mound,
Where low the ashes rest,
And their spirits peace have found,
Where mortals ne'er molest.

What joy their spirits know,
When fled from earth away ;
While here we struggle on with woe
Throughout life's darksome day.

We talk of brighter years,
Nor think our hopes are vain,
Although within this vale of tears
We walk in sorrow's train.
With ills this life is fraught—
With sorrows, woes, and pains ;
But there's a home—oh ! blessed thought—
Where bliss eternal reigns.

SONG.

Weep not at Death !
'Tis but a fever stilled ;
A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,
A solemn hope fulfilled.
The moon-sheen on the slumbering deep,
Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep.

Weep, weep at change,
For earth's pure dews exhaling,
For joy's first tear, for hope's first fear,
For love's first little failing ;
Morn's brightest shadow on the seas,
Points to midnight—weep for these.

Weep not for Death !
The fount of tears is sealed.
Who knows how bright, the inward light
To those shut eyes revealed ?
Who knows what boundless love may fill
That heart that seems so cold and still ?

Weep ye for Life :
For smiles that end in sighing ;
For Love whose guest hath never rest,
For all hearts hourly dying.
Weep not when silence locks the breath,
Life is the bitterness of death.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Our eyes with sorrow flow,
And tender feelings rend
The soul, to hear a brother's woe—
Of his untimely end
How oft tales rude and rife
Ride on our neighbour's breath,
To tell some friend's afflicted life
Or more appalling death.

And then we mourn to know
A kindred soul is fled—
A dear beloved one laid low
To sleep among the dead.

But to those resting there
Death only proves a friend,
By taking them from pain and care
To joys that never end.

Our Jesus cannot err—
His ways are just and right ;
He will prepare His people for
A dwelling in His sight.
And then from earthly woes
He takes their spirits home ;
And when the reign of death shall close,
Will raise them from the tomb.

His acts are truly just,
Then let us kiss the rod ;
Nor when bereaved, at all distrust
The goodness of our God.
His wisdom we must own,
And each bereavement bear ;
Supported by that faithful One,
Who hears and answers prayer.

What is our mortal state
Without the blessing health ?
Can kings confer a boon so great ?
Can human skill or wealth ?

They who in sickness lie
  Appreciate its worth,
Loath to resign affection's tie,
  And fondly cling to earth.

They droop upon a bed,
  They yield their fleeting breath,
And soon, alas, the pillowed head
  Is lost in icy death.
And when the hour is near,
  The soul its barrier breaks ;
Then up, upon the wings of prayer,
  To heaven its flight it takes.

Removed from every care
  To mingle with the blest,
The fleeting soul speeds onward, where
  It hopes to meet with rest.
It takes its upward flight
  To regions far on high,
And lives beneath the purest light
  In realms beyond the sky.

Beyond the bounds of time,
  When grief and pain are o'er,
The spirit wings its flight sublime
  To Canaan's golden shore ;

Unto a world more fair,
Where nought of change is known ;
A land of bliss beyond compare,
Where dwell the blest alone.

THE DEAD.

How sad to stand beside the grave of some belovèd one,
And think of happy hours we spent, and days for ever gone,
To think the mighty lying near are numbered with the dead,
That inspiration, life, and song, have from the poet fled.

To think the warrior and the king, the noble, and the great,
Who once were sprightly, now lie in a lifeless clay-cold state,
To think the bodies of the true, the brave, the wise, and good,
Decay and moulder, and supply the grovelling worm with food.

To think it soon will be my lot to be the same as they,
To think the widow and the poor must each to death give way,
To think the husband, or the wife, could not his stroke prevent ;
To think the orphan nor the sick could cause him to relent.

The sinews may have snapped, the members long in death be bound,
But in another world they shall more vigorious be found.
The wheel may at the cistern break, the pitcher at the well,
But in the Better Land their strength will be unspeakable.

What, if the parent and the child are parted as they lie,
Together they will ever be, if happily they die,
Transplanted to the realms of light, the stream of life hard by,
They there will bloom among the blest, beneath a cloudless sky.

They are not dead,—though gone,—of whom we talk from time to time,
Their spirits have exchanged an earthly for an heavenly clime.
The casket's all that's thrown aside, the jewel is above,
Where all is peace and harmony, and joy, and endless love.

The blood-stained martyrs, long laid low, who dungeon gyves have worn,
Enjoy and are surrounded by eternity's bright morn,
But, awful the condition of all those who've died in sin;
Then let the living evil shun, that they may glory win.

THE PIOUS DEAD.

The strongest frame at last succumbs
To the rude shafts of time;
But many, by grim death assailed,
Have fallen in their prime.

Our friends go quickly from this earth,
Their relics are laid low;
They leave behind them fallen tears
And hearts surcharged with woe.

We lay them in the silent vault,
Beneath an aged tree;
And then we plant bright flowers to bloom
Around them fragrantly.

We see their forms, their voices hear
Though they are ever gone;
We turn in solitude to sit
And bear our grief alone.

We stay around the grave, and drop
Upon it loving tears,
While roses sweet perfume the spot
Their precious dust endears.

And may the friends bemoaning those
  Low in the grave's cold bed,
Hear from the tomb a warning voice
  As coming from the dead.

The pious dead rest on in peace,
  God shields their precious clay :
He will watch over all His own
  And guard them to that day.

The dead shall hear His powerful voice :
  The grave its charge restore :
Submit, my soul, to Heaven's decree ;
  The Lord of life adore.

The dead hear not the human voice :
  Who call must call in vain :
The lonely tomb is undisturbed —
  They come not back again.

They cannot now come back to hear
  One whisper of the voice ;
To give a smile, to speak a word,
  To make the heart rejoice.

But hark ; a voice from Zion comes —
  " Though time and earth are fled,
The victor wears a glorious crown,
  That sparkles on His head.

"The silent forms are low in dust;
The hearts in darkness hid;
But the glad spirits now rejoice
Angelic hosts amid.

"The moment that the pious dead
Have entered into rest,
They, in this brighter region, chant
The sweet songs of the blest."

"HOW CAN THE DEAD BE RAISED AGAIN?"

Some say how can the dead be raised again,
Whose limbs lie scattered here and there,
Mangled and torn by fishes, beasts, and men,
And strewn in fragments everywhere?

Behold the sun's bright noontide dazzling rays,
Which light the world in which we live;
And ask, if God has power the dead to raise,
Who does such daily blessings give?

Behold the briny ocean's boisterous foam,
With fury dash against the shore;
And ask if God who raised the raging storm,
Can unto life the dead restore?

Behold the feathery tribes which soar on high,
And warble sweet melodious lays ;
And ask if He who makes them build or fly
Again to life the dead can raise ?

How can we doubt that God who at first made
And raised our bodies from the clay,
Can wake the cold and slumbering dead
To live in never-ending day ?

By God's almighty power we live and move,
And by His pleasure we are made ;
We daily feel His goodness, care and love,
Why doubt that He can raise the dead ?

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Oh ! when, for ever, shall we see
The cease of change from morn to night ?
And when shall God's great glory be
The only living light ?

No cloud shall come, nor dreariness
Shall on Jerusalem descend!
Before perpetual happiness
All gloomy days will end.

Though long may be our journey home,
And dark may be the desert day.
There is a glory yet to come,
When shadows flee away.

Sweet praises to our God abound,
And gently swells a music flood,
Melodious waters echo round
The happy shores of God.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come!'"
Then let us each that call obey;
We shall within that holy home
Spend an eternal day.

May such a happy lot be mine,
To join the saints triumphant, fair;
And with angelic hosts combine
In endless worship there.

And when each day of earth has gone,
Thou glorious light of heaven above,
The darkness pierce, through clouds shine down
And cheer me with Thy love.

Oh, Saviour, Lord, my guide divine,
Protect and lead me to the height,
Where I may with the ransomed shine,
And walk with Thee in white.

WE ALL MAY LIVE FOR EVER.

We may exist for many years
Upon this troubled earth,
Through much of sorrow, much of care,
Through much of joy and mirth.
But who can live beyond a year,
A month, a week, a day?
Beyond the hour that God appoints,
Who can a moment stay?

The king, the beggar, old and young,
The widow and the maid,
Are carried down the stream of time,
And in the tomb are laid:
For death, with dark or rapid flight,
Will make of each a prey,
Nor will he in his course forget
The thoughtful nor the gay.

The passing-bell with solemn toll
Makes mournful tidings known;
The spirit of a mortal hath
To other regions flown.
And rings the knell of death's approach,
It warns us on life's way;
His summons, misers, rich, and poor,
And tyrants must obey.

What if the hearse with nodding plumes
Should to the mansion come ?
Though bearers should our dust convey
To its long silent home !
What if upon the battle-plains
Our mangled bodies lie,
We perish in the stranger's land,
Or, on the ocean die ?

Our God will watch our scattered clay,
Where it in clausure lies—
Will guard it till the last great day,
When He shall bid it rise.
The resurrection morn shall come,
Will end the grave's long night,
When bone and bone, and flesh and flesh
Together shall unite.

Let Him who has the "keys of death,"
Charge of our spirits take,
For He shall cry on that blest day,
When saints to life shall wake :—
"I am the resurrection and
The life ! All blessed ye,
Who sought and longed for glory, rise
To immortality."

When all have crossed the dreadful vale
The trump shall sound afar ;
Then death shall set his captives free
To stand around the bar.
Can sinners now receive the boon ?
Will they for mercy crave ?
Shall stand the selfish, who ne'er to
His needy brother gave ?

The Lord shall say, " Come hither, ye
Who spurned My proffered grace ;
Come ye, who in yourselves relied.
Behold my frowning face !
Ye, who despised My only Son,
And filled His soul with gloom ;
Come ye, who set at nought His death,
And hear your rightful doom ! "

The Judge shall then pronounce the curse,
" Depart, ye stubborn race,
Nor let your wailings, nor your forms,
Corrupt this holy place.
Ye wicked nations, leave at once
This blest empyreal land ;
Be subject to demonomy,
And shackled foot and hand.

"My wrath abides on spirits damned,
Ye shall in darkness dwell;
Your torments nevermore shall cease,
Nor quench the fire of hell.
Ye shall with devils ever live,
And dying, never die;
And ye, in everlasting pain
Shall writhe, and howl, and cry."

But now the blessing He declares,
To those who loved their Lord;
To those who fought the fight of faith,
And trusted in His word:
To those who laboured in His cause,
And for their Master died;
To those, who seeing brethren fall,
Would succour them and guide.

"Ye faithful followers of the Lamb
Enjoy your promised rest!
With angels ye shall freely range,
And be for ever blest;
In triumph, wave victorious palms!
Put on the lawful crown!
Enter the place that Christ prepared,
And at the right sit down!"

There angels, who the happy souls
Of the redeemed surround,
Shall cry—"Eternal life to all
Who tread this hallowed ground!"
And kindred spirits shall prolong
The all-enlivening strain—
"All, all shall live for ever, who
This heavenly kingdom gain!"

Although we may for ever live,
We shall for ever die,
Unless we read God's sacred Word
And guided be thereby.
Then let us read, and "watch, and pray,"
That we may righteous be;
That we, eternal life may gain
Let us from sin be free.

Oh, how uncertain is thy life,
Poor creature—mortal man!
How fleeting, flickering, and at best
No longer than a span!
Confide in what the Saviour said
To every one—to thee—
"And I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw all men to Me."

Be by the Holy Spirit led,
  Then thou canst never err :
Be ready for thy latest foe,
  That certain messenger ;
And learn thy portion, wait thy end,
  In Christian graces grow ;
That you intend to dwell with God,
  Let every action show.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

PAST.

How happy were the days gone by—
  My bright and youthful days,
When life appeared to me but one
  Long gladsome song of praise.
Those blessed days so long gone by,
  Were days of cloudless light,
When Time's steeds swept so swiftly past,
  I scarcely saw their flight.

Then glowed the cheek, and flashed the eye
  So tearless and so bright,
As if, from living fires within,
  Receiving quenchless light.

Then like a sunbeam on its way
I sped my cheerful flight ;
No matter where my presence came,
It touched all things with light.

'Twas sweet to see the loving smile,
Where'er my steps drew near ;
'Twas sweet to hear the welcome voice,
Where love reigned over fear.
Then like a stout and gallant bark
Amid the tossing spray,
I flung the waves of life aside
And bounded on my way.

PRESENT.

The sun that shone upon the past
Has shed its liveliest power,
And now upon life's troubled path,
The gathering vapours lower.
Yes, now time's lagging wheels revolve
So heavily and slow ;
The hours seem days, the days seem months,
And years seem not to go.

Ah ! now a fierce, fell hurricane
Has carried off the mast,
And forced me on the rugged shore
Before its driving blast.

And glisten now above the foam
The white rock's flashing teeth,
Like those of some dread monster come
To seize my bark beneath.

I turn in vain from side to side ;
I seek for sunny skies,
" But scenes that sadden and appal "
Appear before my eyes
Though life seemed once a Paradise,
'Tis now a dreary tomb ;
Ah ! that the cheering sun of hope
Would light its doleful gloom.

FUTURE.

I oft have watched the clear new moon,
When first she meets the eye,
When dark and gloomy was her face
Upon the sunlit sky ;
But as she re-appeared each eve,
The coming lights prevailed,
And slowly overspread her face,
As the dark shadows failed.

So, heavy clouds of thick black mist,
That wing their upward flight,
When touched by Sol's bright powerful rays,
Are changed to wreaths of light.

Then I shall put my faith in God,
And wait for brighter days,
Knowing "His thoughts are not as ours,
His ways not as our ways."

So shall my fears give place to hope,
And end all care and strife;
For death shall soon be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.
Then hushed shall be the sorrow-throb,
And unheard be the sigh,
When God has wiped the tears away
For ever from the eye.

WHAT I LOVE.

SPRING.

I LOVE the warm and pleasant Spring,
The budding of the wildest wood,
To see gay larks upon the wing,
To see the swift and sparkling flood.

To see the cowslips meadows fill,
And flowers peep from the wintry mould;
To hear the birds, so joyous, thrill
The morning air with notes so bold.

When in the darkness of the earth,
The germ obscured in silence lies,
To know that nature in new birth
Shall yield many a priceless prize.

When is removed the pall of ice,
And vegetation breathing warm
Revives its dormant energies,
And throws around a witching charm ;

It scatters buds and fruits and flowers
In rich profusion o'er the land ;
And earth shall smile in happier hours,
Shall bathe in light on every hand.

I love to hear the robin sing,
To hear his chirping, when
He from the thicket spreads his wing
To greet the Spring again.

To see the buds burst from the tree,
The leaves their green unfold ;
To hear the soft hum of the bee,
The lamb bleat in the fold.

I love to hear, when tender buds
Adorn with green each spray,
The wild-birds singing in the woods,
In many a joyous lay.

I love to roam o'er dale and hill,
  Where joyous sights and sounds
Will ever make the heart-pulse thrill,
  And leap with quicker bounds.

To see as Spring revolveth round,
  Upstart the primrose pale,
And proudly deck the sacred mound
  Or shudder in the gale.

I love to see a comely nest
  High on a poplar spray,
Where the young birds may safely rest,
  And rock when breezes sway.

I love to walk in the sweet Spring
  Beside a streamlet clear,
Where blossoms their sweet odours fling,
  And wild-flowers cluster near.

I love to hear within the dale
  The songs of happy birds,
I love to see a fertile vale
  Alive with flocks and herds.

I love to see the daisied Spring,
  The time for lovely flowers,
And then fly back on memory's wing
  To childhood's golden hours.

To hear the leaflets in the breeze,
And brooklets murmuring,
The song of birds and hum of bees,
Alike proclaim the Spring.

To smell the incense of gay flowers,
And gaze upon their bloom,
When rose-buds in the garden bowers
Give forth a rich perfume.

I love on ocean's marge to stand,
And in the gulf below
To hear the billows on the strand,
So musical and low.

SUMMER.

I LOVE on Summer's morn to stray
'Mongst nature's leafy bowers,
As sparkle in the sunny ray
The bright dew-loving flowers.

To roam where roses richly bloom,
And scent the Summer air,
And sunny beams the scene illume
So gladsome and so fair.

I love the roses, and I own
They are my garden's pride,
And when their buds are fully blown
Their fragrance wanders wide.

I love to see the lofty down
Well clad with upland flowers,
That lovely Summer shines upon,
And feeds with dews and showers.

To hear the sounds of joy and mirth
Come sweeping through the vale,
They seem to gladden all the earth,
And echo through each dale.

I love to hear amid the trees,
And 'mid the hawthorn bower,
The whispering of the summer breeze,
That kisses every flower.

And when, far o'er the dappled lea,
The bars of sunlight flit,
I love, beneath an old oak tree,
Or leafy elm, to sit.

I love to see the bees go by,
That flowery sweets distil;
And see the gaudy butterfly
Wandering where he will.

The flowers beneath a Summer sky,
Upon a lovely bed,
Their beauties to the passing eye
So modestly outspread.

To see, where many willows weep,
And bushes deck the slope,
The little birds from nest-homes peep,
In mingled fear and hope.

To linger in the hawthorn dell,
Or roam the groves among.
To climb the hill, to pace the fell,
And catch each warbler's song;

When zephyrs kiss the dewy flowers
That sparkle on the lea,
To wander through the woodland bowers
And hear the wild-bird's glee.

When roses, myrtles, and the vines
Are flourishing around,
To see old trees, when the sun shines,
Throw shadows on the ground.

And in those shadows to repose,
When fields are robed in green,
When foxgloves and the wild hedge-rose
And blue-bells may be seen.

To quit the busy haunts of life,
And give my soul to song,
And, far removed from human strife,
To roam the wilds among.

To wander unconfined and free,
Through field, and glen, and grove ;
Free as the breeze, or summer bee,
Roaming through scenes I love.

I love, when clear are Summer's skies
To leave the dusty towns,
And feel that study makes me wise,
In fields, or woods, or downs.

I love to sit upon the grass,
Beside some babbling brook,
And there, as hours so slowly pass,
Read some instructive book.

AUTUMN.

I LOVE beside the hedge to rove
When hawthorn berries glow,
When nuts in clusters grow above
And blackberries below.

To see the foliage-crowded glen
Look fresh, and green, and fair,
To see the tall bean waving, when
It scents the autumnal air.

To hear at eve the songsters lull
With song the thin-clad bowers,
Whene'er I roam the fields to cull
The last of Autumn's flowers.

To see the many-tinted bow
Adorn the weeping skies,
Commanding nature's tear-drops glow
And drooping flowerets rise.

I love when winds with force assail
And devastate the mead,
To see a flower bend to the gale
Its meek, and lowly head ;

When past the storm and Phœbus brings
His bright enlivening rays,
To see it as it upward springs
Again into its place.

And where the waving corn is seen,
And sturdy reapers found
Thrusting the busy sickle in,
And sheaves lie scattered round,

To see them bend their willing frames,
And then large handfuls grasp,
While the bright hook a moment flames,
And the crisp straw they rasp.

I love to hear the reapers cry
"Hurrah for harvest home,"
And woods repeat it to the sky
And echo "Harvest home."

I love who toil in plain attire—
The humbly born and bred;
Whose hearts glow with a patriot fire,
And wield the battle blade.

I love my country, home, and kind;
To hold with a strong hand
All the mysterious cords which bind
Me to my fatherland.

I love, O yes, I love most dear
The land which gave me birth,
There is that aye my soul would cheer
My native nook of earth.

WINTER.

I LOVE to see a kindly face,
To hear a cordial tone,
To gaze around my dwelling-place,
And feel I'm not alone.

To see an ample table spread,
A charm o'er all things thrown;
To feel that God the daily bread
Hath given to His own.

I love to see the lifeboat, when
She boldly rides the wave,
When pull the crew with might and main,
Poor sinking souls to save.

To feel when angry tempests roll
Across each changing scene,
That God preserves my inmost soul
Untroubled and serene.

Though bitter blasts and pelting showers
Obstruct my rugged road,
To think that there are sunny hours
For those who trust in God.

I love to feel my soul rise free
In faithful earnest prayer;
To feel that He who succours me
Makes me His guardian care.

EVENING.

I LOVE to walk in evening's shade,
To hail the Queen of Night,
That through the wood, and through the glade,
Sends forth her beams of light.

And when the star and moonbeam play
Upon the scenes I love,
To leave the frequented highway,
And seek the silent grove.

To see the sun in western skies
Shine on the earth awhile,
To see it when its glittering dyes
Sink with a placid smile.

To see the gentle evening star,
The wanderer to his rest
That lights, while from his home afar,
And cheers his throbbing breast.

'Tis thus Hope's blissful reign extends
Our drooping hearts to save,
Our weary pathways it befriends,
And points beyond the grave.

I love to have a peaceful breast,
Whene'er I close a day,
And feel that when I take my rest,
I've trod the good old way.

NIGHT.

When Sol has sunk into the west,
And twilight hours are o'er,
To see the moon display her crest,
Where fleecy cloudlets soar.

When glittering stars in beauty peep
From lofty thrones of blue;
When all around are fast asleep,
To wander woodlands through.

When nightingales in shady groves,
Their midnight lays outpour,
And warble, as night onward moves,
To hear their songs so pure.

I love at night to sit beside
My hearth, where oft I've trod,
And feel when the fierce winds betide,
Secure in my abode.

When midnight gilds the chamber round
From yonder distant tower,
I love to hear the solemn sound,
That speaks the midnight hour ;

And think when darkest is the night,
And silence holds its sway,
The sun with his pervading light,
Will shortly bring the day.

CONCLUSION.

I LOVE to see some promise bud,
Nursed in hope's fairy bower,
That every tempest hath withstood,
Become a favourite flower.

To know that bright and fragrant flowers
Are strewn upon my road,
That bitter blasts and pelting showers
Shall mar not my abode.

When the cold winds of life may blow,
'Tis not in vain I pray,
To find my hopes the firmer grow,
As the sound dies away.

I love to bend in fervent prayer,
And to be heard on high ;
To feel my deeds are written there ;
My name beyond the sky :

That honour all my actions guides ;
That I am aye sincere ;
That virtue in my breast resides,
And pity lodges there.

To know, when I have done with care,
And life's stern duties close,
That in the grave-yard I shall share
An undisturbed repose.

To know that for the pious dead
There is a home above ;
Their spirits, when from earth they're fled,
Shall glow with purest love.

To know whenever Death may work
With his tremendous power,
And from our heaving bosoms pluck
A sweet—a much-loved-flower ;

And some sad desperate ravage make
Within the peaceful home,
And we the lifeless body take
To bury in the tomb ;

Though that great conqueror be so stern,
As thus to wound the heart,
By taking those who ne'er return,
And sorrow thus impart;

Although the body may be slain,
And silent in the dust,
The souls of saints, at once, attain
A place among the just.

To know when saints have ceased to toil,
And finished labour here,
Grief will no more their glory soil,
Nor trouble cause a tear.

That Satan cannot there assail
Those whom we loved beneath,
That then his power will be too frail
To blast their shining wreath.

That when the happy soul is gone,
No anguish tears his breast!
And sweet the warbling of his song
Within that home of rest.

That all may join that holy throng,
Around the throne above,
And sing the grand seraphic song,
Inspired by Jesu's love.

When all are with God's presence blest,
No sorrow shall intrude:
For every sigh shall be suppressed,
And every tear subdued.

CONFESSION AND PRAYER.

Abide by me, my loving Father pray,
Then I shall have no cause for needless fear,
However fierce temptation or how near,
However long, or rough, or thorny be my way.

Abide by me, Thy lost one, Lord, revive!
Thou good and gracious Father can it be
That I should still refuse to come to Thee,
And foolishly with death and darkness strive.

Abide by me, though I neglected Thee;
For two long years my heart Thy goodness spurned,
And from Thy kind forbearing love I turned;
But now Thy wondrous offering sets me free.

Abide by me, and give my soul relief—
The blessed power to seek, the heart to pray
Thou would'st this heavy burden bear away
Of lonely incommunicable grief.

Abide with me, and wipe the weeper's eyes—
Mine is a truly broken contrite heart ;
Pardon, and joy, and peace to me impart :
To hear Thy loving voice my spirit sighs.

Abide by me, I fain would blot these years
Of sin and woe, and wish the strife away ;
Yet bid the glory of Thy presence stay.
And each foreboding shadow disappears.

Abide by me, low at the Master's feet
Yes, now in meek abasement I draw near
The cross with humble penitence and fear ;
Uphold me while I weep in reverence meet.

Abide by me, Thy lowly suppliant cries,
May I abounding grace and mercy share
And feel the mighty power of faithful prayer
To bring a peaceful answer from the skies.

Abide by me. Teach me to love Thee more :
'Twas worldly love that held me back from Thee ;
Cast not away Thine own nor frown on me,
Then shall my love be deeper than before.

Abide by me,—Too long near ruin's brink,
But now I worship Thee, and would have brought
Into captivity my every thought,
And deep the spirit of devotion drink.

Abide by me, and let me see Thy face ;
Thy condescension, Lord, is truly great ;
Bestow Thy richest blessing while I wait,
In speechless wonder at Thy boundless grace.

Abide by me ; Thy wayward child behold ;
Than sunshine more ineffable Thy smile :
Guide safely through all treachery and guile :
Thine everlasting arms around me fold.

Abide by me—and that through all my days,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice in Thee ;
Since I confession make on bended knee,
Comfort and cheer me, and the mourner raise.

Abide by me. Thy arms will guard and bless
When human eye nor heart is near me, still
By angel-hand withholding me from ill :
So full Thy sweet undreamed-of tenderness.

Abide by me, and let my ways be right,
Then through Thy truth, if sanctified, I can
Ring out defiance in the face of man,
And set Thy gospel in the kindest light.

Abide by me, when cares and woes are rife,
Give me in every word the Master saith
Audacious and enthusiastic faith
And give me both new lease, new tone to life.

Abide by me—Let all around me see,
To battle for Thy truth I'm unafraid,
Undaunted, unashamed, and undismayed,
There's no discredit in confessing Thee.

Abide by me. How great the blessing still—
The secret which a trusting heart can share,
To find the treasure of that soul is there
Who steadfast does and suffers all Thy will.

Abide by me. Thou makest all things bright:
For when my gladdened heart within me burns,
'Tis then I know my spirit's eye discerns
Foretokens of that blissful land of light.

Abide by me. I own Thy mighty hand
Shall lead me safely to the height,
Where peaceful souls shall feast on pure delight,
And bear the raptures of the heavenly land.

Abide by me, and when my loved ones lay
My body in the silent grave to rest,
And place their flowery tributes on my breast,
Thou wilt have called my soul to heaven away.

Abide by me; since Thou dost me uphold,
I rise to conscious fellowship with God,
And know in my last hour Thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me, and I shall join Thy fold.

DEATH OF A WIDOW.

She gladdened all around,
That came within her sphere,
For happiness she made
Home's constant atmosphere.
Her countenance was bright,
And you might deem that care
Had thrown no darkening shade
Across her path to bear.
Her every pulse was quick,
Love in her heart was strong,
Gifted, was she, and fair,
But ah! bereft so young.

Accustomed, she, to take
Her child upon her knee,
And speak to him of Heaven,
From sin and sorrow free;
She then would call to mind
A long-remembered face,
No longer mourned as lost,
But absent for a space:
But in that quiet home
A different scene appears,
The mother's frame decays,
Though vigorous for years.

As on her fevered couch
She lay outstretched in pain,
Her dreams of hope and love
Faded from sight again.
A deepening colour spread
Upon each lovely cheek,
For suddenly she wept,
And quickly turned to speak:—
"How shall I speak, and how
Command my tongue to tell
My thoughts to one whose name's
To me a sacred spell?

"Oh, brother! I have words
To say, that may thy heart
With anguish fill, yet must
Be spoken ere we part.
My stay on earth is short,
My sands of life run low,
Protect my only child,
Where'er his footsteps go.
A faithful guardian be,
In thee I can confide,
For thou hast proved a friend,
Since his dear father died.

"So let me lay my head
Upon thy gentle breast;
  This head will soon upon
  A colder pillow rest.
    Thy feeling is expressed
    By tears that fall so fast,
    Let not my weakness grieve
    Thee, it will soon be past.
  What, if Death's friendly hand
  Should still this throbbing heart?
Do not too fondly mourn,
'Tis but awhile we part.

"Oh! weep not over me,
For I am called away,
  It blessed is to leave
  This world of misery,
    With all its wasted hopes,
    And dark temptations too,
    When love is often lost,
    And friends may prove untrue;
  For one where love and truth
  Will *ever* present be,
Where weary spirits rest,
That rest I long to see.

"Now, the wild wish to hear
Thy loving voice once more,
Is all that keeps me back
From death's most peaceful shore;
My tone, thy longing ear
Will never reach again!
And must I die without
A word to soothe this pain?
Without another look
Of love from those dear eyes,
In answer to my long-
Poured tears, and lengthened sighs?"

From anxious thoughts her mind
Was free, when he replied:—
"As one of mine shall be
Thy darling at my side."
In accents weak and low,
She next her boy addressed,
While in her dying hand,
His little one she pressed.
"Now, when I'm gone, whence no
Return can e'er be made,
Allow no kind advice
From memory to fade.

"Oh, think of one who taught
Thy infant voice to say,
'God, hear my simple prayer,
And bless me day by day.'
The world to thee seems fair,
But grief is ever nigh,
Then put thy trust in God,
And meet me in the sky;
Regard my last request
With tender memory,
My strong affection then
Shall well requited be."

She bade her friends farewell,
Their adulation chid,
She knew her graces all
Would in the grave be hid.
"Oh! what avails my gift
Of song? my beauty now?
What care I for a wreath
Of fame upon my brow?
A never-fading crown
This forehead soon shall wear;
A palm of victory
This drooping hand shall bear.

"And when I reach the home
Prepared for saints and me,
To sing my Jesu's praise
My chief delight shall be.
My friends, if trouble here
Can make our spirits cower,
They, free, from grief shall bloom,
In an immortal bower!"
The lustre passed from off
Her head of golden hue,
But on her forehead white,
The white more purely grew.

A look of fondness beamed
On all her mourning friends,
Who watch beside her bed,
But now her smiling ends.
As the departing sun
A glory leaves behind
On all the evening clouds,
So she her breath resigned.
Oh! may each widow have,
Like her, a hopeful end,
And may we all in death
Find Christ a present Friend.

SHE IS GONE.

Lines written on the receipt of a Funeral Card, in memory of the wife of John Hay, Esq., of Tetney, on which the following words were inscribed: "An example of suffering, affliction, and of patience."

She is gone! and we but sorrow
Deeply o'er her senseless urn,
Oh how darkly comes the morrow
To the eyes of those who mourn.

She is gone! where'er her dwelling
We, again of hope bereft,
Can but look, with heart o'er-swelling,
At the blank which she has left.

She is gone! who once incited
Her's to good in deed and word,
And who oft some hymn recited
To the little minds she stored.

She is gone! and each sweet story,
She hath to her children told
Of the Lord of Life and Glory,
They will prize a thousand-fold.

She is gone! who was so zealous,
Watching o'er the household young,
With an eye extremely jealous,
Keeping them from doing wrong.

She is gone ! and he who sought her,
And four sons stand by the bier,
And a sole surviving daughter,
Who was her peculiar care.

She is gone ! and we weep o'er her,
But the ceaseless tears we weep
Cannot to our hearts restore her—
Cannot break her dreamless sleep.

She is gone ! who lived respected ;
She is numbered with the dead ;
And she is so much regretted
Since her generous spirit fled.

She is gone ! and o'er earth's bosom
Few had patience like to hers,
Faith and grace were in full blossom,—
One of Christ's true followers.

She is gone ! and closed for ever
Is her lately sparkling eye ;
Though so long afflicted, never
Knew we one more fit to die.

She is gone ! although sad hearted
Her lamenting friends appear,
Well we know her soul departed
To a brighter, happier sphere.

She is gone ! and time in rolling
Many disappointments brings,
Yet we claim one thought consoling—
That the saint in Zion sings.

She is gone ! and gone for ever,
Who was loved by all so well ;
Gone to join—no more to sever—
Those who with their Saviour dwell.

She is gone ! yet will we cherish
One fond hope, nor hope in vain—
Whensoe'er our bodies perish,
That our souls meet hers again ;

When this life by death is ended,
And the resurrection o'er,
We, in soul and body blended,
May be happy evermore.

AT A FUNERAL.

God with sorrow's bitter waters,
To the brim has filled the cup ;
And compelled a weeping household,
In our midst to drink it up.

"Even so! our rightful Sovereign!"
From our deep abasement, we
Upward to Thy sceptre looking,
Only can reply to Thee.

Even so! our gracious Father!
Faith, reposing on Thy throne,
Calmly answers: as Thou chosest,
Deal in mercy with Thine own.

Yet our prayer receive! as opens
Earth to take its sacred trust;
Ere the last cold kiss we gather
From the lip on which is dust—

That this deeply-wailing household,
And each household, stricken so,
May the blessing of bereavement,
Sanctified for ever know.

WELCOME, DEATH! OR, THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Welcome, Death! Grave messenger, thy sure approach
I long to greet;
And thy form that cannot on my soul encroach,
With smiles I'll meet.

Welcome, Death ! Thy certain but thy slow advance,
I gladly see,
And I firmly gaze on thy uplifted lance,
From sadness free.

Welcome, Death ! No single frown upon thy face
Can I discern ;
As a lover waits—to feel thy cold embrace
My whole concern.

Welcome, Death ! I style myself thy ready bride
With secret joy ;
And my steadfast soul thy long-expected stride
Cannot annoy.

Welcome, Death ! Thy stroke from earthly cares and woes
Will me relieve,
From this world, where disappointment rankly grows
And friends deceive.

Welcome, Death ! Through space my spirit pants to fly,
And rest above ;
There, by bliss surrounded, far beyond the sky,
To dwell in love.

Welcome, Death ! I then shall join a glorious throng
In hymns of praise ;
Where a rapture each melodious heavenly song
Shall sweetly raise.

Welcome, Death! Though myriads meet in pure delight
They never part;
And the host beholding that transportant sight
Are one in heart.

Welcome, Death! For Christ, my friend in life, will be
My friend in death;
And heaven will at once commence whene'er shall flee
My latest breath.

Welcome, Death! My body only thou canst have;
My happy soul
Shall that moment life inherit, for no grave
Can be its goal.

Welcome, Death! I'll triumph when from pain I'm free;
And then shall ring
Joyful shouts through Zion, as I ask of thee—
"Where is thy sting?"

Welcome, Death! Thy charge unto thy Master give,
Without delay.
Now, my Jesus, speak the word, and I shall live
In endless day.

WHY WEEP AT DEATH?

Why weep at death?
Thy childhood long has past,
Youth's days are gone, and manhood done,
And age has come at last;
The sunny hours of life have sped,
And clouds hang round the fated head.

Why weep at death?
Though death-damps there
Are gathering now upon thy brow—
Thy forehead once so fair,
And on thy chill and pallid face
Pain shall not leave a single trace.

Why weep at death?
When death has had his will,
Some eyes will weep, some hearts will keep
Thy friendship's memory still.
Thou hast many a loving friend,
Who will prove faithful to life's end.

Why weep at death?
Oft in this vale of tears,
When smile the flowers, down fall the showers,
And hopes give place to fears;
But in the world of bliss above
All fear is lost in perfect love.

Why weep at death ?
What though the flesh be frail ?
The darkest day will pass away,
And soon be crossed the vale.
In death the spirit feels its might,
And soars rejoicing into light

Why weep at death ?
Beyond this world of ours
There is a life unmixed with strife,
And there are happier hours,
Where purest lustre charms the sight,
Emitting glory's radiant light.

"A MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL."

Loud calls a voice—"At once decline
The ease and comforts of thy home,
To heathens take the Word, that they
May not in darkness roam.

"God will protect His own where'er
On earth He fixes their abode,
Lo ! He is with thee to the end,
To share thy heavy load."

"Though hard my lot I cheerly yield—
For duty's pressing voice I hear,
Since all to Jesus I commit,
He will remove all fear.

"Pray let us, friends, be joined in heart;
Pray let our souls united be;
Though we be parted far and wide,
Nor one another see.

"In yonder world no sickness blasts,
No death intrudes, no tempests roll,
No tear nor sigh can e'er disturb
The raptures of the soul!"

TO A FRIEND ON HER WEDDING DAY.

DECEMBER 5TH, 1894.

Mrs. John George Wells, *ne* Caroline Maria Dales (Carrie), Hawthorn Villa, Bracebridge.

THOUGH thou art now become a wife,
Bid not thy fears adieu:
Comforts there are in married life,
But there are crosses too.
Thy prospects and thy hopes are great,
May heaven thy hopes fulfil;
But thou wilt find in every state
Some difficulties still.

I would not wish to mar thy mirth,
With an ungrateful sound;
But pray remember, bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.
Those rites which lately joined those hands
Cannot ensure content;
Religion forms the strongest bands
And love the best cement.

Husbands have faults and humours too,
So mutable are they;
And thine has failings—am I true?
Then hide them all, I pray
No anger nor resentment keep
Whatever is amiss;
Before you sleep be reconciled
And seal it with a kiss.

When there is cause to reprimand,
Do it with mild address;
For he is now thy dearest friend,
Then love him none the less.
But yet God's blessing daily crave,
Nor trust thy faithful heart;
Thou must divine assistance have
To act a prudent part.

Mutual attempts to serve and please
Each other will endear ;
So both may spend a life with ease
Nor discord interfere.
For friendships, founded on esteem,
Endure life's flattering blast ;
They will not vanish as a dream ;
May thine for ever last.

IN MEMORIAM.

SAMUEL CRAUFURD WILLS, who died April 4th, 1866, aged 9 months.

"It is well with the child."

A few days back the boy God gave
Was smiling, blooming, gay ;
But now the all-devouring grave
Lies gaping for its prey.
I miss his happy childish smiles.
When early dawn is here ;
I mourn his gleesome, baby wiles.
When eventide is near.

The babe would round me fondly cling,
With joy-illumined eyes,
Whene'er I brought him flowers of spring—
A pretty perfumed prize.
And when we placed his picture-book
Before his yearning mind,
He spoke his thanks in well-pleased look
And doubtless thought us kind.
His early sense of happiness,
The birth of ecstacy,
He tried with smiling to express
Uplifting hands to me.
How like a short-lived day to me
The time soon flitted by,
When on his steps of infancy
Glanced tenderly mine eye.
It was but early in the day,
Amid our tears and sighs,
He left the traffick-trodden way,
Where smoke bedims the skies.
Death nipped the blossom in its bloom,
And proved his savage power;
This fragrant branch bore to the tomb—
This choice and lovely flower.
Angels commissioned from on high
Flew down on wings of love
And took his spirit to the sky—
To realms of joy above.

The pulse of life was ebbing now,
The beating heart grew still;
Though sad we meekly had to bow
To the Almighty's will.
Like some fair flower in spring fresh born,
Upon a sunny day,—
But night-frost came and in the morn
He drooped and died away.
His gentle spirit pure and free
Dwells in that realm of light;
And he amid heaven's harmony
Is now a cherub bright.
Another spirit gone above,
Another palm to hold;
Another voice to sing His love,
And play a harp of gold.
His taste of human ill was brief,
His hours were few and sweet,
A seraph now, and done with grief,
He sits at Jesu's feet.
My weary way I now pursue,
My latest joy is fled;
My boy is hidden from my view,
And slumbers with the dead.
Another lamb gone from the fold;
Its faint and gentle bleat
Is silent in the gravelet cold,
Where lamb and wolf may meet.

Ah! yes, the mourning mother wept;
Before the morning broke,
A long and silent sleep he slept,
From which he never woke.
A short time since she could caress
Her laddie, young and fair;
Ne'er did the spring return to bless
A fonder, happier pair.
She, with enraptured heart, again
His infant form embraced;
Poured o'er his lineaments, and then
His father's image traced.
"Sleep on, my beautiful, my child!
I kiss thy lineless brow;
A joyful watch my heart beguiled—
But it is broken now.
The fond caress at early day,
The touch of gentle hand,
The dawning word, the first essay,
No more shall I command.
Those lips which never uttered wrong,
Which mine so oft have pressed,
Are silenced with his clay-cold tongue
In everlasting rest.
Within that home of joy and peace,
Where tears shall be forgot,
Where weariness and grief shall cease,
And woe remembered not;

He is beyond the reach of pain.
Of care-fraught toil and sighs ;
Of fancies flitting through the brain,
Or o'ercharged weeping eyes."
Above us rang the solemn bell,
We heard its measured toll ;
The corpse was laid in narrow cell ;
To heaven had gone a soul.
The day was fine in bright springtime,
And all was hushed and still,
Save Bingham bells' sweet solemn chime
Sounding o'er vale and hill.
We passed along—a funeral train ;
We paced the churchyard through,
And gave to earth its clay again
Where countless daisies grew.
We, parents, o'er that lowly bed
Wept with unfeigned grief,
The joy of our sad hearts was dead—
God gave the child relief.
He nothing knew of chilling gloom,
His days on earth were bright ;
Though his remains lie in the tomb
He lives in heavenly light.
Through death's dark vale securely led,
His soul a hallowed shrine ;
A crown immortal on his head
Will in full splendour shine.

Our hearts are mournfully cast down,
Griefs rise with double power;
By sad experience felt and known
In recent lonely hour.*
Here we a glass see darkly through;
Hope is our pioneer,
As down a chequered avenue
We keep our purpose clear.
This is another blessed tie,
Held by a cord of love,
Which binds our purest thoughts on high,
To things which are above.
O may we meet, though parted here,
In bliss to part no more;
And oh! may all our children dear
Land on that peaceful shore.

*His older brother, WILLIAM NOWELL WILLS, died but 9 days previously, also of diphtheria, aged 4 years and 11 months. See "Our Firstborn," page 122.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

TO DEVONIA,

AND OTHER POEMS, (1862).

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The volume before us is the production of a native of our own town; and was written, as the author tells us in his preface, in consequence of 'many pressing solicitations from friends for copies of his poems.' The first and main piece is that which gives its title to the volume; and is composed of thirteen parts in which the author descants with much pathos upon the loved scenes of the haunts of his childhood, describing some of the 'quiet nooks'

> 'Where nature's voice is calm and still,
> Save piping breeze or fall of rill,'

in which he had so often found 'a shady, calm retreat.' He gives a description of Dartmoor scenery—a theme which allows full play to his fertile imagination—and relates his wanderings there, proving himself in his poem to have been an observer of Nature in all her various moods. The rivers of Devon he notices successively in one portion of the poem, and devotes other parts to lively descriptions of the various seasons. The author has addressed four pieces to as many young friends, wherein he gives good counsel as to what they should choose and what reject, and how they should conduct themselves in life. These we think are among his happiest productions.

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"THIS volume is dedicated to Sir R. J. Clifton, Bart., M.P. for Nottingham. It contains a poem on our good old town, and often refers to this neighbourhood incidentally; and, beyond this, some of the writer's commuuications have been admitted into our own 'Poet's Corner.' Rather more than a quarter of the two hundred pages is devoted to poems of nearly all metres in praise of beautiful Devonshire. Such lines as those entitled 'A Year Ago,' (in present volume 'Some years Ago' p. 140), and 'The Cradle' (p. 121), have a quiet beauty. The book, which has been printed in Nottingham, is well got up, and makes a handsome-looking little volume."—*Nottingham Review.*

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"THE LINCOLNSHIRE LABOURER" (see page 11).

"EVENING READINGS, TOWN HALL, LOUTH.—Mr. WILLS gave recitations: one 'The Lincolnshire Labourer,' a composition of his own, being received with the greatest applause."—*Louth Advertiser*, Nov. 18th, 1865.

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Labourer,' by Mr. WILLS, which he recited. It is a very good imitation of Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer,' and is full of provincialisms, which, to a stranger are as puzzling as Dutch, but being all known to the assembly, caused great amusement by their being brought together in one connected form."—*Grimsby Herald*, December 29th, 1865.

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"Mr. WILLS is the master of the Sailors' Orphans' School in the Port of Hull, and was formerly the master of a Wesleyan school; he is the author of two volumes of verse, 'Devonia,' and the 'British Chief,' of which the local press speak in very favourable terms. In his preface to the latter, the author complains that 'there are persons to be found who do not admire the verse-making habit of a schoolmaster, and consider his scribbling to be a grave offence,' and finds it necessary to explain that he 'never allowed himself to be diverted by a love of poetry from the most unceasing attention—during the proper hours—to the necessary employment of teaching.' Mr. WILLS's employers must have been a set of narrow-minded Stigginses; that the cultivation of any branch of literature should be considered to unfit a man for an intellectual pursuit, only goes to prove that the schoolmaster is indeed wanted in a neighbourhood where such an absurd and unjust feeling could find expression.' The poem of the 'Lincolnshire Labourer' was probably suggested by Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer': it is a capital dialect reading, and as it is thoroughly well understood in the county to which it relates, (and where our *Readings* circulate very extensively), we have pleasure in giving it publicity."—*Carpenter's Penny Readings in Prose and Verse*,—vol. 10, p. 148.—(1867).

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THE BRITISH CHIEF,

AND OTHER POEMS.

"It is due to Mr. Wills to remark that he merits success, many of his pieces being marked with a felicitous rhyme and a fertile imagination. We commend the book to those who would encourage humble merit, and also to those who can revel in the dreamland of fugitive poetry."—*Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, Feb. 16th, 1866.

"The 'British Chief' (page 141) contains many fine passages, and cannot fail to recommend itself to all lovers of poetry. We must honestly say that its faults are very few, and its merits numerous and varied 'A Year Ago' (page 1), is a touching poem which will reach the heart of every parent who peruses it."—*Grimsby Herald*, Feb. 23rd, 1866.

Many of the shorter and lighter pieces are interesting and well-written, especially those of a sacred character. The pieces of this description are pleasing, and show, not only poetic feeling, but a truly Christian spirit. The collection possesses superior claims to the former one, and contains many poems of which the author may well be proud ; and we congratulate him on his advance in his poetical career. As an example of the poems of a serious character, we subjoin one—and there are many of equal merit—entitled 'Bereavement—A Mother's loss'" (page 243).—*Kingsbridge Gazette*, Feb. 24th, 1866.

"Many of the poems are very superior both in thought and execution. Let us take for example 'Hope and Sorrow' (page 5). The idea is that to all animated beings there is a day of Hope and a night of Sorrow. The verses entitled an 'Old Man's Song' (page 97) are pleasing to the ear and pure in sentiment."—*Grimsby Advertiser*, Feb. 24th, 1866.

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"Mr. Wills is already favourably known as the author of 'Devonia and other poems.' Most of the short pieces in his second volume are excellent, and we extract 'One Taken and the Other Left' (page 172) as a fair sample of the contents of the book."—*Lincoln Gazette*, March 2nd, 1866.

"This work offers a means of desirable investment to those who, without expecting to find a Byron or Tennyson, are content to find the workings of a mind amongst the masses, capable of many beautiful sentiments gleaned from the teaching of rich nature. There are in the 'British Chief' (page 141) many pleasing and creditable efforts of versification. The sonnets are much above average writing. We wish the author a large sale; his productions are rich in their moral tone, and have in them the charming ring of honesty."—*Louth and North Lincolnshire Advertiser*, March 10th, 1866.

"The principal poem 'The British Chief' (page 141) is a worthy and commendable production. As an example of the poems of a serious character we subjoin one entitled 'A Child's Prayer' (page 357), and there are many of equal merit."—*Derby Mercury.*

"It is always a pleasure to see a person in a humble position in life exhibit poetical genius. The verse is woven with consummate skill."—*Public Opinion.*

"'The British Chief,' &c. (page 141), is nicely produced, both as regards typography and binding, by a Nottingham firm, and is cleverly written. We strongly recommend it as suitable either for presents or rewards."—*Grimsby Free Press.*

"Some of the poems have a local interest, and are written with great taste and feeling. The author displays considerable depth of feeling in his poem to his native town (page 167)." —*Hull Packet.*

"THE poems devoted to sacred subjects are also excellent, and many of them contain very beautiful sentiments."—*Hull Times.*

"Mr. SAMUEL WILLS has published a volume of poems, which have received very favourable treatment at the hands of a number of provincial critics. We understand that the author has generously offered to contribute 20 per cent. on the price of 100 copies to the Building Fund of the Port of Hull Society's New Orphan Home in Park Street."—*Hull News*, Sept. 8th, 1866.

"SOUTH DEVON SONGS AND SONNETS" (1882).

"FROM time to time in our columns we have given specimens of the poetic renderings of Mr. SAMUEL WILLS, principal of Burton House School, Brixham. He has now collected his various effusions in a neat 8vo. volume, of nearly 200 pages. When it is considered that the poems are the result of the leisure time of the author, and mostly written after his scholastic and other duties were over, the little volume before us certainly merits success, for, as he informs us in his preface, from childhood his favourite recreation has been the perusal of our best English poets, and he has occasionally at early dawn or at the close of a day of tedious mental toil, found a pleasant re-action in penning a few lines on such subjects as may have occurred to him. Perhaps one of the most happy of his efforts, from having a local association, is "Lupton Barton; or the "Song of the Upland Muse." This beautiful spot where—

> "Nature spreads her beauties,
> Her bloom of every kind,
> Her landscapes so inspiring
> To a poetic mind,"

is the property as our readers are aware of Lord Churston, and occupied by Mr. Charles Elliott. The homestead is one mile west of Brixham, the uplands commanding a view of Torbay, the English Channel, and an extensive tract of undulating country, with the Dartmoor Hills in the distance, while the picturesque Noss Valley stretches down to the banks of the river Dart. The "Song" contains many fine passages and

cannot fail to commend itself to all lovers of poetry. The sonnet, "A Fisherman's Widow, at Brixham," will be read with interest, being marked with considerable depth of thought. We give it as an example, although there are many more of equal merit. We wish the author a large sale, as his poems, if they are not equal to the productions of more pretentious writers, are rich in moral tone, and have in them the ring of thorough honesty."—*Dartmouth Chronicle*, July 1st, 1882.

"Lovers of poetry, and admirers of things 'Devonish' will rejoice in the volume before us. Mr. Wills seems to find in everything a reason for rhyme, and whether it be an apprehended attack of blindness (page 1), a tough beefsteak page (102), a stepmother (pages 113 and 115), Slapton Sands (page 251), or any other subject he manages to write a poem thereon, either grave or gay. Apart from the undoubted merit of the productions, Mr. Wills poems will be read with great interest by many, for the subjects of his pen being mainly found in our district a special and peculiar interest is created. Herrick wrote rather disparagingly of Devonshire, its people, and its climate. Mr. Wills on the other hand writes in praise of the place and the people, but poet as he undoubtedly is we challenge him to write a poem in praise of the weather which we are getting. Herrick there gets the best of it. The volume before us will no doubt get a large circulation, but not larger than its merits deserve." *Kingsbridge Gazette*, July 15th, 1882.

"'South Devon Songs and Sonnets,' is the title of a neat volume of nearly two hundred pages the work of Mr. Samuel Wills, of Burton House Commercial and Mathematical School, Brixham, and author of 'Devonia and other Poems,' etc. The book is inscribed to Colonel A. Ridgway, J.P., of Sheplegh, Blackawton, and contains near one hundred pieces, mostly relating to places and scenes in Devonshire. For some of them we shall gladly find a place from time to time in the 'Poet's Corner' of this journal, They combine every variety of humour. Some of the poems are deeply pathetic, while others are eminently calculated to excite the 'risible

faculties,' and all of them are well composed. The language is clear, well-chosen, telling, and agreeable, and this, together with the local interest which attaches to the work, should command for it a large circulation throughout the county. Many of the songs and sonnets, the author tells us, have already appeared in various journals, but here we have an exceedingly desirable collection in a convenient and attractive form."—*Totnes Times*, July 29th, 1882.

" ' South Devon Songs and Sonnets ' is the title given to a new volume which Mr. SAMUEL WILLS, of Brixham, has just added to his published works. Mr. WILLS is a schoolmaster, and poetry is the amusement of his leisure hours. Twenty years since he published a volume ' To Devonia,' and this was followed by ' The Lincolnshire Labourer,' an imitation of Tennyson's ' Northern Farmer,' which was received with favour, and found a place in ' Carpenter's Penny Readings.' The new volume is dedicated by permission, to Colonel A. Ridgway, J.P. Many of the ' Songs and Sonnets ' have already appeared in various periodicals, and if they do not take so strong a hold on the imagination as the author's more heroic ' British Chief ' (page 141), they contain thoughts and sentiments which appeal to the heart, whilst the local associations will commend many of the poems to the favourable notice of Devonians. Mr. WILLS does not confine himself to the beauties of nature, such subjects as the rinderpest, a tough beefsteak, or a fit of indigestion, being sufficient at times to inspire a strain of song. One of his pieces, a ' Harvest Song ' (page 368), is particularly good, and one of the concluding verses especially appropriate to the present season.

Distrust depart! Hope fill the heart!
Untainted with alloy;
For we who sow in tears of woe,
Shall surely reap with joy.' "

—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post*, August 16th, 1882.

" South Devon Songs and Sonnets."—" Here we have the work of a Brixham poet, who tells us in his preface that when he ' was first introduced to the Muse, he discovered for her a sincere passion, which, ever since, has continued to burn with

increasing ardency'; but deprecating the 'asperity of criticism,' he adds that his object has been 'less to please the fancy than to correct the heart.' The best things in the volume are some sonnets. One entitled 'Farewell' (page 248), and another 'The Banks of the Dart' (page 257) may be cited as examples of the author at his best."—*Torquay Times*, August 18th, 1882.

"Under the title of South Devon Songs and Sonnets,' Mr. Samuel Wills, late of Burgh and Wainfleet, in Lincolnshire, has published another volume of poetry. We say another, because this is neither the first nor the second collection of poems the author has produced. He is already known to a considerable number of readers as the writer of 'Devonia and other Poems,' 'The British Chief,' and 'The Lincolnshire Labourer,' all of which have been well spoken of by the press of Lincolnshire and elsewhere. He is also the author of some prose works which have been favourably received. In his preface to the work before us, Mr. Wills modestly says: 'There is in the poetry no pretension to the higher strains of song, and if the critic discover in them a sterility of classic taste and a deficiency in artistic finish he must not get into a passion and take up his pen rashly and chastise. Whatever he may be induced to say, let him say it brotherly, and let him bear in mind that the author never had the pleasure of dipping his pitcher into a classic well.' For our own part we feel no difficulty in complying with this appeal; we can honestly speak of the work as an effort of which Mr. Wills has no need to be ashamed. Some of the pieces are not without defects, but taken as a whole they do honour alike to the head and the heart of the author. Many of them are written with a smoothness that could hardly be improved. Moreover, the sentiment throughout is healthy. There is not a line in the volume to which any person, however sensitive, can possibly take exception. Even the pieces in which the author allows his humour fullest play are free from everything that is an offence against good taste. We regret that want of space stands in the way of our giving more than a few fragmentary selections of the author's work, and we confess to feeling some difficulty in making these selections.

The following, first three stanzas, however from a poem on 'Our Firstborn' (page 122), will touch the hearts of all who have felt the inexpressible sadness and loneliness that follow on the death of a first-born! The subjoined sonnet on 'Wesley' (page 261) will be admired and appreciated by all familiar with the self-denying labours of the great founder of Methodism. As a specimen of the author's humour we cite the following lines on 'Indigestion; or, what a friend at Kingswear says,' simply remarking that their truthfulness to nature—dyspeptic nature that is—will be readily recognised by every unhappy reader who is conscious he has got a liver!—*Boston Independent.*

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